

A BOOK OF
ENGLISH GARDENS

M. R. GLOAG

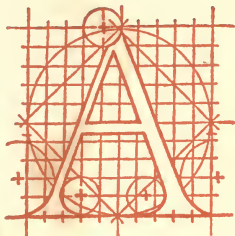




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WRITTEN . . .
BY M. R. GLOAG
ILLUSTRATED
BY KATHARINE
MONTAGU WYATT

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1906



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DEDICATED

TO

MARY, COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER

BY

KATHARINE MONTAGU WYATT

IN MEMORY OF

MANY HAPPY HOURS

SPENT IN HER

GARDEN

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ON GARDENS

Written

With a love of all flowers,

A devotion to all Garden beauties.

An admiration for all the Makers of Beautiful Gardens.

And an everlasting gratitude to those who have left the
charm of their Presence for ever in the Gardens of the
Past and the Present.

A BOOK OF ENGLISH GARDENS

I

ON GARDENS

“GARDENS and houses of Pleasure,” for such Gardens have been to all sorts and conditions of men, each in his own way falling under their spell. Philosophers have discoursed of wisdom and happiness in Gardens—“As for myself,” says Epicurus (called the philosopher of the Garden), “truly I am not only well content, but highly pleased with the Plants and Fruits growing in these my own little Gardens.”

Statesmen, after gaining a country's gratitude, have retired for a well-earned rest to their Gardens, and artists ever delight in their gorgeous blossoms and restful quiet, as well as poets, who have loved, from Omar onward, to sing of “Rose spring-laden Gardens”; while fashionable wits, like Horace Walpole, and learned divines, have

more than enough to tell of the making of Gardens.

Thus it goes on from the day "God planted a garden eastward of Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed"; and ever since the cultivation of a Garden has been the simplest and most pleasing of man's pleasures—"for Gardens were before Gardeners, and but some hours after the earth."

Egypt can claim the earliest historical Garden. "Gardens are frequently represented in the tombs of Thebes and other parts of Egypt," and much that was claimed as a novelty at a later date was already to be found in these pictures.

Imagination easily pictures the grandeur of the hanging Gardens of Babylon, built by "a prince called Cyrus for a beautiful courtesan, who, being a Persian, coveted a meadow upon a mountain-top," in imitation of her own land. These Gardens were constructed in a curious manner—terraces, thickly covered with earth, and forming terraced groves with fountains and masses of trees to give shade.

King Solomon, who in his wisdom overlooked nothing great or small in this world, did not forget to praise the glories of a Garden, nor to record his love thereof. Perhaps no one among the great number who have written about "Gardens fair" has sung more exquisitely than the great king in

his beautiful love-poem. The finger of the unchanging East has been laid upon the Gardens of Persia, and they remain now very much the same as they have always been. The Persians, according to Xenophon, "cultivated their Gardens for beauty as well as fruit," and Pliny mentions that "the trees were planted in straight lines, and the margins of the walks were covered with tufts of Roses, Violets, and other odoriferous plants."

The Greeks copied from the Persians their manner of making Gardens. Theophrastus mentions that "flowers and fruit were cultivated in the winter, and the Violet was in profusion in the market at Athens while snow was upon the ground."

There were many celebrated Roman Gardens—that of Tarquinius Superbus is mentioned in history as early as 534 B.C. Unfortunately, little is known about it save that it was beside the palace "within the walls of the city, and was filled with a profusion of Roses, Poppies, Lilies, and sweet-smelling Herbs." Amongst the many other beautiful Roman Gardens were the magnificent ones of Lucullus on the promontory of Misenum, those of Sallust, and the famous villa of Cicero at Arpinum. But the Gardens of Pliny are of most interest, because they can be clearly pictured to-day from his marvellously minute descriptions. From these descriptions it can be gathered that the style of Pliny's villa

gave the keynote to design in Gardening till the end of the seventeenth century. The Mounts, the Terraces, the Walks edged with Box, the Shrubs cut into different shapes, the Fountains, and the little flower Gardens with the Alleys and Summer-houses, bear a very close resemblance to the French and Dutch Gardens of later date.

As Horace Walpole remarks, "All the ingredients of Pliny's corresponded exactly with those laid out by London and Wise on Dutch principles. He talks of slopes, terraces, a wilderness, shrubs methodically trimmed, a marble basin . . . Bay Trees alternately planted with Planes . . . and hedges of Box; there wants nothing but the embroidery of a parterre, to make a Garden in the reign of Trajan serve for a description of one in that of King William."

Strangely enough, not only was the formal style in Gardening heralded in these early times, but the Gardens of the Emperor Nero bore a great likeness to the style of an English Park, and many people consider that the modern Irregular School of Gardening is as old as that of the Regular Symmetrical style.

Clearly from the Romans came many interesting Garden features. They made a special study of odoriferous trees, planting those which would blend best together to form the choicest aroma, thus remembering that beauty of colour and charm of

effect were not all that was to be desired in a Garden.

The Quincunx mode of planting trees was also known and adapted by the Romans, and is dwelt upon much later by Sir Thomas Browne "as the Quincuncial Lozenge, or Net-work Plantations of the Ancients" in his book "The Gardens of Cyrus," so delightfully alluded to by Pater in his "Appreciations."

It was one Matius, Martial says, who first introduced the clipping of trees into various shapes, thus becoming the creator of Topiary work, the merits of which became such a vexed question in after-years and gave rise to endless vehement discussions on Art *versus* Nature. The cinders of this controversy are still smouldering, and need but a spark at any moment to burst into flame. This Topiary work brought another art into the Garden—the fashion for Statues and Fountains—the dark, clipped trees offering a perfect background for the dull white Statuary, and the Fountains, with their ripple of running water, added to the effect.

Flowers in the Gardens of the Romans were never a necessity of the arrangement. Very unlike a modern English Garden where the Garden is nothing without the flowers; in fact, the flowers create the Garden!

Under the Roman kings flowers were very

rare, but they became a luxury under Augustus, and though never grown in profusion, were cultivated for use at feasts and for garlands. Heliogabalus carried this fashion to the length of having his apartments strewn ankle-deep with flowers.

England owes, like many greater gifts, her first Gardens to these wonderful Romans—so practical, yet such artists in the treatment of all they touched ; possessing great knowledge, which included even little tricks in Gardening often claimed as quite modern.

Before the Roman Conquest, Gardens were unknown in England. "The people of Britain," writes Strabo, "are generally ignorant of the art of cultivating Gardens." The English climate was praised by Tacitus, who declared it to be suitable for all vegetables except the Vine and the Olive. But the Emperor Probus urged the planting of the former, and the fact of the Vine being grown is mentioned by Bede in the beginning of the eighth century. The fall of the Roman Empire caused the loss of all the knowledge gained in the art of Gardening, in England as well as elsewhere in Europe ; and horticulture and all pertaining to it fell into the monks' hands, for such a quiet, peaceful pleasure had no place in the lives of the people during those troublous times. Fortunately, the monks, in their retired and sheltered

life, had both time and inclination to turn their attention to horticulture, tending with infinite skill and care their quaint Physic Gardens. These marvellous monastic Gardens were possessed by men of learning, who had intercourse with foreign Orders, and were thus enabled constantly to add to their stock of "Simples," their Gardens being chiefly cultivated for the growth of vegetables and herbs used for drugs; for, as learning and love of books gradually crept within the grasp of rich and poor through the monks, so did the power and value of herbs as medicine become known by their skill.

The earliest actual record in England of monastic Gardens is in the eleventh century, though they must have existed at a much earlier date.

The Saxon people did not take to Gardening as quickly as their French neighbours, and without doubt William the Conqueror gave a great impetus to horticulture, and many French fruits and herbs were introduced into England by him and his countrymen.

The first Englishman who wrote upon Gardens was the fascinating Alexander Neckam, born 1157, foster brother of Richard Cœur de Lion. Educated at St. Albans, he went when very young to Paris, where he became a celebrated professor at the university. In 1213, he was made Abbot of the

Augustinians at Cirencester, dying four years later. Neckam's precious document, "*De Naturis rerum*" ("Of the Natures of Things"), gives a most interesting description of "a noble Garden," though by the best authorities his account is considered rhetorical. "The Garden," he declares, "should be adorned with Roses and Lilies, Violets and Mandrake, and the drowsy Poppy, the Daffodil all ennoble a garden." Of fruits, Neckam says: "A noble garden will give thee also Medlars, Quinces, Warden-trees, Peaches, Pears, Pomegranates, Lemons, Oranges, and Almonds." As can be seen from this list, Neckam was apt to draw upon his imagination, as many of these fruits could never have braved the climate of England, though possibly he may have seen them brought to the monastic Garden at Cirencester by some foreign friend or monk.

Henry I. ordered the first English Park to be made at Woodstock, and there the celebrated "Bower" of Fair Rosamund was hidden by Henry II. A legend of fantastic charm has been woven round this hiding-place of the "Rose of the Cliffords." The Bower was placed in the centre of a Labyrinth and entirely concealed from view, being only to be found by one knowing the secret. These Labyrinths were not uncommon, and existed at a very early date, developing into the Maze of later times, so charmingly described by Thomas Hill (1563), who

considered "a Maze as proper adournementes upon pleasure to a Garden."

It is interesting to find that besides "the Royal Gardens at Westminster, Charing, and the Tower," FitzStephen mentions, in his "Life of St. Thomas à Becket," that attached to the houses in London were Gardens containing large trees "both spacious and pleasing to the sight," showing that a love of green leaves in Spring is not a modern fancy of Londoners.

Curious reading is the description of a Garden in "Holbourne" in 1295, belonging to the Earl of Lincoln, the records of which are to be found in "the Record Office of the Duchy of Lancaster." From these it appears that the property was so large and well worked as to allow the owner to sell Fruit, Vegetables, and Roses (the only flower mentioned) in large quantities. From this time onward the taste for Gardens and Gardening became more and more general, and was helped in no small measure by finding a place in current literature.

Although to-day nothing of the quaint mediæval Garden remains untouched, illuminated MSS. and poems fortunately exist. These two beautiful mirrors of the past show very clearly what the Gardens of old time must have been like. In "Piers Plowman" many little Garden details are given, while Lydgate writes of a Garden where

"all the Alleys were made playne with sand." Then Chaucer seems to foreshadow Spenser's joy and delight in English flowers and Gardens. Of all the many poems written about Gardens, fruits and flowers, John Gardener's (1440) was perhaps the earliest original work. Little is known of him, and his poem (in reality a treatise in verse) is of so practical a nature that it is thought that he himself was a Gardener. He gives excellent descriptions of the grafting of trees and the setting and sowing of seed, and the flowers and herbs he mentions are of great interest as showing what were commonly grown in England in his day.

In an illuminated copy of the "Romance of the Rose" in the British Museum a fascinating picture is found of a Garden of the fifteenth century. A wonderful Garden it represents, filled with quaint beauties and devices; it is surrounded with battlemented walls, and divided into two Gardens by a lattice screen. One is "a Privy Garden," leading into a Pleasance; the latter is carpeted with grass, patterned with daisies. A copper fountain, encircled by a marble curb, stands in the midst of the grass, with Orange-trees in the background. The second Garden is cut into grass plots edged with Box, and in the distance, separated again by a fence, are flower-beds. This type of Garden is most aptly described by King James I. of Scot-

land. During his imprisonment at Windsor he wrote the charming poem, the "King's Quhair," which is supposed to be a description of the Garden beneath his window :—

"Now was there made, fast by the Towris wall,
A Garden fair;—and in the corners set
An Arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railèd about, and so with treès set,
Was all the place and Hawthorne hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughes and the leaves green
Beshaded all the Alleys that there were,
And mids of every Arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweet Juniper
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughès spread the arbour all about."

It may be here noted that the mediæval Gardens were generally square; possessed a fountain; were fully planted with hedges and alleys; the little paths sanded. Few Gardens, moreover, were without a "Privy playing place." Lastly, all Gardens were enclosed, either with thick-set hedges or stone walls—made use of in the first place as a safeguard, and later retained for their beauty and the privacy they secured.

The "wandis" mentioned in King James's poem

were the wooden railings with which the beds were divided, and can be seen in some of Holbein's pictures, painted green and white.

In the Tudor period Gardens acquired many new features—among them, "Mounts," "Arbours," "Galleries" and "Knottes," often in geometrical patterns. For instance, in the Garden belonging to the Earl of Northumberland in 1512, it is stated "his household consisted of 160 people," and he had only one Gardener, who "hourely attended in the Garden for the setting of *erbis*, and clipping of knottes and sweeping said Garden clean." The chief and most popular innovation at this time was *opus toparium* (topiary work)—and it soon became general everywhere. Leland writes in his "Itinerary" (in the beginning of the sixteenth century) of the Gardens at Wresehill Castle, mentioning both topiary work and mounts. He says: "The orchardes are exceeding faire. And in the orchardes were mounts opere topiario writen about with degrees, like cokilshells to come to the top without payne." Henry VIII.'s reign—an interesting period from many points of view—is certainly very full of information for the Garden lover, as during that time many celebrated Gardens were created and mention was made of them in the literature of the day.

A book could be written upon the glories of the Gardens at Hampton Court. Cavendish gives a

good idea of all their beauties in his metrical
“Life of Wolsey”—

“My Garden sweet, enclosed with walles strong,
Embanked with benches to sytt and take my rest—
The knots, so enknotted, it cannot be exprest,
With Arbours and alyes so pleasant and so dulce.”

The Gardens possessed besides “Mounts” at the corners, Fishponds, Dials, Columns, Topiary work, and “galleries fayre both large and small to walk in them when it liked me best.” These “galleries” were made of wooden trellis-work, covered with Vines, Roses, or Honeysuckle.

When Henry VIII. took Hampton Court from his disgraced minister, Cardinal Wolsey, he introduced into the Garden Statues and other foreign novelties, traceable to Italian influence. About this time Cardinal D’Este revived the taste for statuary in Gardens and the custom of having elaborate waterworks and fountains playing. Montaigne mentions these fountains very fully in his journal; also from the “quaintly delightful pen of John Evelyn” there are ample descriptions. These novelties were quickly imitated by Francis I., that lover of art, and later Henry, eager to have every treasure his rival possessed, copied the prevailing taste.

At Nonsuch there were strange fountains “that

spout water, one round the other like a pyramid upon which are perched small birds that stream water out of their bills . . . and another pyramid of marble full of concealed pipes, which spirt upon all who come within their reach." So writes Paulus Hentzner, a German who visited England and describes the quaint conceits of the Garden of Nonsuch.

Henry began Nonsuch about 1538, and its house and Gardens rivalled many a larger palace. It was a favourite residence with Queen Elizabeth and Henrietta Maria. In the Parliamentary Survey mention is made of the many beauties of Nonsuch, "the walled Gardens, Alleys, thick Thorn Hedges, Wilderness, Privy Garden."

Charles II. gave this beautiful Garden filled with quaint devices to the Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled down the house and sold the contents! It is strange to think that later in the eighteenth century Nonsuch, once an extreme example of the Formal Style, should have become the property of the brother of George Whateley, one of the chief writers upon the subject of modern English Gardening. He altered the Garden and Park to suit his own views, and Nonsuch ended by being an extreme example of a diametrically opposite school.

The Reformation and the dissolution of the monasteries made havoc with the beautiful old

monastic Gardens, which became private property, and only in a few cases is there any of the original Garden left.

Thomas Tusser's ardent book on "Husbandrie" did good service on behalf of the practical side of Gardening. His chief work was published in 1557 a year before the accession of Elizabeth, the Queen in whose reign every art and science flourished, and none more so than the art of Gardening; an extraordinary impetus being given to the art by the many men of genius of the time, who not only took an absorbing interest in the culture of flowers, but wrote upon the subject. Elizabethan literature is rich in the names of these men, who vied with one another in praising the joys of a Garden. Bacon's essay "On Gardens" is known and quoted all over the world, suiting every taste and every school. Sir Philip Sidney mentions a Garden "neither field, Garden, nor orchard"; and Sir Henry Wotton says that "Gardens should be irregular." All three are claimed as prophets of the later Landscape School.

Spenser's descriptions of Gardens and flowers leave a deep impression upon the reader of his wish to impart his love of their beauties to others, and there is no doubt that the praise of Gardens so passing into literature had an immense influence upon the culture and discovery of plants.

The following fascinating lines of Spenser sum up the favourite flowers of those wonderful Elizabethan days :—

“Bring hither the Pinke and purple Cullambine
 With Gelliflowers,
 Bring Coronations, and Sops-in-wine,
 Worne of paramoures.
 Strowe me the ground with Daffadoundillies
 And Cowslips and Kingcups and loved Lillies,
 The pretty Pawnce
 And the Chevisaunce
 Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.”

Shakespeare is perhaps the King *par excellence* of all flower-worshippers, his plays and poems being full of charming fancies about English flowers. He also notes in many places the features of the Formal Garden by alluding to :—

“The quaint mazes in the wanton green” ;
 “Through forthrights and meanders” ;
 “A Garden circummured with brick” ;
 “A planched gate” ;
 “Thick pleached alley” ;
 “Pleached alley where Honeysuckle ripen’d by the
 sun” ;
 “Curiously knotted Garden.”

No notes upon Gardens would be complete without the mention of the Herbal literature, which was

the outcome of Botanical or Herb Gardens. The first Garden of Simples was founded at Padua in 1545, to be followed very shortly by others in various places, but it was nearly a century later before England followed suit. The first English Herbal was that of William Turner, written about fifty years before the celebrated one of Gerarde. Gerarde was well known through having superintended for twenty years Lord Burleigh's Gardens, and also on account of his wonderful Physic Garden in Holborn.

One of the best remembered of these quaint old writers is Parkinson, the author of "*Paradisi-in-Sole, Paradisus Terrestris, or a Garden of all sorts of pleasant Flowers*"; but they one and all did an inestimable amount for Gardening by their travels and research.

The Gardens in the time of Elizabeth were the outcome of French and Italian influence, combined with the formal ideas of design. This proved the best style for an English Garden, and it was a pity when fashion carried many of the foreign features to extremes, and especially when the Dutch influence became too marked. It may be safely said that what is now meant by "an old English Garden" is one very similar to those that existed during the reign of Elizabeth. The architects of this date, especially John Thorpe, had not a little to do with the Gardens of the period. According to his plans,

he held, like the Romans, that the Garden was in strict conjunction with the House, and needed as much planning as the latter.

"Theobalds," created by Lord Burleigh, was the most typical Garden of this time. Both Hentzner and Mandelslo have left striking descriptions of its beauties. The latter writes : " It is large and square, having all its walls covered with Sillery and a beautiful jet d'eau in the centre. The Parterre hath many pleasant walks, many of which are planted on the sides with espaliers, and others arched over. Some of the trees are Limes and Elms, and at the end is a small mount called the *Mount of Venus*, which is placed in the midst of a labyrinth, and is upon the whole one of the most beautiful spots in the world."

It is this Garden and its style that Horace Walpole calls " false," saying, " We are apt to think that Sir William Temple and King William were in a manner the introducers of Gardening into England. By the descriptions of Lord Burleigh's gardens at Theobalds and those at Nonsuch we find that the magnificent though false taste was known as early as the reigns of Henry VIII. and his daughter. There is scarce an unnatural and sumptuous impropriety at Versailles, which we do not find in Hentzner's descriptions of the Gardens above mentioned." The method of Gardening in the time of James I.

was similar to that of Elizabethan days; the same men and their followers being still alive, and forming a link with earlier times and by their influence upholding the old ways, so frequently discarded by the rising generation as being primitive and unsatisfactory.

In 1618, William Lawson, "the Izaack Walton of Gardens," published his "New Orchard and Garden"—a book that contained practical knowledge and an honest delight in flowers and birds. He writes with genuine love of Nature, and flowers for "the Flower Garden."

Each new work gave a stimulus to the increasing love of Gardens. Early in King James's reign the exchange between Sir Robert Cecil and his Royal master took place, Theobalds for Hatfield.

The latter was soon planned out by its new owner, and still retains much beauty of design and character, especially the "Privy Garden" with its "Pleached Alley" and the Vineyard long known as "the rarity."

Much of the success of the Gardens at Hatfield was owing to Lord Salisbury's Gardener, John Tradescant, the second of the name—"that painful industrious searcher and lover of all Nature's varieties," as Parkinson calls him. "His was the age of florists, and the chief ornaments of the Parterres were owing to his labours" in travelling and discoveries. The Tradescants had a large

house in Lambeth, the Garden of which was filled with an amazing number of trees, plants, and flowers "particularly rich in those from South America." In the churchyard of Old Lambeth Church there is a tombstone erected to the Tradescants, from the clever epitaph on which is learnt that the three generations lie there; how they collected all that was rare "in sea and land," and how they were "both gardeners to the Rose and Lily Queen," and that at the last day they will change "this Garden for a Paradise."

Not many alterations were made in the style of Gardens in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., but it was during this time that through the influence of Inigo Jones the first Garden buildings came to be erected, consisting of Tea Houses, Banqueting Houses, and Fishing Lodges. That extraordinarily versatile genius, John Evelyn, who "first taught Gardening to speak proper English," first appears in Charles I.'s reign. What he did for Gardens and Gardening can never be over-estimated, as he wrote with not only great literary taste but practical knowledge, and his name must ever stand out in the history of English Gardens. His delightful descriptions of Gardens at home and abroad are treasures of information to all interested in the subject.

Evelyn's chief books were his translation of de La Quintinye's "Compleat Gardener" and his "Sylva,"

a discourse upon Forest Trees, a subject very near to Evelyn's heart. As René Rapin sings in his "Poem on a Garden" (translated by Evelyn)—

"Long rows of trees and woods my Pen invites
With shady walks, and Garden's chief delight.
High shooting Linden next exact your care
With graceful shades to those who take the air."

Evelyn had "a pleasant villa" himself at Deptford—"a fine garden for walks and hedges (especially a holly one), a pretty little greenhouse with an indifferent stock in it. In his Garden he had four large round philareas, smooth-clipped, raised on a single stalk from the ground in the fashion now much used. Part of his garden, is very woody, and shady for walking; but his garden not being walled, has little of the best fruits."

Among other Garden matters, Evelyn found time to be interested in "The Medical Garden at Westminster," and was a constant visitor there, making notes in his Diary of the new plants he had seen from time to time. The Westminster Physic Garden was entirely superseded by the one made at Chelsea by the Apothecaries Company in 1672. Evelyn visited this Garden of Simples in 1685, and notes that there is a collection of "innumerable rarities."

A distinct change came over the style of Gardens after the Restoration, and Charles II. returned to his own country. Imbued with the beauty of the French style, he determined to imitate it in England. It was little wonder that the magnificence of the brilliant Court of Louis XIV. dazzled Charles. It was then at its height—the studied architecture of Mansard and Perrault were “the complement of the Monarchical and Formal Garden of Le Nôtre,” the greatest name in the history of Gardens and the one most detested by the later Natural or Landscape School of Gardening. The life of this great man, André Le Nôtre, reads like a fairy-tale, telling as it does of his rising from a humble position by his genius to a place of trust and confidence. “His art” is summed up by Gautier as “the supreme formula of a complete art and the expression at its highest power of a civilisation arrived at its full expression.”

Le Nôtre's designs were all on a large scale—he delighted in long Avenues (often radiating from one centre-point), wide paths, Terraces adorned with Statues, Fountains and Cascades, and Arbours with high backgrounds of trellis work, and closely-cut trees, as well as broad expanses of water. Yet all this marvellous and complicated design was perfect in proportion, and he without doubt carried the Art of Garden Design to the highest point it has ever reached. The “grand manner” and splendour

of Le Nôtre influenced Garden design materially in England, but chiefly the great Gardens, as Le Nôtre's designs required space not forthcoming in the grounds of many a small manor house. This French influence can be especially traced in the Gardens of Wrest Park, in Bedfordshire, where extensive Avenues still partly remain.

Charles is said to have invited Le Nôtre to England, but there is no proof that he ever came, though it is known that French Gardeners laid out the Gardens of Whitehall, St. James's, and Hampton Court, where the semicircle of Limes (enclosing nine and a half acres) was planted in Charles's reign, and actually under the direction of Le Nôtre.

The knot at this time had quite disappeared, and the more complicated Parterre introduced from France had taken its place. There are many kinds of Parterres: (1) "Parterres de Broderie; (2) Parterres of Compartment; (3) Parterres à l'Anglaise; (4) Parterres of Cut-work," and as a whole they can be technically described as "a level division of ground which for the most part faces south, and is best in front of a House, and is generally furnished with Greens and flowers." The chief practical English Gardener contemporary with the great French master, was John Rose, who worked his way up to be royal Gardener to Charles II. at St. James's. Rose was sent to study the style of

Le Nôtre at Versailles, and most of the French design brought into England was introduced by him or his favourite pupil, George London. Another name that is connected at this time with Gardens and Gardeners, is that of Sir William Temple, the patient lover for seven years of Dorothy Osborne and the happy possessor of her charming love-letters—now acknowledged to be “a precious piece of history.”

Temple was a contemporary of Evelyn, who mentions in his Diary his visits to Temple's Gardens at Sheen. To these gardens Temple devoted himself till 1688, after a long life of diplomacy—and then later to Moor Park, in Surrey, called by him after the favourite Garden of his childhood's days, and described by him “as the perfectest figure of a Garden I ever saw at home or abroad.” Temple turned his attention to the fruit Garden, possessing the pretty idea that the flower Garden “was more the ladies' part than the man's,” and it can easily be imagined what a lovely Garden of flowers the delightful Dorothy Osborne must have created.

The Chinese mode of Gardening (which many people think was the means of introducing the irregular or natural style into England), was first mentioned by Temple. He says that he is quite aware that there may be other forms of Gardening “wholly irregular that may have more beauty

than any of the others, but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of nature. . . . Something of this I have seen in some places, but heard more of it from others who have lived among the Chinese."

A little over fifty years later the Chinese mode of planting was copied, both in England and abroad.

William and Mary, when they came to England, were naturally in favour of Dutch ideas, and they brought the Dutch style in Gardening into prominence. They found small difficulty in introducing alterations in Garden designs, Gardening having become a fashionable hobby and every one vying with one another in having the very last new fashion carried out

The Dutch style was not unlike the French, but everything was on a smaller scale. Such trivial things as glass balls, coloured sand, and painted perspectives were introduced to give a stiff effect, the two great characteristics being symmetry and masses of ornament.

One of the best examples of this style was the Garden at Loo; but Hampton Court was perhaps the finest in England. George London laid out the great semicircular Parterre during the reign of William and Mary. Later Queen Anne complained there was too much Box as she disliked the smell of it, and London lived to see it rooted

up, though it was replaced again owing to other royal commands.

Of all the destructive forces which make havoc in a Garden man himself is surely the greatest, far outdoing either weather or time, dire as the ravages of both may be. An excellent bird's-eye view of Hampton Court exists in Kip's "*Britannia Illustrata*," showing the great semicircular Parterre. At this time stone walls were replaced by magnificent wrought-iron gates and railings known as "*clair-voyées*." A handsome example is to be seen at Hampton Court designed by Stephen Switzer.

Then came the vogue for clipping Yews and Evergreens, which shortly developed such exaggerated proportions that every Garden was filled with trees of all sorts and sizes cut into weird shapes to represent animals, thus turning what had once been a beauty into ridicule, and so giving the next generation ample grounds for its contempt of the practice.

The Gardens of this date are admirably described in Celia Fiennes' interesting book, "*Through England on a Side-saddle in the Time of William and Mary*." That she admires the new Dutch style more than the old is not surprising, women having ever been lovers of change and variety.

Switzer declared that during King William's reign (1697-1702) Gardens and Gardening were

at their zenith. Certainly there can be no doubt that from this time the decadence of the Formal style set in. All that had been introduced, such as Terraces, Walks, Shorn Shrubs, Oranges and Myrtle trees in boxes and—the greatest offender of all—the “vegetable sculpture” had become exaggerated and the beautiful old style gradually died of misuse. About this time a succession of famous Gardeners lived in England—among them George London, who was a pupil of Rose’s, and had travelled abroad, especially to gain knowledge of French methods. Later he entered Bishop Compton’s service as his head Gardener. In conjunction with others London founded the Nursery Gardens at Brompton (1694) and took Wise (of whom very little is known) into partnership. The firm became famous and superintended all the Gardens in the kingdom belonging to any one of note. London, after James II.’s flight, and on the accession to the throne of William and Mary, was made superintendent of the Royal Gardens (with a salary of £200 a year) and also page of the back stairs. According to gossip of the day, he had the “charge of conveying the Princess Anne to Nottingham from the fury of the Papists, previous to the Revolution being complete.” The style of London and Wise was supposed “to combine the best features in the French and Dutch styles,” and gained them the admiration of Addison,

who likened them to the "heroic poets." London died in 1713, eleven years after the accession of Queen Anne. Stephen Switzer, at one time his pupil, became principal Gardener, and after him Bridgman. Though it was just at this period that the old formal Garden was first turned into ridicule, it must not be forgotten that from the contemporary descriptions of them it would be difficult to picture anything more charming than some of the Gardens in the reign of good Queen Anne. They were regular green bowers of beauty, with long walks between tall stately Yews, clipped into straight, severe walls, but allowed to grow in a natural and feathery manner at the top. Strange instance of the contrariety of human nature, that during one of the most artificial periods known in English history—when manners, habits, and literature were all furthest removed from simplicity—there should have been a cry raised for Nature, and nothing but Nature, in Gardens!

Addison began the attack in the *Spectator*, saying, "In laying out a Garden we are to copy Nature as much as possible. Our British Gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible."

Pope, the most artificial and the wittiest of writers, soon followed suit in the *Guardian*, and he lashed with a pen like a flail the "verdant green

sculpture," the quaint topiary work of earlier years, that now had run riot. Pope supposes "an eminent town Gardener" had lately supplied him with "a catalogue of greens." He declares his correspondent to be "a wag" and has arrived at "such perfection in his art" that he "cuts family pieces of men, women, or children." Then he proceeds with the catalogue, "as sent for my recommendation":—

"Adam and Eve in Yew : Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm ; Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George in Box ; his arms scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon next April.

A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

N.B.—These two not to be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

A laurustine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in phylyræa, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but full of growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a Savine.

An old maid of honour in wormwood.

A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a pennyworth.

A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A lavender pig with sage growing in his belly.

Noah's ark in Holly, standing on the mount ; the ribs a little damaged for want of water."

Pope was, without doubt, one of the chief pioneers of modern Gardening, and it was not a little due to him that the natural manner in Gardening became the fashion. At Twickenham, Pope made his five acres of Garden into samples of every kind of scenery—as artificial and clever as his poetry and as far from real Nature as were ever the now despised old Formal Gardens. Walpole, many years later, gives a description of this Garden of Pope's: "It was a little bit of ground of five acres, enclosed with three lanes and seeing nothing. Pope has twisted and twisted and rhymed and harmonised this till it appeared two or three sweet little Lawns opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick, impenetrable woods."

Then the "Grotto"—who has not heard of the far-famed "Grotto" in Pope's Garden, with its shells and pieces of looking-glass, all, according to the poet, "in the natural taste"? Stephen Switzer agreed with Pope's views in his "*Ichnographia Rustica*," but Bridgman was the first noted Gardener to work in agreement with the views of Addison and Pope. Bridgman "banished verdant sculpture, but still retained green architecture, straight alleys and palisades, and began to introduce a little gentle disorder into the plantation of his trees and bushes."

Horace Walpole declares in his essay "On Modern Gardening" that the introduction of

"Ha-Ha's," was first thought of by Bridgman, and this destruction of walls was the first step that led to all the other innovations.

Even architects became followers of the new school (sometimes called the Natural, Irregular, Landscape, Romantic, English, or Chinese School, in opposition to the Formal, which was often called the Architectural, Classical, Regular, Symmetrical or Italian, French or Dutch). Batty Langley published a gorgeous book upon the "New Principles of Gardening," setting out to prove the impossible, viz., that the "Rural style" and "Grand manner" could be made to agree together. Kent followed Bridgman; he was originally a coachbuilder, but feeling that he was not in sympathy with his trade, went to London, where he studied art for a short time. He showed such distinct signs of ability that he found patrons willing to supply him with the money to travel. At Rome fortune favoured him, and he met Lord Burlington, who became his patron and devoted champion for the rest of his life.

Although Kent designed some very fine severe buildings, and was an architect of ability, he joined in the work of the fashionable destroyers, and became one of the worst offenders in the destruction of old Gardens.

In the amusing language of Walpole, "he leaped the fence and saw that all Nature was a Garden." Lovers of old Gardens would have had great

cause for thankfulness had he resisted his impulse to leap the fence, as many beautiful Gardens of the past would have come down to this generation untouched.

For, as Pope was the pioneer of the new school, Kent was the originator of the Landscape, or Painters' Garden, into which at one time it developed. His great idea was to make in a Garden a landscape composition resembling a picture of Poussin or Claude. His ruling principles were the great values of light and shade and perspective, and "that Nature abhors a straight line," which resulted in every path being twisted and curved, and the rivers and lakes becoming serpentine; in fact, "a witty Frenchman suggested that, in order to design an English or Natural Garden, all that was required was to intoxicate your Gardener and follow in his footsteps."

Kent's love of Nature was so great that "in Kensington Garden he planted dead trees, to give a greater air of truth to the scene;—but he was soon laughed out of this excess," adds Walpole. Of the many places laid out by Kent, perhaps the best remembered are the Gardens at Esher,

"Where Kent and Nature vied for Pelham's love,"

but Walpole thought that the most engaging of all his works, "being the most elegant and antique,"

was Rousham, in Oxfordshire. His views were soon copied, and Charles Hamilton made Pain's Hill, in Surrey, "a perfect example of this mode."

Kent was followed by Lancelot Brown, a man with little or no genius and less education. He was nicknamed "Capability," from his favourite habit of speaking of the "capabilities of the ground." Brown was kitchen Gardener to Lord Cobham at Stowe, where he rose, without possessing any great ability, to be head Gardener, and was recommended to the post of Royal Gardener at Hampton Court by his master.

An amusing description of Brown was written by Chatham in a letter to Lady Stanhope: "Lancelot Brown, Esquire, *en titre d'office*; please consider he shares the private hours of the King, dines familiarly with his neighbour of Sion, and sits down at the tables of all the House of Lords." As can be seen from this, Brown was fashionable; thus he had complete control over the art of Gardening for half a century. Now came the rapid destroying of all the old Formal beauties of the English Garden. Croome, in Worcestershire, and Fisherwick, in Staffordshire, were Brown's only creations, as he principally spent his time in remodelling Gardens into "Park-like Scenery." His methods were "declivities softened into gentle slopes; plantations belted the estate, while clumps and single trees were sprinkled over its area." A

clump of trees and ornamental water were indispensable to any place arranged by Brown. Twisting water into serpentine shapes was his favourite plan; "at Blenheim he covered a narrow valley with an artificial river," and on surveying his work he was heard to murmur, "Thames, Thames, thou wilt never forgive me!"

The grievance against this "consummate mannerist" would have been comparatively small if he had contented himself with the creating of new Gardens, but it is his wholesale destruction of the old which must fill every one with regret.

This passion for the imitation of Nature was passing like a wave over Europe, causing a reaction, not only in Gardens, but in art and literature. For Rousseau preached Nature; as Taine says, he "made the dawn visible to people who had never risen till noon, the landscape to eyes that had only rested hitherto upon drawing-rooms and palaces, the natural Garden to men who had only walked between tinselled Yews and rectilinear Flower Borders." Then Richardson, the novelist, followed Rousseau, and helped, with others, to weave "sentiment" as well as "Nature" into Gardens. Thus the Landscape style had to be made to express not only Nature, but to display emotions and feelings like a human being.

Shenstone, the poet, carried his own Garden at Leasowes, in Shropshire, to the highest pitch of

the Sentimental Garden style. "Art," he cried, "should never be allowed to set foot in the province of Nature." And forthwith he planned a Garden with the most consummate art and shut Nature out.

"Capability" Brown's desperate improvements are well described by Cowper in "The Garden":—

"Lo, he comes !
The omnipotent magician, Brown, appears !
Down falls the venerable pile, the abode
Of our forefathers—a grave, whisker'd race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,
But in a distant spot ; . . .
He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn ;
Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise ;
And streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the track of his directing wand."

Luckily before every delicious old Garden was destroyed under Brown's fatal influence, a reaction set in, and Brown was denounced by Gilpin, Price, Knight, and Mason, who, in many ways approving of the Landscape style, desired it to be "rational Landscape." Knight was loud in his abuse, and in a most amusing poem proves how incongruous the new style is surrounding old houses:—

"Oft when I've seen some lonely mansion stand
Fresh from the improver's desolating hand,
'Midst shaven Lawns that far around it creep
In one eternal undulating sweep ;

And scattered clumps, that nod at one another,
Each stiffly waving to its formal brother ;
Tired with the extensive scene, so dull and bare,
To Heaven devoutly I've addressed my prayer :
Again the moss-grown terrace to raise ;
And spread the labyrinth's perplexing maze ;
Replace in even lines the ductile Yew
And plant again the ancient avenue."

Even Sir William Chambers—an enthusiastic admirer of Chinese Gardens—while he was dotting Kew Gardens with pagodas, and natural effects, remonstrated about the wholesale destruction of trees : " Our designers have scarcely left an acre of shade or three trees growing in a line from Land's End to the Tweed."

Nevertheless, regardless of remonstrance, there were people who still admired Brown's work, and at his death in 1783, his place was taken by his devoted disciple, Humphrey Repton. "Amenity" Repton was the first to call himself a "Landscape Gardener," and if the character of his talents was defined, it would be found to be more for elegant ornament and prettiness than for any decided effort of original genius. He liked discussing and writing about his views, and he leaves no one in doubt as to what he considers perfect Landscape Gardening—viz., "Firstly, to display the natural beauties and hide the natural defects of every situation ; secondly, to give the appearance of extent and freedom by

disguising or hiding the boundary; thirdly, to conceal every interference of art, however expensive, making the whole appear the production of Nature only; and, fourthly, to remove or conceal all objects of mere convenience and comfort if incapable of being ornamental or becoming proper parts of the general scenery." Besides possessing "views," Repton had a system of "Red Books," and when asked to improve a place he sent one of these books, illustrated with plans and pictures of the Garden as it was; while, by a clever arrangement of slides, the picture could be changed to show how he proposed to change the Garden. These Red Books give the old Garden-lover a terrible shock! How such sweeping changes could have entered into the mind of any man remains a mystery. Sir Uvedale Price's famous passage of arms with Repton brought the latter to greater reason in his alterations. Price was one of the group of men called the "Picturesque writers," and belonged to what was sometimes called the "Picturesque Landscape School." They saw the excesses of both schools, and advised that the Formal Garden should be altered but not destroyed, and "that the principles of Claude shall be followed as a safe guide," so returning to Kent's original views. To their efforts many a beautiful old Garden owes its existence.

How often it appears that the aim at a great simplicity but results in a greater artificiality. Such

was the case with the Natural or Landscape school. The latter school, which became the National English style, began to pass into France about 1762. It is distressing to think what beauties were recklessly destroyed in the name of Nature, and these innovations bear a close resemblance to what was done later in the name of liberty

It is difficult, in the maze of literature and the disconnected lives of the principal actors in the drama, to describe the exact evolution of Gardens—especially to discover the actual source of the great change from one style to the other.

Gray, the poet, claims "our skill in Gardening, or rather in the laying out of ground," as being "the only taste we can call our own, and the only proof of original talent in the matter of pleasure," and that the natural style was the invention of the English.

Foreigners declare that the whole style was borrowed from the Irregular Gardening of the Chinese and made particularly pleasing in England by the beautiful grass Lawns.

Be this as it may, the principles of modern Landscape Gardening have been laid down by English authorities, chiefly Mason's "Essay on Design in Gardening," Walpole's famous "Essay on Modern Gardening," and last, but not least, Thomas Whately's "Observations on Modern Gardening."

Loudon claims for the latter that it is "the

grand fundamental and standard work on English Gardens." Mason, the poet, declared that "Bacon was the prophet, Milton the herald of modern Gardening, and Addison, Pope, and Kent the champions of the taste." It is amusing to find that both schools claim Bacon and Milton as exponents of their views.

There is no doubt that the old Formal Garden lost its simplicity and became filled with intricate devices which needed moderation, but not destruction. The reformers who stepped in to remove this prodigality of absurd taste fell into exactly the same fault, in a different direction, as that they attempted to correct.

Perhaps Sir Walter Scott shows most clearly the merits of both schools in his "Essay on Landscape Gardens," written in 1828, taking for "his keynote the choice of the best that has been done in designing, laying out, 'composing' or building Gardens in every age, adapted to the particular site and its material and architectural surroundings."

To-day, from the vast advance of horticulture, the face of a Garden is entirely changed. Flowers exist and grow in English Gardens that the old Gardeners never even dreamt of, much less could imagine in their Gardens. Tropical trees help to shade modern Lawns, and the people who walk on them have changed as greatly as the flowers in their Gardens by which they are surrounded.

Travelling and science have both indirectly touched Gardens. And though individuality is supposed to have been checked in the last century and to be dying hard in this, in the Gardens of to-day it is to be found on every side. No one feels bound to follow any distinct style—flowers run riot, or a bedding-out system is followed, or more often still the individual taste of the owner steps in and moulds the Garden to his wish. Individuality alas! does not mean charm; that is rarely met with in the Gardens of to-day. There are beautiful flowers and lovely green grass, but the charm which used to linger in the beautiful Gardens designed by Evelyn, and in such Gardens as Moor Park, Chiswick, and Nonsuch, has fled. Charm seems to belong to the days when people wrote, thought about, and planned their Gardens—not only grew flowers in them.

It is the design, the simplicity of line—which the Terraces and old Yew hedges, cool and green, gave to a Garden—that are now lacking. The gorgeous display of flowers, perfect in colour, wants the shadow of the old Yews as a background, to form a contrast and throw up their brilliance.

It is this lack of contrast and arrangement that is partly responsible for the absence of charm in most modern Gardens. Charm goes with proportion and simplicity, such as is found in the old Formal Garden. However well the colour scheme

in a Garden is arranged, though it may give pleasure to the eye, it will not give charm to the Garden. There still remains in the minds of a few a desire to design the Garden in accordance with the house, and many old Gardens altered in the days of Brown and Repton have been as far as possible restored to their original state. But the mystical charm that hovered in the olden days like a perfumed fragrance over beautiful Gardens, is only to be found in those with a past. For what word conjures up such varied memories, such delights of light and colour, or such fragrant sadness as the word Garden? It fills the mind with visions of the past, joys of people long beyond earth's beauty ; yet the memory of the paths they trod, the scent of the flowers that they loved, the Gardens that they planned, and planted, and made beautiful, do they not remain an everlasting heritage?

ABBOTSBURY, DORSETSHIRE

"Now hath Flora robbed her bowers
To befriend this place with flowers."

THOMAS CAMPION

II

ABBOTSBURY, DORSETSHIRE

WITH what amazement and wonder would Parkinson—who travelled for forty years collecting rare treasures for his Garden—have gazed on Abbotsbury with its beautiful mass of flowers and trees, a perfect treasure-house of rare plants!

It was this same John Parkinson, author of “*Paradisi-in-Sole, Paradisus Terrestris*”—one of the most fascinating of the Elizabethan Garden books—who roughly divides flowers into two sections “English Flowers” and “Outlandish Flowers.” Of the latter he says: “Flowers that being strangers unto us, and giving the beauty and bravery of their colours so early, before many of our owne-bred flowers, the more to entice us to their delight.” Abbotsbury is indeed a Garden of “Outlandish Flowers”; in fact, a sub-tropical Garden by reason of the rareness of “the strangers” within its beds.

Just beyond the little old-world village of

Abbotsbury, which is hidden away in a valley between Weymouth and Bridport, lies this sub-tropical Garden belonging to Mary, Countess of Ilchester. Sheltered under a hill which rises between it and the sea, high walls and old Ilex trees protecting it even further from all cold winds, so successfully is it screened that foreign plants of all kinds will grow and flourish in it, such as Himalayan and Sikkim Rhododendrons, Bamboos, Mimosa, Eucalyptus in thirty varieties, Aloes, Agaves, the New Zealand Laburnum (*Edwardsia Grandiflora*) with its yellow Papilionetus flowers, being a tree of from twelve to fifteen feet high; also a Chilian plant, *Crinodendron Hookeri*, which grows to a height of about seven feet, and is covered with blooms of scarlet pendulous flowers, and other little-known plants such as *Cistus*, *Thea Bohea* (the common tea), *Vaccinium Ovatum*, *Jamesia Americana*, *Eucryphia*. For every part of the world, Japan, China, America, Australia, etc., has been called upon to contribute something to this "Earthly Paradise"! This is indeed a Garden in the popular sense of the word, viz., a Garden filled to overflowing with flowers, a Garden which rejoices at every season of the year in gay blossoms. In Spring, more particularly from February to May, it is a perfect blaze of colour, with a rippling carpet of yellow Daffodils, Narcissi, Jonquils, and Polyanthus, and



FALCONERI RHODODENDRONS, ABBOTSBURY



all the foreign glories of Azaleas of every hue, while Camellias, waxen white and coral pink, bloom generally from January on to the end of May.

When to these are added Rhododendrons and Magnolias—(one of the most interesting genera grown here, and embracing practically the whole of the species and varieties, including the beautiful Pink Campbelli, a tree quite thirty feet in height)—imagination can hardly picture such a Garden, much less pen describe it !

The avenue leading to this wonderful galaxy of flowers is bordered with Ilex trees, strangely un-English in character, and giving the keynote to the Garden beyond. These Ilex trees proved so difficult to grow that at last Pampas Grass was planted to shelter the young trees from the strong winds—an arrangement which has been so successful that the Ilex trees have grown to a height of over twenty-five feet, and have almost completely ousted the Pampas Grass.

It is not difficult to realise the various phases that this beautiful Garden must have passed through, though there is no actual record of them. The style of the Garden at the present time is that of Irregular planting, “à l’Anglaise”—a most successful treatment in this case on account of the glorious flowers that are for ever bursting their buds in the sunshine.

In 1026 Orc, the steward of King Canute's Royal Palace, founded a Society of Secular Canons at Abodesbury (as Abbotsbury was then called). But it is not exactly known whether it was Orc or his wife Tola (after she became a widow) who turned the Society into a Monastery of the Benedictine Order, dedicated to S. Peter, as was the chapel, built in the same little village of Abbotsbury, by a priest named Bertulfus, thus giving the village an interest dating back to the time when Christianity first came to the Britons. Traces and picturesque ruins of the former glory of this celebrated monastery remain to this day, and seem still to dominate the village though the abbots and monks have all long since passed away. Those were times in which the art of building was understood in its finest sense as the old Tithe Barn and Pigeoncote still standing, and in use, testify, as well as the chapel dedicated to S. Catherine which stands as strong and sturdy as on the day it was built. Of these magnificent builders Ruskin wrote truly: "Of them and their life and their toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence is left to us in those grey heaps of deep wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honours, and their errors, but they have left us their adoration."

The old chapel (which stands overshadowing the monastery buildings), with its beautifully carved

stone roof and curious stone buttresses, is almost forgotten. No one goes to pray there now unless, indeed, it be one of the village girls who goes up on her marriage eve to invoke the good offices of S. Catherine, ever the patron saint of maidens. West of the Abbey, on the side of S. Catherine's Down, lies a field of fourteen acres, said to have been the Abbot's Garden. It still bears that name. With its Terraces and fishponds it is easy in thought to repeople it with the monks, who dug there long ago among the Vines or lazily fished for their Friday's fare.

A Garden in those days was only to be found within a monastery or convent walls, and was essentially a thing of use, not pleasure; vegetables were grown because they were the staple food, and the "herbularis," or Physic Garden, was cultivated so that the herbs it contained might be made use of as drugs.

It is not till the fourteenth century that much can be gathered about these early Monastic Gardens, but once written accounts were kept all sorts of interesting and amusing details are recorded, such as—the cost of the gloves allowed for weeding, "7/-"; for extracting "mosse" from the cloister green, "6d." The love of appearances was evidently as strong in those days as in these!

During those old monastic times every one appears to have laid claim to a Garden, for the plans still

existing show that there was one large Garden, then the Prior's Garden, the Canon's Garden, the Sacristy Garden, as well as the Infirmary and Kitchen Gardens. Bede early testifies to the English climate being suitable for the Vine, and there is little doubt that at Abbotsbury there must have been a Vineyard, as few monasteries were without them, the monks being especially clever in cultivating the Vine. Long before the monastery was built or the village existed, the swans had made themselves a home here; down past the church, the barn, and the mill, at the end of a steep-banked Dorset lane overhung with Elms, lies the celebrated swannery, granted by King Canute to the monastery by a Royal Saxon Charter, which the present owner, Lord Ilchester, still possesses. Seen in the spring the swannery is a wonderful sight, with all the swans nesting close together on the low ground bordering the Fleet inlet, and sheltered by the curious high bank of shingle, called Chesil Beach. There are as many as four or five hundred nests to be seen, the hen bird sitting while the cock mounts guard beside her. Swans are among the few birds that take it in turns to sit on the eggs, and frequent fights occur between the cock birds of the adjoining nests when they go off to feed; in this way many young cygnets are killed. The swans fly for many miles down the coast, and have sometimes been found as far distant as Milford Haven;

they are all marked by a slit in the form of the letter "I" made in the web of the foot when quite young.

It was, of course, Henry VIII. who wrested Abbotsbury from the Church, and after the final dissolution of the monasteries he gave the abbey and lands to Giles Strangeways, knight, who out of its ruins built himself a "fair mansion house," where he and the Strangeways family often lived till it was destroyed during the Civil Wars, and with it, unhappily, the only register of the monastery known to have existed, which register had been in the possession of the Strangeways ever since the lands became their property.

During the Parliamentary Wars Abbotsbury was stormed on November 6, 1644, by Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who was in command of Cromwell's forces in Dorset. A very interesting report written by him to the Committee of the Parliament in Dorsetshire, still exists, describing the storming of the house which belonged to Sir John Strangeways, a staunch Royalist. When the house was finally taken, by being set fire to, the gunpowder magazine below it blew up, killing many of the Parliamentary soldiers who had entered it in search of plunder. Sir Anthony in his report says of one man, "Lieutenant Hill, who went a volunteer and was sent in to get out the soldiers, was blown up with the rest, yet since we have taken him strongly out of the

rubbish and hope to preserve him." His descriptions also of the fighting sounds very desperate, with its guns, grenades, fire-balls, flaming furze faggots, and scaling ladders.

Nothing now remains of this house but one Ivy-covered gable, and the Strangeways family, after the Civil Wars, added to and took up their abode in the Manor House (which is now used as a rectory and stands opposite the church) until 1780, when the first Lady Ilchester built the present castle, close to the sea and a mile from the village. Lady Ilchester's eldest daughter, Lady Susan Fox-Strangeways—whose romantic marriage with Mr. O'Brien, the actor, was the talk of the town and recorded by Walpole and all the gossips of the day—mentions in her diary (still preserved at Melbury) having assisted at her mother's removal into the new house in 1780, and planned the Rock Gardens in front of it, sloping down to the sea, with stone Arbours at each of the four corners to give shelter from whichever quarter the wind might blow.

The Rock Garden she made, the Fig trees she planted, and the Arbours she built are there unchanged, and have an eighteenth-century air about them, forming a veritable "*souvenir heureux*" of a very charming woman. Seventy or eighty varieties of *Mesembryanthemum* (commonly known as Ice Plant) run wild over the stones; and Orange Mari-

golds (single and double), Yellow Auricula, Calceolaria, and Aubretia bloom all the winter through, and the early kind of Polyanthus Narcissi can generally be picked here before Christmas, and from February onwards they flower profusely. The Garden at Abbotsbury was begun a few years after the castle was built, and is a quarter of a mile away from it ; great improvements were made in it by William, fourth Earl of Ilchester, who was a well-known botanist in his day. Being in the diplomatic service for many years, and living abroad, he was able to collect plants from all parts of the world.

The fifth (and late) Lord Ilchester was equally as devoted to the care of this Garden as his ancestors were, and he and Lady Ilchester (the present owner) have enlarged it to over treble its original size, and it is now one of the finest collections in England. In 1899 a catalogue was printed by Lady Ilchester of all the different plants growing in the Garden, and the number amounted to over 5,000, and the list is always being added to.

Adjoining the house a large Winter Garden has just been built, which is used chiefly for plants which flower during the winter ; the walls are covered with climbing plants, and also the greater part of the roof ;—the Kennedyas, for instance, are represented by nearly a dozen species, the best being Rubicunda and Violaca. Tacsonias

are represented by four species ; the free-flowering *Van Volxemii* and the fiery red *Ignea* are the finest. Everything is planted out, as a flowerpot is forbidden inside the Winter Garden at any time. In one part of the Garden there is a collection of *Acacias* which flower from December to May, and particularly fine is the *Nicotiana Glauca*, with its pale yellow trumpet-flowers. Another yellow flower is the *Candollea Cuneiformi*, a hard-wooded plant from Western Australia, which is never out of bloom.

On the little Rockeries grow rare *Iris*, *Narcissi*, and *Muscari*, which flower early in the year.

Some of the distinct features of the Garden are *Plumbago*, *Clianthus*, *Streptosolen*, and *Rhodochiton*—all greenhouse climbers which will stand the very moderately severe winter Abbotsbury experiences.

The wild Garden is an interesting innovation of Lord Ilchester's made within the last two or three years. A brook runs right through it crossed by various bridges, and at intervals are small ponds bordered by *Arum Lilies*, *Sagittari* and *Aponogeton*, *Nymphææ*, and other water-plants ; on either side of the stream a choice selection of trees are planted, and below them grow various British plants, also *Comfrey*, and the wild *Ragged Robin*, *Campion*, and *Hyacinths* are allowed to grow there undisturbed.

ALBURY, SURREY

“Now birds record new harmony;
And trees do whistle melody!
Now everything that Nature heeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.”

THOMAS WATSON

III

ALBURY, SURREY

OF all the fascinating characters of the Restoration, none was more wholly delightful or exercised a wider influence over his contemporaries than John Evelyn. Living in the times of Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., James II., and William III., though a pronounced Royalist, he was yet respected by Cromwell—no lover of the King's friends—and much sought after by both the learned and the rich for the charm of his conversation and the greatness of his abilities. Evelyn has left behind him two living evidences of his genius—his books and his Gardens. Of his many books the one best known to-day is his Diary—a veritable treasure-house of customs, habits, and fashions at one of the most interesting periods of history. And his Gardens have justly earned for him the title of the Greatest of England's Garden Philosophers. Infinite charm is to be found in the Gardens designed by Evelyn—a charm apparently lost in these

modern days, and which no well-intentioned copy ever achieves. So subtle and delicate is it that it only lingers in the Gardens that he not merely designed but whose progress was his personal care.

How strongly the spirit of the man (who, Horace Walpole says, "really was the neighbour of the Gospel, for there was no man that might not have been the better for him") dwells in his Gardens can best be realised by those who have paced the Terraces at Albury Park, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, one of the many English Gardens which owes its chief beauties to Evelyn's genius. This Albury Park is often mentioned in the Diary; the first allusion to it being in 1648, when Evelyn went to visit the Countess of Arundel; Albury Place (as it was then called) having been purchased from the Duncombes by the Earl of Arundel and becoming for some years the residence of the Dukes of Norfolk.

Again, in 1655, Evelyn writes: "I went to Alburie to visit Mr. Howard, who had begun to build and alter the Gardens much." Then on June 19, 1662: "I went to Alburie to visit Mr. Henry Howard soon after he had procured the Dukedom to be restored. We hunted and killed a buck in the Park, Mr. Howard inviting most of the gentlemen of the country near him." But it is not till 1667 that he mentions the part he played in

laying out the Garden. In September the diarist notes: "I accompanied Mr. Howard to his villa at Albury where I designed for him the plot for his canall and Garden, with a crypt thro' the hill." And in 1670: "To Alburie to see how the Garden proceeded, which I found exactly don to the designe and plot, I had made with the crypta thro' the mauntaine in the park, 30 perches in length. Such a Pausillippe is no where in England besides. The canal now digging and the vineyard planted." It is pleasant to think that little of the "designe and plot" has been changed.

The long, green Terraces are flanked by wide Herbaceous Borders, which in summer glow with white Clematis, sweet-scented Roses, Crimson Ramblers, and delicate pink Moss buds. Gay Poppies, red and yellow, Foxglove with its velvet leaves, pale mauve Iris, and the commoner stately Purple Flags, Delphiniums pale and dark blue, straight pointing to the sky, and Peonies bent earthwards, are also to be found there.

Full of scent, colour, and song are these beautiful Terraces, for in this happy Garden birds—many rare ones, such as golden oriels, among the number—enjoy such complete liberty that they gladly make their homes here in the trees. On the red-brick walls, designed by Evelyn, on which these Terraces are raised, wall Creepers grow in tangled masses, and Lavender bushes in wild profusion

shine silver-grey in the sunlight. In the midst of the upper Terrace there stands a semicircular basin and fountain, behind which runs a red-brick wall, alcoved on either side of the entrance to the crypta or subterranean passage, being a short cut to the house. It is supposed that the alcoves were originally meant to hold lead or stone statues. This all speaks of the wave that was passing over Europe, and had already touched England, the love of Renaissance architecture and design; for the semicircular stone water-basin which fills the recess, its straight edge bringing the curve into line with the Terrace, points to the Italian feeling. On one side of the water-basin stands the little low fountain which bubbles up for ever, fed by the wonderful Shireburn springs, the water being celebrated for its coolness and purity. Water was just the one beauty that these green Terraces might have lacked; this splashing little fountain and pond filled with darting goldfish, sweet-smelling Water Soldier with its glossy leaves and waxen flowers, have made them perfect.

The crypta, mentioned with such pride by Evelyn, is quite twelve feet in height and wonderfully dry; it has only needed new brickwork to strengthen the entrance which was endangered by the weight of a splendid oak on the hill above, whose branches spread out over the water below. Mr. Bray mentions, in his notes on Evelyn's Diary, that he adopted

the word Pausillippe, as a name for a subterranean passage, from the famous grotto of Pausyllipo at Naples. In an old book called "The Natural History and Antiquities of the County of Surrey," by John Aubrey, written in 1718, there is a curious statement concerning the crypta which is difficult to credit, viz., the force of the Shireburn springs was employed to clear the passage through the hill, a method devised by Captain George Evelyn, a great traveller and a kinsman of John Evelyn's.

This extraordinary story must have had some foundation as Evelyn never contradicts it in the many notes he made to Aubrey's book, in which the size of the Vineyard at Albury is mentioned as twelve acres, and Evelyn alludes to its existence in his Diary. It was the fashion of that day to plant Vineyards in Gardens, but few have survived the chances and changes of the years till now. Additional proof of this Vineyard's existence is found in Vertue's description of Hollar's celebrated engravings, where we find a reference to his "Albury in Surrey, the seat of Lord Arundel with its vineyard." There are also six very curious views of the Park by the same artist. The Park can be entered by the doors to the right and left of the alcoves in the brick wall, behind the circular basin and fountain, and is filled with splendid trees; the Oaks and Cedars being quite exceptionally fine, and also a rare kind of Fir tree. England, it is said by

those who know, is greatly indebted to Evelyn for many beautiful trees, and if this is the case no doubt Albury Park owes its glorious trees to the same hand.

At the top of the hill in the Park runs an ancient path, worn by the feet of many pilgrims on their way from the city of Winchester to Canterbury, and the memory of their journeys to and fro still clings to it, as it is always known by the name of "The Pilgrim's Way."

To return to the grass Terraces with their flowers, brick walls, fountain, and crypta—in all of which lies the charm of Evelyn's work.

Each Terrace has its special feature ; the upper one, the water-basin, fountain, and strange subterranean passage through the hill ; while to the lower belongs the beauty of a very fine Yew-tree hedge extending the whole length of the Terrace—(which is much wider than the upper one)—the hedge serving as a screen to shut off the kitchen Garden. Here, too, the old brick wall is a mass of sweet-smelling Roses, Lavender bushes, and Ilex trees leaning down over it from the Terrace above.

Evelyn claims to have been the first to make use of Yews for hedges—in fact, to be the first to bring them into fashion ; he may well lay claim to anything to do with Gardens and their love, as there was little he did not know himself or learn from



THE TERRACE, ALBURY



La Quintinye, whose book, "The Complete Gardiner," he translated into English.

The Yew hedge at Albury is quite remarkable in its way: "It is rather a row of Yew trees the trunks of which are bare and the tops of which form one solid head of about ten feet high, while the bottom branches come out on each side of the row about eight feet horizontally. The grand old Hedge is quite a quarter of a mile long. There is a wide gravel path, that runs parallel with it and is the most delightful walk in summer or winter."

It is supposed that Evelyn intended in his design to terrace the whole of the Gardens at Albury. Opinions differ as to the merit of this idea, and the present design of the two Terraces, and the Irregular Garden is much admired with its fine trees, Rose Garden, and winding river. On a summer day it is a delightful walk, up to the green Terraces—along gravel paths, richly planted with handsome trees, and across a rustic bridge, past a Rose Garden laid out in old-fashioned shaped beds.

All this part of the Garden owes its irregular charm of arrangement to the sixth Duke of Northumberland, who planted the splendid row of Limes along one of the prettiest paths, their tall, grey stems contrasting delicately in the sunlight with the masses of many-coloured Rhododendrons, appearing in the undergrowth on each side.

These Gardens are so judiciously placed, facing

south and sheltered from harsh winds, that many plants and ferns can be grown with ease, such as Azaleas and the Osmunda Fern; the latter flourishes regally, there hardly being finer specimens to be seen, even in Ireland, so famous for the graceful grandeur of this fern. It is a case of walking up and up to reach the kitchen Gardens and Orchards, each distinct by itself, enclosed within hedges (in which these Gardens greatly excel), the Gardens being cut into squares by the short gravel walks.

After passing these Gardens the magnificent Yew hedge is reached, and from under its dark arch of green what a beautiful sight meets the eye! No wonder Cobbett called these green Terraces "the most beautiful thing" he had ever seen "in the Gardening way"—being "a quarter of a mile long and between thirty and forty feet wide," and "of the greenest sward, as level as a die." Evelyn evidently did not think the pretty windings of the Tillingbourne stream sufficient water for his scheme of design, hence he notes "the canall was now digging"—which canal still remains with a little rustic bridge across it; but it is too close to the clear running Tillingbourne stream for the arrangement to be a happy one, and there can be little doubt that it is not quite as he intended.

The Bath house, a brick building which is sunk several feet below the level of the ground, has a brick floor and alcoved walls similar to the wall

on the Terrace and meant as in the latter case to contain busts or statues—thus again showing the Italian feeling which entered so much into Garden design at this time and was evidently particularly admired by Evelyn, who had seen it at its finest in the lovely Italian Gardens he visited whilst travelling in Italy and which he mentions so often in his Diary.

That Evelyn thought Albury Park possessed great beauties and possibilities is clearly shown by the fact that he wished to buy the property. In a letter to Edward Thurland, one of the trustees, he writes of "his singular inclination for Albury in case (as I am confident it will) that seat be exposed to sale. . . . I suppose the place will invite many candidates, but my money is good."

Whether he changed his mind or the trustees changed theirs is not forthcoming, as Albury did not pass out of the Duke of Norfolk's hands till much later, and then this "darling villa," as Evelyn calls it, was bought by Mr. Henage Finch, the second son of the Earl of Nottingham, whose nickname was "silver tongue," because of his marvellous eloquence. Charles II. made him Solicitor-General, and he took a celebrated part in the defence of the seven Bishops, though his impetuosity almost proved disastrous. Queen Anne honoured him further and George I. created him Earl of Aylesford; and it is in connection with

him that Evelyn mentions for the last time in his exhaustive Diary the name of "Albury," which he loved so well: "August 5, 1687.—I went to see Albury, now purchased by Mr. Finch (the King's solicitor and son to the late Lord Chancellor). I found the Garden, which I first designed for the Duke of Norfolk, nothing improved."

It would indeed be difficult to improve upon these green Terraces, which remain a lasting proof of the taste of John Evelyn, and also demonstrate most successfully the power of a straight line—a power noticeable in design of any kind—and seen to great advantage in the Terraces at Albury. In these modern days when "Nouveau Art" has done so much to impair the standard of general taste, it is an unspeakable relief to turn from the tortured curves of various forms of design founded in that school to an earlier, simpler, purer taste.

AMPTHILL PARK, BEDFORDSHIRE

Second Gentleman. But, I beseech you, what's become of Katherine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gentleman. That I can tell you too. The archbishop Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned and reverend fathers of his order, Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which She was often cited by them, but appear'd not; And, to be short, for not appearance, and The king's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, And the late marriage made of none effect: Since which she was removed to Kimbolton, Where she remains now, sick.

King Henry VIII., Act IV., Scene I.

IV

AMPTHILL PARK, BEDFORDSHIRE

THE Gardens at Ampthill are not extensive ; the magnificent trees create one of their chief beauties, and owing to the undulating nature of the ground their fine grouping is displayed to perfection. Among these trees are the celebrated Oaks for which Ampthill is justly famous. These trees are extremely venerable, some being over five hundred years old, and one claiming to be the largest Oak tree in England.

In a survey taken by order of Parliament in 1653, these splendid trees were condemned "as hollow and unfit" for the use of Cromwell's navy. Many names are associated with Ampthill, but perhaps the best remembered is that of the proud daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella—Katherine of Arragon, Henry VIII.'s first Queen. Is it fanciful to feel that the embittered Spanish princess has bequeathed to the old place a pervading sensation of gloom ? The memory of her sorrows, her fana-

tical religious beliefs, her shameful treatment, seems to haunt for ever the Gardens and Park.

The present house was never Katherine's home. The old castle where she spent those weary days awaiting her sentence has ceased to exist; the Parliamentary survey of Ampthill, made as far back as 1649, speaks of "the castle as long ago totally demolished." It must have been a regal building, this castle built by Lord Fanhope in the early years of the fifteenth century, with its turrets, towers, and courts. Close to the site of the old castle—which stood on much higher ground than the new house—is still to be seen the brickwork of an old well, encircled by a group of fine Elms. Of this spot one of those pretty stories woven about most great houses is told. The legend describes Queen Katherine as sitting here under the Elm trees with her maids when she received the news of her divorce from the King.

The house, though lower in position than the castle, possesses a beautiful view over the Vale of Bedford, and is little changed since it was built by Lord Ashburnham in 1694. Plain in type, it possesses two deep, projecting wings, a big frontage pierced by many windows, and an angular pediment bearing the arms of the late Lord Ossory. The chief entrance is reached by a flight of steps.

The water-colour drawing of Ampthill shows a



THE EAST GARDEN, AMPHILL



very charming part of the Garden, lying on the east side of the House. This Garden is laid out in the Dutch style, with little geometrical beds edged with Box and filled with all sorts of gay-coloured flowers, such as pale blue Ageratums, red Geraniums, French Marigolds, and purple Petunias, which in the sunlight of a summer's day give a brilliant effect.

The little stone Fountain, placed in the centre of this part of the Garden by Lord Holland, is quite a feature. Low, and shaped like a vase, it stands in a large basin of water, which is surrounded by a wreath-like border of Ivy and Periwinkle. The quaint appearance of this old-fashioned Garden has been greatly added to by the Dowager Lady Ampthill, who has placed here at intervals huge Spanish vases, which by their vivid hue give a fresh touch of bizarre colour, and are filled during the summer months with Palms and Hydrangeas of delicate pink and mauve.

Beyond the Garden runs a wide walk, at right angles to the house, leading to a beautiful narrow alley of Limes. Standing under the shade of their interlacing boughs, it is difficult to realise that the trees were not planted hundreds of years ago, instead of by Lady Holland. (Lord Holland succeeded Lord Ossory in 1818.) Lady Holland called the walk the Alameda, after the avenue in Madrid, from which it had been copied.

The Lime Walk (which is over a quarter of a mile in length) rivals similar walks at Oxford and Cambridge, and is considered by many people to be the finest in England. It is difficult to decide at which time of the year the Lime Walk looks its best—in Spring, when the trees are a mass of fresh budding green leaves, or in the late Autumn, when they are tinged with the palest yellow. A distant but charming view of the house can be seen down the full length of the Lime Avenue.

In another part of the Garden there is a handsome Herbaceous Border, with the artistic background of tall Yew trees and various shrubs, the dark and light foliage intensifying the brilliant colour of the flowers. From the other side of this border the Lawn slopes down to the Park, which in the early part of the year is a flowery mass of spring bulbs. It was in this Park that Henry VIII. hunted and had the deer driven so that he and Anne Boleyn might shoot them with arrows as they passed.

"Mademoiselle Ann," as the people called her, prim-lipped and pale, had a fleeting, fatal fascination for all who first saw her. Without mercy she ousted the proud Katherine from her throne only to meet in her turn with an even more tragic fate.

The Manor of Ampthill in very early days belonged to the family of Albini, from whom it passed through the female line (as in so many

instances old places do) to the St. Amands and the Beauchamps.

From the Beauchamps it passed by purchase to one whose life might be described as being one long romance. This hero was John, the son of Sir John Cornwall, his mother being the niece of the Duke of Brittany. From the circumstance of his birth taking place at sea, in the bay of St. Michael's Mount, he was nicknamed "Green Cornwall." He grew up to be celebrated for deeds of valour and chivalry, and at York, in 1401, when a tournament was held in honour of Henry IV., Cornwall defeated and overthrew in the King's presence two knights, one an Italian, the other a Frenchman, and received from the King's hand the Order of the Garter. Besides gaining this distinction, he had the good fortune to win the hand of the King's sister Elizabeth (the second daughter of John, Earl of Lancaster, generally known as John of Gaunt), widow of the Duke of Exeter. On their marriage the King loaded them with gifts, and the Prince of Wales gave a large portion of land in the county of Cornwall to the bridegroom. The old castle, built by Cornwall in honour of his royal wife, made the little market town of Ampthill famous through its magnificence. Leland, "the King's Antiquary" (born about 1506), in his delightful old "Itinerary," writes of Cornwall as a man of great fame and very rich, and as having built the castle with "such

spoils that he wonne in France"; and the same chronicler gives a description of the castle, "its many fair towers" and "basse court" (the outer court for stables and servants), very necessary in those days of huge retinues. Sir John Cornwall greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt, the battle so splendidly described by Shakespeare, and for ever a glorious record in English history.

In due course the lands and castle of Ampthill became royal property, and Henry VIII. constituted it a royal demesne and called it the "Honour of Ampthill."

James I. is supposed to have visited Ampthill in 1605 and 1621, but Katherine of Arragon is thought by many to have been the last royal person to stay within its walls:

"Where is that Castle now, whose thick ribbed walls
The foe's assault so oft unshaken bore?—
Its battlements are swept away, its halls
Are sunk,—its very ruins are no more!

And many a heedless foot has pressed the spot
Where once it stood,—till yon fair Cross arose
Telling a tale that will not be forgot,
Of ill-starred Catherine,—of her wrongs and woes.

Yes—ere their doom was sealed, on Ampthill towers
Fortune a ray of parting glory cast;
Though graced and honoured oft in happier hours,
The noblest guest they sheltered was the last."

So wrote the witty Mr. Luttrell, Lord Holland's friend, in his lines on Ampthill Park—a poem in which not one of its beauties is left unsung. Well might he write of Katherine as “ill-starred.” Proud, passionate, possessed of that austere religious fervour so often found in Spain, small wonder that she failed to keep Henry's fickle affections, wandering as they did at the sight of every new pretty face. Katherine unfortunately played her part most unwisely. Firm in her religious belief, insisting on the justice of her claims, she considered her position as Queen unassailable. Unhappily she was no fit opponent against Ann Boleyn.

Complacent Anne of Cleves fared better, and bowed to her fate, and was willing, though the King's wife, to be styled “his beloved sister,” and accepted a fair income and a goodly house. Not so with Katherine, the daughter of a race of kings, born Infanta of Spain, and wife of Harry of England. Nothing could induce her to accept any other position. The Pope might consider that her marriage ought to be annulled—still, she was Queen of England and the mother of Henry's daughter and his son who had died in infancy.

Papers still exist in which the hated words, “Princess Dowager,” have been struck out by her own hand and the word “Queen” substituted. There is something almost terrible in the inexorable web of fate which wound itself round Katherine,

and in the defeat of her intrepid, manlike firmness, by the pitiless determination of the King.

Few can read of the scene in the monastery at Blackfriars on the 18th of June, 1529, without being touched by the pathetic dignity of Katherine, pleading for her love, her child, and her broken life.

It was Thomas Cranmer who finally ridded the King of his distasteful wife. Meeting Fox and Gardiner, who were discussing the divorce, Cranmer suggested an appeal to the universities of Christendom. The idea pleased Henry, though it was discovered on putting it to the test that the whole of Europe, Protestant and Catholic alike, was absolutely against the King. Cranmer's willingness to prove otherwise stood him in good stead, gaining him later the see of Canterbury; and once he was Primate the Lady Ann felt there would be small doubt as to her being Queen of England. Insult upon insult was heaped upon Katherine; her household was reduced to that of an ordinary person, her arms were removed from Westminster Hall; yet her amazing husband wrote exhorting her to be "quiet and merry"! From Ampthill Katherine was summoned to appear at the Primate's Court at Dunstable—a command to which she was deaf. In May, Cranmer declared her marriage null and void, and Ann's valid, though it had taken place four months before Katherine's marriage was annulled.

In the Autumn of 1535 Katherine became seriously ill. Never a strong woman, the long years of bitter struggle had broken her health as well as her heart. On January 8, 1536, her brave, unconquered spirit fled from a world which for her had been full of sorrow and deep humiliation. There seems no doubt that her end was hastened by poison.

Amphill Park, where she spent many of the bitterest days of her sorrow, will ever be associated with the name of Katherine of Arragon, though the old castle in which she lived does not remain even as a ruin. But some old ground plans are still in existence, giving a very good idea of what it must have been. There is little of interest to record of Amphill till the Restoration, when Charles II. gave the property to Mr. John Ashburnham in recognition of what he had done for the Royalist cause. It was the first Lord Ashburnham who built the existing house. The Amphill estate was bought later by Lord Fitzwilliam, and sold in 1736 to Lady Gowan, the grandmother of Lord Ossory, who took a great interest in the beautiful old place.

Horace Walpole was an ardent admirer of Lady Ossory, and a constant visitor at Amphill Park. Lady Ossory was a vivacious and beautiful woman, the only child of Lord Ravensworth. She made, in 1756, a brilliant but miserable marriage with the

well-known minister, the Duke of Grafton, who was so severely censured in the "Letters of Junius." Unable to tolerate her husband's manner of life (of which Walpole gives a graphic description) she divorced him and married, in 1769, Lord Ossory. To-day she is chiefly known as the fervent friend and frequent correspondent of Walpole. Of Amptill this fastidious judge deigns to say "that it stands finely: the house is very good, and has a beautiful park."

The origin of the cross put up in memory of Katherine of Arragon, and mentioned in Luttrell's poem, is discovered in a letter of Horace Walpole's to a friend. "I have lately been at Lord Ossory's at Amptill," he writes. "You know Katherine of Arragon lived sometime there. Nothing remains of the castle, nor any marks of residence, but a very small bit of her garden. I proposed to Lord Ossory to erect a cross to her memory on the spot, and he will. I wish, therefore, you could, from your collection of books or memory, pick out an authentic form of a cross, of a better appearance than the common run. It must be raised on two or three steps: and if they were octagon would it not be handsomer? Her arms must be hung like an order upon it, the shield appendant to a collar. We will have some inscription to mark the cause of erection." And later he wrote again: "Lord Ossory is charmed with Mr. Essex's cross, and

wishes to consult him on the proportions. He is determined to erect it at Amphyll, and I have written the following lines to record the reason :—

“‘In days of old, here Amphyll’s towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injured queen ;
Here flowed her pure but unavailing tears ;
Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years.
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner wav’d,
And love aveng’d a realm by priests enslav’d.
From Catherine’s wrongs a nation’s bliss was spread,
And Luther’s light from Henry’s lawless bed.’

“I hope the satire on Henry VIII. will make you excuse the compliment to Luther, which, like most poetic compliments, does not come from my heart.”

When Walpole saw the cross he sent another letter to his friend, from which the following may be quoted :—

“I have lately been at Amphyll and saw Queen Katherine’s Cross. It is not near large enough for the situation and would be fitter for a Garden than a Park ; but it is executed in the truest and best taste—Lord Ossory is quite satisfied.”

Walpole’s remarkable correspondence with Lady Ossory extended from 1769 to 1797, and gives a marvellous insight into the manners of the day. He addresses her in a most stilted, formal way, but with all his formality he repeats gossip hardly of

a pretty nature for a lady's ear. His range of subject is immense, nothing is too small, too vulgar, or too great for this fastidious gentleman's pen. The murder of Miss Ray, the popular singer, is given with coarse details; and disease of every kind is discussed. The old cynic's keen eye discovers, however, some good points in women, for in describing the illness of Lady Blandford he makes particular mention of the devotion of Miss Stapleton to her. He says that she tended Lady Blandford from the first moment and has scarcely been in bed since. "She is a virtue personified," and a virtue "with £30,000, while Lady Blandford has nothing." He adds, "I wish we had some of these exalted characters in breeches."

Every birth, death, and marriage is recorded in these chronicles. Good advice upon literature is freely given by the writer who had seen Pope and lived with Gray, and the fair recipient is scolded for not admiring Madame de Sévigné. Old houses are described with all the grace Walpole delights to use when writing about anything old and beautiful. The vision of a glorious Claude and a fine Teniers is noted down. Gay breakfasts and dull dinners are mixed up with the condemnation of some popular actor and the lauding of a pretty actress; and though Lady Ossory had so "little dogmanity" the illness of his favourite dog, Rosette, is related to her. Anon his audacity even

goes so far as to admire her "glorious figure" in no veiled terms.

Of course the author of "Modern Gardening" makes allusions to flowers. "My house is a bower of Tuberose;" also "no fruit, no flowers, no blackbirds, no thrushes because of the belated summer." In January, 1797, when he had not two months to live, writing, for what must have been the last time, to "his Duchess" (as he sometimes called Lady Ossory), he touchingly tells her, "I shall be quite content with a sprig of Rosemary thrown after me when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust."

If Ampthill is bound up with the memory of Katherine of Arragon and her presence there in the past—which lends it a perpetual interest—it is also not a little beholden to Horace Walpole, for his love of its inmates and devotion to its beauty. Admiration from a pen so brilliant and unique as his, even if not always quite sincere, is a tribute not lightly forgotten.

ASHRIDGE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

“Of the Bonehoms of Ashrige besyde Barkamstede,
That goodly place to Skelton moost kynde,
Where the sange royall is *Christees blode so rede*
Whereupon he metrefyde after his mynde ;
A pleasaunter place than Ashrige is harde were to fynde,
As Skelton rehersith with wordes few and playne,
In his distichon made on verses twaine :
Fraxinus in clivo frondet que viret sine rivo,
Non est sub divo similis sine flumine vivo.”

—JOHN SKELTON

V

ASHRIDGE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

ASHRIDGE possesses an unique position in the world of English Gardens, for it has a great past, a beautiful present, and a marvellous history.

Though much of this last is shrouded in uncertainty, surmise can connect the missing links in the chain of facts, and a fairly complete story can be woven together.

In the past the Garden, like the old house, was entirely surrounded with walls. From ancient records, it appears that there must have been within these walls a Garden such as delighted those who loved to dwell among "Mazes," "intricate Meanders," "fantastic Yews," and "evergreen Sculpture"—those "absurd tastes," which Henry VIII. and his successors found pleasure in, abhorred though they were by later generations.

How much of this old Garden was found still existing by "Capability Brown" (that eager spoiler)

is unknown. He is supposed to have improved the Park, but fortunately it retains its characteristic wild beauty and the splendid Beech and Oak trees.

When Humphrey Repton was asked to make alterations in these historic Gardens he was an old man, and had discovered the errors of his ways.

Repton's career was of a rather dilettante nature. Designed for a merchant's office, he worked but half-heartedly at acquiring the knowledge necessary to gain him a good position in the firm. Learning French and German was to him only a means of enabling him to discover the views held by other nations upon Gardens and Garden design. Directly his father died, he threw up his work in the office and retired to the country, where he cultivated his Garden at Sustead, and unfortunately helped to design other people's. In those days Repton was an enthusiastic admirer and imitator of Brown, speaking of him as "Master."

Fortunately, before every delicious old Formal Garden in England had been uprooted, a reaction set in against the Landscape school. After the correspondence between Sir Uvedale Price and Repton, the latter was forced to moderate his views, and the Gardens at Ashridge were undertaken, when he brought to bear on their alteration very different ideas to those he had held in earlier days. "Few subjects," he wrote, "excited so much interest as Ashridge. When no longer able to

undertake the more extensive plans of landscape, I was glad to contract my views within the narrow circle of the Garden—independent of its accompaniment of the distant landscape. Although the Park abounds in fine woods and large trees, the view from the windows of the landscape is naked and uninteresting. I was permitted, therefore, to suggest the plantation of about eight acres, and as every part of a modern Garden is alike I ventured boldly to go back to those ancient trim Gardens, which formerly delighted the venerable inhabitants of this curious spot, as appears from the trim Box hedges to the Monks' Garden."

Repton apparently respected the latter, and also refrained from felling to the ground any beautiful long avenues of trees in order to gain a view, though he hated them "as being inconsistent with natural scenery." One of Repton's elaborate "Red Books" was most likely compiled on Ashridge, giving plans showing the alterations and improvements. Some of these, judging by the appearance of the present Garden, must have been carried out, and time has mellowed his crude touches in many places.

The only remains left of the monastery, which stood so many hundreds of years ago at Ashridge, are to be found in the Monks' Garden, and consist of a red-roofed Conventual Barn and what is called the "Parlour"; both of which appear in the water-colour drawing illustrating Ashridge.

The Barn is enriched with dormer windows and a centre turret; the front wall has been put back some feet and the old oak posts placed under the beams of the roof, to form a covered way or cloister walk.

Sir Jeffrey Wyattville finished his uncle's elaborate design for the immense house (begun in 1808), at the same time making a few improvements in the Gardens, such as placing stone vases about the Lawns and the Gothic Cross in the centre of the Monks' Garden. The cross forms a Fountain, and is surrounded by a basin of water, octagonal in shape, with raised pedestals of Gothic design at intervals to support pots of flowers. It has the appearance of having been removed from some roof, and is of painted iron.

The plan of the Monks' Garden is square, and there is good authority for saying that, if this Garden is not the actual one made by the monks for their herbs and vegetables, it is carried out on similar lines. Imagination, therefore, can repeople it with the grey-clad monks wandering among the gravel walks and Box-edged knots which form this prototype of a mediæval Garden—without fear of disillusion in the garish light of uncompromising fact. Parallel with the old pillars of the Barn (now covered with creepers and Ivy) is a long border in which tall Sunflowers tower above the neighbouring flowers. Beside this border a gravel path runs



THE MONKS GARDEN, ASHRIDGE



round the square of the Garden. Four flights of stone steps in the grass slope beyond form the entrances to this Garden, which is on a slightly lower level than the surrounding ground. These steps are very effective, with their pedestal pillars and vases on each side; straight gravel paths run from them to the central Gothic Cross, forming with the Box-edged knots an intricate pattern. Many of these knots have been filled—from a design of Lady Maria Alford (the mother of Lord Brownlow)—with coloured gravel or sand, a very old custom made use of in early days, but chiefly copied from the Dutch. Lord Bacon denounced the practice in no measured terms: “As for the making of knots or figures, with divers coloured earths that they may lie under the windows of the house, on the side which the Garden stands—they be but toys; you may see as good sight many times in tarts!”

It may be a debased form of *flower* Gardening, but as a decorative effect it has great value, especially when the hand which starts the “sight” knows when to stay it, as is the case at Ashridge, where the idea is to give a kind of *floral* interpretation of the arms of the family.

On an August day this Garden is ablaze with every colour of the rainbow, scarlet predominating owing to the masses of brilliant red Geraniums. Opposite the Monks’ “Parlour” are some Rose-beds

and a lightly made Rose Pergola, which is continued down the side of the Garden opposite the Barn.

Arcades of every kind and Pergolas—those borrowed delights—are a great feature at Ashridge. They are everywhere, and almost any part of the Garden can be reached under some covered way. Slight in construction, these Pergolas are as a rule well placed, having plenty of air and light. The Laburnum Pergola is perhaps unique, and a more exquisite sight can rarely be seen in Spring than this Pergola covered with heavy yellow flowers like a “Golden Rain.”

Besides the Monks' Garden, there are many other special Gardens: the Herb and Lavender Garden, the Italian Garden, the Terrace Garden, and the Rosary. This last is in Repton's plan, but whether he designed it or merely adapted what already existed is not forthcoming. At any rate, the design, whatever its origin, is most happy.

The Rose Garden, or Rosary, is circular in plan and entirely surrounded by a very high Yew hedge, through which solid green wall are cut four entrances opposite each other.

Within the hedge, and quite near it, is a Rose Arcade constructed of light stone pillars of Italian design connected at the top by a circle of stone, on which Roses are wreathed and trained in festoons. In the centre of the Rosary is a Fountain,

very plain and simple in design, surrounded by a number of Rose-beds. Charming glimpses of the house (framed in dull green) can be seen through the archways cut in the Yew hedge. No contrast devised by Nature or Art could combine anything more beautiful in its way than the transparent delicacy of the Roses against the dark background of Yew.

The Italian Garden lies on the north side of the house, and is well planned, having in the middle a large stone basin of water round which are grouped handsome stone vases raised on pedestals, in many cases wreathed with beautiful mauve Clematis, standing in Flower-beds filled with flowers of many kinds.

A ring of Irish Yews cut in the shape of truncated cones is placed on triangular-shaped plots of grass close to the stone vases, the Yews giving just the depth of dark foliage required. The Flower-beds in this Garden are cut out of grass in geometrical patterns, thus gaining a grass border as well as an inner edging of Box, in some cases a double one, the space between the two rows of Box being gravelled.

From here the Lavender and Herb Garden (which lies east of the Italian Garden) may be reached by walking across a Lawn like velvet.

A Lavender Garden! What a delight! It is a simple herb, but beloved by all, and by none

more than the old Garden writers ; for instance, Parkinson who writes so prettily of herbs, puts Lavender first among the many at the end of his "Garden of Pleasant Flowers": "After all these faire and sweete flowers, I must needes adde a few sweete herbes, both to accomplish this Garden, and to please your senses, by placing them in your nosegays, or elsewhere, as you list. And although I bring them in the end or last place, yet are they not of the least account." He goes on to say that the pretty blue "Lavender is little used in inward physicke, but outwardly ; the oyle for cold and benumbed parts and is almost wholly spent with us for to perfume linnen, apparrell, gloves, leather, etc., and the dried flowers to comfort and dry up the moisture of a cold braine." Perhaps this latter is the origin of Lavender salts, which are thought so good for a cold in its first stage.

A marvellous number of herbs are to be found in this quaint and original Garden, and round an Armillary Sphere, which forms an appropriate centre-piece, Lavender bushes are planted in circles, giving a most delicious scent. Outside these circular beds of Lavender is a semicircular bed filled with herbs, their names quaintly cut beside them in the terra-cotta edging, giving in an unobtrusive manner additional interest to the border. Among the herbs are : Bay, Sweet Basil, Burnet, Thyme,

Rue, Mint, Sage, Pennyroyal, Tansy, Rosemary, and Fennel, many of which are mentioned in the delightful old ballad :—

“Here’s fine Rosemary, Sage, and Thyme,
Come buy my Ground Ivy.
Here’s Featherfew, Gillyflowers, and Rue,
Come, buy my Knotted Marjoram, ho !
Come, buy my Mint, my fine green Mint.
Here’s fine Lavender for your cloaths,
Here’s Parseley and Winter Savory,
And Heartsease, which all do choose,
Here’s Balm and Hyssop and Cinquefoil,
All fine herbs it is well known.
Let none despise the merry, merry cries of famous
London Town.

Here’s Penny-royal and Marygolds,
Come, buy my Nettle-tops.
Here’s Water-cresses and Scurvy-grass,
Come, buy my Sage of virtue, ho !
Come, buy my Wormwood and Mugworts.
Here’s all fine herbs of every sort,
Here’s Southernwood that’s very good,
Dandelion and House-leek.
Here’s Dragon’s Tongue and Wood Sorrel,
With Bears-foot and Horehound.
Let none despise the merry, merry cries of famous
London Town.”

A delicious fragrance lingers in a Herb Garden, one which seems to exist nowhere else and is never enervating or sickly, but always bracing—almost, in fact, health-giving. In these days of gorgeous

blossoms few people realise the subtle charm which lies in these humbler plants, or how much suffering they have soothed with faith to help their magic power.

Ashridge is a very proper place for a "Garden of Simples," as in the old days the monks spent much of their time cultivating herbs, and were the only doctors of the poor. Many a pilgrim who came to worship at the shrine of the Precious Blood received bodily as well as spiritual healing.

Strangely few care to possess Herb Gardens now, being either careless or forgetful of their delicate charms, and preferring some more brilliant growth.

There is in the Garden at Ashridge a large piece of ornamental water, made one severe winter to give employment to a number of men out of work. This pond is rectangular in shape, enclosed on three sides with high banks and with a trimly cut Yew hedge running round it. As the pond was used for skating, several flights of stone steps were made to lead down to the water's edge. Though handsome in itself, the pond is of no value as a feature of the Garden. Water as a rule is a great additional beauty to any spot, but here it has been sunk so much below the level of the ground that no rippling reflection can be seen; indeed, it remains hidden from view unless it is looked at almost from the bank.

"Grotto and Garden for Rock Plants" is marked on Repton's plan for the Garden at Ashridge, and this still remains, though it is most likely vastly improved since his day. The usual subterranean passage leads down into this Grotto, planted everywhere among the rocks with luxuriantly growing ferns of every sort and size, making an exquisite green bower, the very place for thought and rest, as Andrew Marvel says:—

"Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;—
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

The wide Garden Terrace in front of the house is gravelled, and the Box-edged Borders are filled with such pleasant flowers as Snapdragon, Mig-nonette, Geraniums of all kinds, and Calceolarias. At intervals between these borders are little square-clipped Yews and Boxes containing very old scented Lemon Verbena, the stems of which are nearly twelve inches round, gnarled and twisted with age.

On the Lawn just below the terrace beautiful blue Agapanthus are planted in tubs, adding greatly to the general effect. Straight from this Terrace

stretch vast Lawns planted with splendid trees ; and avenues of Ilexes and other deciduous trees fade far away into the blue distance. This is the Ashridge of to-day, with its vast house and magnificent grounds, so different in its modern splendour from the Ashridge of Elizabeth and the old monks. Yet with all its modernness, for those who know its history, there is still the romantic glamour of its past. Items of interest about the beautiful old place may be gathered by the score in turning over old records.

Precisely how early Ashridge existed is hardly known. Some claim that it was one of the King's palaces before it became a monastery. The name was formerly written *Ascherugge*, and is derived from "*a hill set with Ash trees*," the first part of the word meaning *Ashentree*, and *rugge* standing for *steep place*—afterwards written *ridge*.

Ashridge is in the parish of Pitstone, and lies in two counties, the present house being in Buckinghamshire, and the stables in Hertfordshire. The monastery was founded in 1283 by Edmund, the son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and King of the Romans (the younger brother of Henry II.) and Senchia, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Provence. Richard endowed his wife on his wedding-day with the third of his vast possessions ; and, according to Matthew Paris, the old monkish chronicler, the wedding was kept with the greatest

pomp and feasting, over 30,000 dishes being provided.

This monastery or college of the Bonhommes (founded by Edmund, Earl of Cornwall) consisted of a rectory and twenty brethren (thirteen to be priests). Their rule was that of S. Austen, and they wore the "amice" grey habits as required by their statutes. This was the first settlement of their order in England, and there were never more than two or three of their houses in this country, as their influence was not wide.

The Bonhommes were brought from the South of France by the Earl of Cornwall—many writers think they held beliefs similar to those of the Albigenses, who were a plain, uncorrupt people who strove to attain a more perfect holiness and a purer faith than what they thought were professed by the Romish clergy. "There were likewise," says Newcome, "in the South of France sects of Religious who put themselves under monastic rules and were incorporated by the Pope and distinguished by the name of the *Bons Hommes*. The charter of the foundation of Ashridge was confirmed by Edward I. at Langley, in Hertfordshire. By it the founder "gave to God and the Blessed Mary and the Rector and Brethren of the College his manor of *Ashridge* and *Pichelstorne* and his manor of *Little Gaddesden* and *Hemel Hempstead* and other possessions with numerous rites and privileges."

The college at Ashridge was founded primarily in honour of the Precious Blood of the Saviour.

Hollinshed says : " Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, saw among the relics and other precious ornaments of the ancient Emperors a box of gold said to contain a portion of the Blood of Christ." He obtained the box and bestowed "a portion on Hailes in Gloucestershire," and "he founded an Abbie a little from his manor of Bircamsted, which Abbie was named Ashrug."

This great treasure and relic proved a mine of wealth to the college, bringing hundreds of pilgrims who seldom came empty-handed.

The same relic had already procured for Hailes the distinction of creating a national oath—such is the irony of life ! The oath is mentioned by Chaucer in "The Pardoner's Tale" thus :—

"That vengeance shal not parten from his hous,
That of his othes is outrageous.
By Goddes precious herte, and by his nailes,
And by the Blood of Crist, that is in Hailes."

The devout founder of the old college died there in 1300 : for his generous and magnificent gifts he was given the title of "Summus Religiosorum Patronus" and the brethren joined his name to that of his father in their prayers. His heart was interred at Ashridge in a gold casket, already holding that of his friend and father-confessor,

S. Thomas de Cantelupe (the last Englishman canonised). The treasures at Ashridge, as well as the beauty of the place, attracted many benefactors, among them the Black Prince, who was so lavish with his gifts as often to be mistaken in later years for the original founder, instead of the second, as he is always called. Henry, Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, assisted the monastery when it was in dire straits and rebuilt the choir with his own money. The quiet, peaceful reign of the monks, or Bonhommes, amid their lovely surroundings came to an end in the time of Thomas Waterhouse, who was the last of the fifteen rectors. Waterhouse was a scholarly man of good family, and lived for many years after the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry VIII. styled him "his Gentleman Priest." Was it, perhaps, his non-resistance which gained him this title from the impetuous Henry?

In 1534 Waterhouse acknowledged Henry's supremacy, and surrendered his house to the King, during whose reign the college and its lands remained in the possession of the Crown, the revenue being at this time, according to Dugdale, £416 14s. 4d.

About this date the fraud of "the Precious Blood" was discovered, "when the sunshine of the gospel had pierced through such clouds of darkness and men's eyes were opened to the fact that the worshipped and revered relic was nothing but

clarified honey, coloured with saffron." This discovery was proclaimed at S. Paul's Cross by the Bishop of Rochester on February 24, 1538.

Edward VI., ever a generous and admiring brother of his learned sister Elizabeth, granted her the numerous "manors and lands, among them the parcel of the lands and possession of the late college of Ashridge, with all its edifices, curtilages, orchards, Gardens." A goodly gift!

A very fair idea of these Gardens can be gained from old monastic records. They were chiefly planted with what would be suitable for domestic use, the cultivation of a flower Garden for its actual beauty having hardly yet come into existence, especially within the precincts of a monastery.

Edward VI. is supposed to have planted the Western Avenue, still called "Prince's Riding," but from its appearance and age it is much more likely to have been planted in Charles II.'s reign, when such Avenues were popular.

In 1552 the Princess Elizabeth grew weary of the Court of her sister, Queen Mary, filled as it was with intrigue, and where one day she was the Queen's dearest sister and the next within an ace of prison and perhaps death. At last, after frequent delays—Mary never knowing her own mind—Elizabeth gained permission to leave for the country.

Sir Thomas Pope, her friend and the kindest of

jailors, wrote of Elizabeth that "her amiable qualifications every day drew the attention of the young nobility and rendered her universally popular ; the malevolence of the vindictive Queen still increased. The Princess therefore thought it most prudent to leave Court, and before the beginning of 1554 retired to her house at Ashridge in Hertfordshire." This retirement did not give Elizabeth the peace she desired ; her footsteps, and even those of her servants, were constantly dogged by spies. The life of sport and country pleasure which she loved was denied her, as well as her studies with Ascham. New matrimonial schemes were suggested to her day by day, only to be warded off with some vain excuse in the marvellously evasive manner so early adopted by Elizabeth in any difficulty.

The idea of Mary's Spanish marriage had excited great indignation amongst the English people, who saw the dawn of Roman Catholic power already creeping over the land, especially as the Act which had declared the Queen legitimate had not done the same by Protestant Elizabeth, whom Mary refused to acknowledge as her heir. This and many other signs of the times roused the nation to the point of rebellion, and in different parts of England simultaneous risings were planned. That in Kent was headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt. The plan was to put Elizabeth upon the throne, after marrying

her to Lord Courtney, a vain, foolish youth, whom, gossip says, the Queen herself at one time wished to marry. He, however, preferred Elizabeth as being better-looking and nineteen years younger. Gardiner, through this popinjay, soon discovered the whole plot, thereby forcing Sir Thomas Wyatt to take up arms sooner than he had intended, thus marring many of his plans.

Soon a serious insurrection broke out which might have ended very differently but for the courage of the Queen, whose Tudor blood rose to the occasion. Addressing the people from the Guildhall in a stirring speech, she enrolled thousands on her side. Wyatt's fate was sealed! Fighting bravely against desperate odds, deserted and exhausted, he fell into his enemies' hands at Temple Bar.

Everything pointed to Elizabeth being mixed up in this fatal plot, and the Queen sent her a Royal summons to appear immediately at Court, where she would receive "a hearty welcome." The invitation was mistrusted, and Elizabeth, feigning sickness, retired to bed, sending a message to the Queen that she was too ill to travel, but that as soon as she was able she would come, and prayed her Majesty's forbearance "for a few days."

Norden, in his description of Hertfordshire, written in 1596, appears to think Elizabeth's sickness real. He describes Ashridge "as a

Hermitage," and goes on to say : " Wherin also our most worth and ever famous Queene Elizabeth lodged as in her owne (beinge then a more stately house) at the time of *Wyatt's* attempt in Queen *Mary's* days. And from this place she was in all post sent for by the Courte, by such severe Commissioners, that though she were sick, she was forced to take her journey with them." Elizabeth's excuses were accepted by the Queen for some days, but then, as Elizabeth had been denounced by Wyatt and others under horrible torture, Mary sent her own doctors to ascertain if Elizabeth could stand the journey. " Lord William Howard, Sir Edward Hasting, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, attended by a troop of horse, were ordered to bring her to Court. They found the Princess sick and even confined to bed at Ashridge."

Bodily and mental weakness were conquered by Elizabeth's courage, and on the approach to London—ever wise, even in such small but telling details as dress—she appeared robed entirely in white as an outward sign of her innocence. And she also ordered the cover of the Queen's litter (in which she was travelling) to be opened, so that the frankness of her countenance might be seen by the people.

There is little doubt, according to the annals of that time, that Elizabeth narrowly escaped death. Every powerful Catholic was eager, on some

pretext or another, to accuse her of treason, her existence being a perpetual menace to the supremacy of their religion in England. Elizabeth's behaviour, and the ties of relationship between her and the Queen, undoubtedly saved her life at this critical time. After a trying and anxious time of imprisonment in the Tower, Elizabeth was removed to Woodstock—a State prisoner, guarded by soldiers night and day.

Elizabeth never again stayed at Ashridge, the remembrance of the unhappy days she had spent there perhaps rendering the place distasteful to her, but she left behind her the proverbial shoes—in this instance “two sumptuous” pairs—that future generations should recognise the tiny dimensions of her Royal foot.

On Elizabeth's succession to the throne, the lands of Ashridge continually changed hands. The Queen first granted the house and part of the estate to William George, one of her gentlemen pensioners, the papers recording this gift being still in existence.

In the seventeenth year of her reign she gave the whole estate with the house to John Dudley and John Ayscough, who sold it within fourteen days to Lord Cheyne, who, according to Norden, kept it, for he writes, “This place (Ashridge) is lately beautified by the Lord Cheyne.”

Randolph Crewe bought Ashridge in 1602

from Lady Cheyne, keeping it for two years, when it was bought by Sir Thomas Egerton, who with great trouble managed to get back the lands which had passed away from the old college estate.

The college of the Bonhommes at Ashridge was originally a good specimen of thirteenth-century work, but in Elizabeth's reign it fell into great disrepair. It was, however, put in perfect order by Sir Thomas Egerton, who also made extensive alterations. From a view of the house published in 1768, it appears that it was entirely enclosed within a court, the entrance being through a handsome porch, which formed the porter's lodge.

The chief feature of the old building was the hall, which had high Gothic windows and wings at each end with huge bay windows. The two smaller wings are thought to have been added during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. The cloisters remained intact till 1800, when Lord Bridgewater pulled the whole of the old house down; the cloisters being so damaged by the destruction of the house that they too were destroyed. Brown Willis says that at this date the painting on the cloisters was still clearly to be seen, especially the fresco of the Crucifixion. To this old house belonged an old Garden, entirely surrounded by walls, and described by a youthful poetess some years later as "a perfect Eden" of delight.

Sir Thomas Egerton was no ordinary man. His name figures in the history of his day—Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, afterwards Baron Ellesmere and Lord Chancellor to King James, and finally, in 1616, Viscount Brackley. Lord Ellesmere when an old man married for his third wife the celebrated Dowager Countess of Derby (the cousin to whom Spenser dedicated "*The Teares of the Muses*"), whose daughter had married Lord Ellesmere's son John, afterwards Earl of Bridgewater. There are many amusing old documents concerning the Egerton family, alluding to different festivities—such as the "*Christening*" of "*Mrs. Magdalen Egerton, 1615,*" and then follows an amazing list of requirements for the feast, among which are a list of "*comforts,*" such as Collyanders, Anne-seeds, Roses, Violets, Muske, Orringe, Rosemary—all interesting from a Garden point of view.

Milton's Masque of "*Comus*" owes its origin to John, eldest son of the Earl of Bridgewater, and his sister, Lady Alice Egerton, who once lost their way in a dense forest called Haywood, near Ludlow, and were benighted, which incident forms the subject of the Masque, with fantastic additions.

"*Comus*" was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634 on the occasion of Lord Bridgewater's installation as Lord President of Wales and the Marches, when great feasts and entertainments

took place, carried out with every possible magnificence. The parts were actually played by the three children of the President, Lord Brackley, Lady Alice, and Mr. Thomas Egerton, whose adventure had first suggested the idea of the Masque.

Ashridge fared badly at the hands of the Parliamentary soldiers during the Civil War; for Lord Bridgewater complained to Cromwell "that Captain Washington and Captain Kemsey with their soldiers entered into his park and house at Ashridge, detained his servants prisoners, beat down the ceilings, broke open and hewed down the doors of the house, notwithstanding they had been set open to them, searched his evidence-rooms, studies and closets, took away plate and arms besides what household stuff he knew not of."

If this kind of damage had continued, the lovely old house would have become uninhabitable, but Lord Bridgewater evidently "purchased the possession" of his home and was left in peace, though Cromwell removed him from his appointments, and existing letters show that his loyalty to the King across the water placed him in great danger of imprisonment.

When Charles came by his own again, he did not forget the owner of Ashridge, and wrote letters to him about the preservation of game. The game laws in those days were terribly severe,

the penalties of poaching being horrible mutilations and even death. The liberty enjoyed in England to-day is often forgotten, and only on reviewing the past conditions does the advance of justice show in its true light.

A very pretty story is attached to the broad, sweeping Avenue of trees which runs from the fields beyond the village to the very windows of the house.

Lady Bridgewater's widowed mother lived in the village, from which the great house seemed miles away. Her only daughter found no glimpse could be seen of her old home among the fields. But love found out a way! A wide Avenue, straight as a die, was cut from one house to the other, and signals and signs could then pass between the two loving hearts, though it is sad to think so many hundreds of beautiful trees were ruthlessly cut down—for the sake of a woman's whim.

The first Duke of Bridgewater married Elizabeth, the third daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, and the acknowledged toast of the day. Pope admired the lady, as well as Jervas, the Court painter, and alluded to her in an "Epistle to Mr. Jervas":

"Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

With Zeuxis' Helen they Bridgewater vie."

Alas! the angel died very young, and among the virtues and accomplishments mentioned on her tomb, it is recorded "that she could speak *not* only English but French"!

The Duke soon filled her place by a very different lady, and his second Duchess outlived her husband, making later a marriage which was a nine days' wonder. "We have been entertained," writes Walpole, "with the marriage of the Duchess of Bridgewater and Dick Lyttelton—she forty, plain, very rich, and with five children, he six-and-twenty, handsome, poor, and proper to get her five more." This strange marriage appears to have proved very happy, possibly owing to the lady's riches and the husband's good-nature. In 1764, when she was a gouty old woman of sixty, he allowed himself to be wheeled everywhere "in a gouty chair," as she was, to prevent remarks upon the disparity of their ages. Certainly such sympathy and tact must have gone far in the making of a happy marriage.

This charming man was stepfather to the beautiful Di Egerton, who "had her caprices" as to whom she would and would not marry. In the end her choice was not a wise one, and it would perhaps have been better if she had married Mr. Seymour, though he had declared her letters were too affectionate and was "so unsentimental as to talk of desiring to make her happy, instead of being made so by her!"

The celebrated maker of the Bridgewater Canal was the third and last Duke. He was always called "the Father of Inland Navigation," having started the huge enterprise of canal-making in England, and seeing no use in rivers unless they fed navigable canals.

Being decidedly eccentric, he took a great dislike to both flowers and women. The latter aversion may be traceable to his rejection by Elizabeth Gunning in favour of another Duke; for her sake he remained a bachelor to the end of his days.

The beautiful Miss Gunnings had a romantic history. Daughters of a Mr. Gunning, of Castle Coote, in Ireland, they were so desperately poor that they had thoughts of going on the stage, instead of which Maria married Lord Coventry and Elizabeth was twice a Duchess and the mother of four Dukes! "You don't exchange prisoners," wrote Walpole to his friend Conway, Field-Marshal and Statesman, "with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyle) and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiations, or suspected any, that when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle—I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon, not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is

attached to those two women! Who would have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely* to make room for the rest of their adventures." A strange history, indeed, for the girls who were so poor that they borrowed clothes from Peg Woffington to go to the Dublin Drawing-room!

As can be imagined, whatever the last Duke of Bridgewater did for canals, he was not so successful with Gardens; and his cousin and heir, John Egerton, must have found the Gardens at Ashridge in a sorry plight, and certainly destitute of flowers. It was this cousin, the seventh Earl (the Dukedom had become extinct), who built the present magnificent house, in size as large as half a dozen German or Italian palaces. This house was designed by James Wyatt in 1808, and finished by Jeffrey and Digby Wyatt successively, thus being the work of three generations of famous architects.

Practically nothing remained of the old house, the last Duke having had the greater part of it pulled down, meaning to build a new one. When his cousin came into the property hardly a room had a roof, only the lodges remained standing. The Duke had lived for years in the porter's lodge,

collecting material for the new house which stands on the site of the old monastery.

This immense building has a frontage of a thousand feet and possesses every excess of the modern florid Gothic style, abounding in towers, turrets, and battlements. The chapel which lies by the side of the house is considered to be Wyatt's masterpiece. The last Earl of Bridgewater was as eccentric as the last Duke ; he is but remembered as the originator of the famous "Bridgewater Treatises," he having left in his will £8,000 to be paid to the author of the best treatise on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in the Creation. The sum was divided into eight, and among those who received a part of it were Dr. Chalmers, Sir Charles Bell, and Whewell.

In the lovely old Hôtel Egerton in the Rue Saint Honoré, Lord Bridgewater spent many years in absolute seclusion. A little crowd of dogs and cats dressed up as men and women shared his meals, sat at his table, daily drove out in his carriage, and imitated all his doings. Perhaps he had early in life learnt that the heart of a dog is more faithful than that of most human beings.

This eccentric old gentleman died surrounded by his dumb friends, leaving a most extraordinary will, bequeathing everything to Viscount Alford, the eldest son of the Earl of Brownlow, but stipulating that if Lord Alford or his successor did not in a

given time become either a Duke or a Marquis, the estate should be relinquished. This condition nearly ruined the property, but finally, after many suits in Chancery, "the House of Lords granted the property to Lord Alford's son"—although he was neither a Duke nor a Marquis.

Ashridge, possessed of six and a half centuries of historical interest, has remained in that family ever since.

The words of the satirical old Laureate are indeed still appropriate to Ashridge, with its Avenues, Park, and mass of Gardens :

"A pleasanter place than Ashridge is harde were to fynde."

But the old man, who died about 1529, would perhaps not recognise "the goodly place" in these days!

BECKETT, BERKSHIRE

“But now let us conjecture that so presentient Auscultator has handed in his *Relatio ex Actis*; been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Garden-house, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers: if not engaged in Æsthetic Tea, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of “harps and pure voices making the stillness live.” Scarcely, it would seem, is the Garden-house inferior in respectability to the noble mansion itself.”—*Sartor Resartus*.

T. CARLYLE

VI

BECKETT, BERKSHIRE

A WAY down near Faringdon, in Berkshire, is to be found one of the greatest treasures in the way of Garden Architecture—no other than the first reputed Garden-building in England; built and designed by Inigo Jones, the magnificent designer of later Renaissance Art on the lines of Palladio.

This Garden House has been called by various names: "Banqueting Room," "Summer House," "Fishing Lodge," "Tea House," or "China House." It overhangs an artificial piece of water, close to the house at Beckett, belonging to Viscount Barrington. A quaint, fantastic building, said to be the forerunner of all the numerous Temples, Banqueting-houses, and Casinos, built to suit the fashion which sprang up during the Stuart period for such Garden-houses. Like most fashions, in the end it became an extravagance, but the first of

these houses was both effective and useful. The celebrated one at Beckett is supposed, without doubt, to bear upon it the seal of its master—the princely Inigo Jones.

It distinctly shows the influence which Chinese architecture and art exercised in Europe in those days. The little Chinese figures and houses which crept into England on the beautiful Oriental porcelain were the originals of many designs of a light and graceful nature. And on such lines a number of these Garden-houses were carried out.

Originally the Garden House at Beckett stood at the edge of a small stream, long since turned into a fair-sized lake, the alteration being due to the 6th Viscount Barrington, and the effect now is certainly pleasing—which cannot, unfortunately, be said for many such changes.

The Garden House is placed on what might be called a wide platform projecting into the lake. From the house it is approached by a long Terrace-walk of grass, bordered on each side with gay flowers, behind which runs a railing covered with trailing Roses. Below, against the Terrace wall, there is a beautiful border of Magnolias, Figs, Fuchsias, and Clematis, making a bright spot of colour among the surrounding green.

By going down the Terrace steps, another path



THE GARDEN HOUSE, BECKETT



can be taken leading to the lower room of the Garden House, which is on the level of the water. Built of a beautiful yellow-coloured stone, the house is constructed with four high doors and eight large windows. Round three sides runs a wide balcony, the Terrace Walk approaching it on the fourth side.

The most marked feature of the whole structure is the heavy pointed roof of green slate (with a white pinnacle in the centre), built with tremendously overhanging eaves, quite seven feet wide. It is this roof with its projecting eaves which gives the decidedly Chinese appearance to the Garden House, sometimes called in consequence "the China House."

This little building of yellow stone and green slates, and the bright flowers surrounding it, all harmonise perfectly with the beautiful white and yellow Water Lilies floating on the water under the little white cradle bridge which is thrown across the lake, the whole effect giving to this part of the Garden a feeling of being for ever *en fête*, so unlike the character of the Garden elsewhere, with its sombre green walks and high Yew hedges. Many a gossip over a dainty tea-table—when first that woman's luxury came into fashion in Queen Anne's day—must have taken place here; and if the walls of the beautifully proportioned little building could speak, they would be to tell of old-world tea parties, and

the fair ladies who talked over the latest scandal while drinking scented tea out of tiny Chinese cups.

The high road from London to Bath ran past Beckett, and it is supposed that the Garden House was built to enable the ladies of that day to watch the coaches as they passed by. They must in this way have often caught sight of friends, and possibly have brought them in to hear their news and have a few hours' rest. Quite a romantic little picture could be painted of this fascinating House and its fair inmates. Such a building as this Garden House at Beckett must add greatly to the effect of any Garden, and give constant pleasure by its originality of design, while its position and whole treatment is quite perfect. Long ago great artists thought nothing too small to do well, and they possessed the rare power, so seldom found in these days, of being able to design churches and palaces full of grave grace and dignity, as well as to erect fantastic little buildings like the Garden House at Beckett. They also had that nicety of judgment which enabled them to know where to place their buildings; for instance, here, the little Garden House stands just where it is wanted, and where it looks well from every point of view. It is not, however, surprising to find this exact knowledge with regard to its design and position when the name of the architect is remembered. Inigo Jones

is one of the many men whose name is associated with great work, but of whose life there is little authentically known.

Born on the 25th of July in 1572, in the parish of S. Bartholomew-the-less in West Smithfield, his baptism is recorded in the register of that church, as well as many other references to the family history. Evidently his strange name puzzles the writer not a little, as he makes many attempts at spelling it—"Enego," "Ennigo," etc. Inigo Jones's father was a clothmaker by trade, and a Roman Catholic. Opinions differ as to his position; some say he was a rich merchant, and others that he was very poor and far from being a successful man. The well-known pride of Inigo Jones rather points to the latter; he is markedly reticent upon the subject of his parents and his early life, which is therefore shrouded in obscurity and can only be conjectured. That he was apprenticed to a joiner in S. Paul's Churchyard seems most likely, as he and this humble trade are made a great jest of more than once by his brilliant at one time friend, and later bitter enemy, Ben Jonson. "It is perfectly well known," writes Cunningham, in his *Life of the architect*, "that In-and-In Medley, the Joiner of Islington, was meant for Inigo Jones; that the ridicule which it threw on his name and history caused him to complain, and that in consequence the representation was forbidden." Certainly there

seems no doubt about the following passage from
 "A Tale of a Tub" :—

"*Medley.*

Indeed there is a woundy luck in names, Sirs,
 And a vain mystery, an a man knew where
 To find it. My godsire's name I tell you
 Was In-and-In Shuttle, and a weaver he was,
 And it did fit his craft; for so his shuttle
 Went in-and-in still—this way and then that way.
 And he named me In-and-In Medley, which serves
 A *joiner's* craft, because that we do lay
 Things in-and-in, in our work.

But I am truly
 Architectonicus Professor, rather;
 That is, as one would say, an architect."

The only occasion on which Inigo Jones himself gives any information about his life is in his book, "Stonehenge Restored," and then it is in a veiled way. "Being naturally inclined," he writes, "in my younger years to study the arts of design, I passed into foreign parts to converse with the great masters thereof in Italy, where I applied myself to search out the ruins of their ancient buildings which, in despite of time itself and violence of barbarians, are yet remaining. Having satisfied myself in these and returning to my native country, applied my mind more particularly to the study of architecture."

It was at the end of the sixteenth century that

Inigo Jones paid his first visit to Italy. This journey is said to have been paid for by William, Earl of Pembroke, though Inigo Jones's chief biographer is strongly opposed to the idea that he had any liberal patron. The language of the quotation from his own book is certainly not that of a man supplied with money by a patron, nor does it sound like that of a man who spent his youth as a "Joiner in Islington," "a maker of hobby-horses." The fashion in vogue for Masques during the reigns of King James I. and King Charles I., brought Inigo Jones first into notice; for—"Whitehall, during these reigns, vied with the Ducal Palaces of Florence, Urbino, and Ferrara, in the pomp and beauty of its Masques." Two great artists were found in England to produce these Masques with the most consummate art: Ben Jonson, who brought to the task all his great learning, and wrote the words, or *libretto*, in which some of his most exquisite lyrics are to be found; and Inigo Jones, the disciple of Palladio and the architect of Whitehall, who carried out the scenic effects—called by Ben Jonson "Machinery," with more than a master's hand. They were assisted by an Italian composer, one Alfonso Ferrabosco, who wrote the music, and "by an English choreographer, Thomas Giles, who arranged the dances and decided the costumes."

Masques were looked upon with favour by even

grave, serious people like Sir Francis Bacon, who wrote an essay upon the subject of "Masques and Triumphs," in which he gives little information concerning them, but says, "Let the scenes abound with light, specially coloured and varied; and let the Masquers and any other, that are to come down from the scene, have some motions upon the scene itself before their coming down; for it draws the eye strangely, and makes it with great pleasure to desire to see that it cannot perfectly discern," and much more concerning light and colour.

The first Court Masque that combined the great talents of Jonson and Jones was given at Whitehall on Twelfth Night in 1609, and was called "The Masque of Blackness." It was the first entertainment given by the Queen (Anne of Denmark), and the subject was suggested by her.

Of all the necessary scenery, etc., Jonson gives a minute description, and jealously adds at the end, "So much for the bodily part which was of Master Inigo Jones design and art."

This Masque cost £3,000 to produce, which shows on what a lavish scale James I. was willing to pay for his entertainments—very unlike his economical predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, who only cared for *her subjects* to provide such costly pleasures for her amusement.

Of all the Masques arranged and written by

Jones and Jonson, perhaps the most charming is that of "The Hue and Cry after Cupid." Venus complains that Cupid has run away, and she bids the Graces cry him, in those dainty, exquisite lines :—

"Beauties, have you seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind ;
Cruel now, and then as kind ?
If he be amongst ye, say !
He is Venus' runaway.

He hath marks about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty,
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin."

This Masque was celebrated with the greatest magnificence, being "intended for my Lord Had-dington's marriage is now *the only thing* thought upon at Court." Five English and seven Scotch Lords took part in it—"it will cost them about £300 a man," writes the same pen.

Successive Masques quickly brought Inigo Jones into a prominent position in the eyes of the King, the Court, and the fashionable world.

King James, poorest of kings, while governing the richest of nations—dreamt of a palace grander and greater than any in Europe, and soon enlisted

the genius of Inigo Jones in his ambitious project. The Banqueting Hall is the sole sign of this would-be magnificent Palace of Whitehall, which certainly, if it had been built, would have rivalled the most gorgeous palaces of the world. But it existed only on paper. The empty exchequer and the fatal Civil Wars in Charles I.'s reign finally put an end to all idea of the building of this palace, and the splendid designs have remained till now in a portfolio. King James having determined to carry out a part at least of Inigo Jones's plan, the first stone of the Banqueting Hall was laid in 1619. It was finished in two years, being much admired for its elegance and proportion—"hardly inferior to the best work of the Italian masters."

Strange irony of fate, that Inigo Jones should live to see his second "Royal Master step out of his own Banqueting Hall at Whitehall on to the scaffold to his death."

The quarrel of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones is one that often results from very ordinary people working together, and it is not at all surprising that it occurred between these two men of genius. Each considered the other the lesser star, and neither wished to be subservient to the other. The poet desired the chief glory for himself; in his introduction to the "Hymenæi" he writes: "It is a noble and just advantage that the things subjected to understanding have of those which are

objected to sense; that the one sort are but momentary, and merely taking; the other impressing and lasting; else the glory of all these solemnities had perished like a blaze, and gone out, in the beholder's eyes. So short-lived are the bodies of all things in comparison of their souls."

Inigo Jones was not the man to be willing to take a secondary place, so they ceased to work together and became as great enemies as they had been friends. There is no doubt that Jonson was right, and that his part in the Masques was the greater, and that if Inigo Jones had not left behind him other works his name would long ago have been forgotten. He, however, managed to gain and keep Court favour, while Jonson died, after a lingering illness, in dire poverty. Unfortunately he demeaned his last years by making allusions and accusations of the very meanest kind against his old friend. So much so that Howel, in one of his letters to the poet, says: "I heard you censured lately at Court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir Inigo, and that you write with a porcupine's quill dipt in too much gall; excuse me that I am so free with you, it is because I am in no common way of friendship yours."

In consequence of Howel's remonstrances, "Jonson recalled and destroyed every copy of his 'Tale of a Tub,' and after his death not a line of it was found. One copy, however, escaped destruction,

to give evidence of the quarrel between poet and architect to future generations."

During the Civil Wars Inigo Jones joined the Royalist forces, and was taken prisoner by Oliver Cromwell at the fall of Basing, as well as some other notable men, such as Faithorne, Wenceslaus, and Hollar (who engraved Vandyck's sketch of Inigo Jones).

The latter end of the architect's life was filled with sadness; "he tasted early the misfortunes of his Master (Charles I.)." "So in disgrace, grief, misfortune and age ended his life—and death found him willing of its embrace." He died in June, 1653, at the age of eighty, and was buried in S. Bennet's Church, Paul's Wharf.

Opinions differ very widely as to Inigo Jones's position as an architect, but the school of to-day would agree with Horace Walpole's comment, "Were a table to be formed for men of real and undisputed genius in every country, this name (Inigo Jones) alone would save England from the reproach of not having her representative among the arts; she adopted Holbein and Vandyke; she borrowed Rubens; she produced Inigo Jones."

The country all round Beckett is of the greatest interest, lying near the Vale of the White Horse, so closely associated with the great King Alfred, the King having been born at Faringdon, only

five miles from Beckett, and the whole neighbourhood is filled with quaint old legends of him and his people.

In former days Beckett used to be written "Becote," and belonged to the Earls of Evreux, who gave it to the Priory of Norion, in Normandy. King John, coveting the house and lands, seized them in 1204, and liked the place so well that he lived there for some time—a fact proved by an existing mandate sent by him to the Sheriff of Oxfordshire, which bears his signature and was written at Becote. Later the Manor belonged to a family who took their name from it, calling themselves "De Beckote," and who held it by tenure of a very fanciful kind, reading quite like a passage from Malory's "*Morte d'Arthur*"—it was that they were to meet the King, whenever he should pass Fowyeares Mill Bridge, Shrivenham, with two white capons in their hands, saying, "*Ecce Domine istos duos capones quos alias habebitis sed non nunc.*"

Beckett is much altered since the days of Inigo Jones. The old Manor House has disappeared; it was partly destroyed during the Civil Wars, and was finally pulled down to make way for the new house, which is placed a little further back than the old site, and was built in 1831 by the sixth Viscount Barrington from the designs of his brother-in-law, the Hon. Thomas Liddell.

The house is surrounded by a small and picturesque Park, filled with many beautiful trees, but the gardens are not extensive, being chiefly of the same date as the present house. Traces of older Gardens, though, still remain, testified to by the masses of clipped Yew and Box in which the Garden abounds. It is these beautiful dark Yews and close-clipped Box hedges which, with the Garden House, are the chief beauties of Beckett, it being one of those Gardens possessing a beauty of green instead of a glory of flowers.

A large piece of ornamental water, already mentioned with the Garden House, lies close to the Terrace of the house, nearly encircling the green Lawns which surround it. This lake was made out of what used to be a stream in Inigo Jones's time. The alteration was made when the house was built by the 6th Lord Barrington, and the present Gardens were laid out from plans made by the Hon. Thomas Liddell, vistas being cut in the trees to allow the distant hills to be seen.

On the far side of the lake there is a wood—or Wilderness, as it was called in the old days. Long grass walks, clipped hedges of Laurel, Box or Yew, and a beautiful green Bower—enclosing high Elms and Beeches—are all remnants of an older Garden. The large modern Lawns which surround the House slope gradually down to the water's edge, and are planted with

many fine trees, Cedars of various kinds, and Umbrella Pines (both planted by the 6th Lord Barrington), also Catalpas, and some very handsome Elms.

There are many fascinating walks at Beckett; one, particularly charming, is the "Old Lord's Terrace" (often called the Haunted Walk); it runs from the House across the lake—on stone piers—and has beautiful springy Moss underfoot. It is very dark, very green, and very solemn, with its edge of venerable Yews trimly clipped. At the end of this walk stands a magnificent old Yew, like a huge pillar—just the spot to be haunted by anything from wicked little sprites to an unrestful soul. There is an old legend which says the place is haunted by a lady, but the story is wrapt in mystery.

On the west side of the House there is a grass Terrace with a sloping bank, edged on one side by high, cut Yews, allowed to grow freely at the top. It leads down to the water's edge; on the other side the bank rises more gently, and is edged on either side by high Elms and Beeches, which form part of the wilderness.

The geometrical Parterres containing flowers, which were arranged along the space between the west Terrace and the Yew plantation, were turfed over by the 6th Viscount Barrington.

The alteration of an old Garden must always create a feeling of regret—regret at the loss of the

original whole, so seldom to be met with nowadays; and whatever charm alterations may bring in their train, they rarely atone for this loss.

The old Manor House and Garden at Beckett possessed, in all probability, much interest and beauty, to judge from the Garden House built by the great architect on the side of the lake, where it is set like a rare gem in the midst of flowers, with a rich background of dark Yews.

BROWNSEA ISLAND, DORSETSHIRE

“ . . . And yet studded with gardens ; where the salt and tumbling sea receives clear rivers running from among reeds and lilies ; fruitful and austere ; a rustic world ; sunshiny, lewd, and cruel. What is it the birds sing among the trees in pairing-time ? What means the sound of the rain falling far and wide upon the leafy forest ? To what tune does the fisherman whistle, as he hauls in his net at morning, and the bright fish are heaped inside the boat ? These are all airs upon Pan’s pipe ; . . . some, like sour spectators at the play, receive the music into their hearts with an unmoved countenance, and walk like strangers through the general rejoicing. But let him feign never so carefully, there is not a man but has his pulses shaken when Pan trots out a stave of ecstasy and sets the world a-singing.”—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

VII

BROWNSEA ISLAND, DORSETSHIRE

PLINY the elder says "that *Plautus* assigneth the custodie of Gardens to the protection of the Goddess *Venus*." This gives birth to the vain fantasy that once upon a time the ever-changing beauty of the Gardens at Brownsea enticed Venus to visit the Island where they lay. And as she wandered flowers sprang up at her feet, and the fragrance of her floating garment perfumed the air for ever. Her presence laid such a spell upon the spot that since then many a man and woman living on the Island became enchanted with its beauty, desirous of living there for all time, happier within its sea-lapped meadows than anywhere else in the wide world. In remembrance of the Goddess of Love and Beauty, the Island has ever been a favourite with birds of every kind; the Plover, the Red-Shank, the Green-Shank, the Crossbill, and the beautiful Kingfisher, and many others live in the Gardens and marsh-land.

And the trees and flowers have flourished luxuriantly ever since her visit! For, truth to tell, the whole Island is like one vast wild Flower-garden, all the year round, carpeted with Daffodils, blue Hyacinths, and pale Primroses in Spring, and in the Summer months decked in a dainty ball-dress of pink Bell Heather. Dyed golden during Autumn with the orange-coloured Bracken and yellow Furze, the many Pines and Shrubs with which the Island abounds keep it green throughout the Winter.

That all this wonderful wild-flower beauty is to be found upon a small island adds greatly to the charm. Nothing shows the delicate transparency and colour of a flower like the clear sea air, and nothing is quite so lovely as a Garden of flowers by the sea.

To gain this enchanted Island by boat is only a matter of a few minutes. The Garden entrance is found after landing at a stone pier, by passing through a door in the pier-house, into a long passage (built out over the water) which leads to it. Coming so suddenly into the warm, sheltered spot, from the fresh sea-breeze, gives quite an exotic feeling to the atmosphere of the Garden, especially when on every side—Lavender, Roses, Honey-suckle, Mignonette, Lemon Verbena, Tobacco Plant, Jessamine, scented Geranium, and Heliotrope perfume the air with their fragrance. The

present owner of Brownsea, Mr. Van Raalte, has greatly changed and improved this Garden. Formerly it had a very large Conservatory across one end, with a glass passage from it, leading round the side of the Garden, and forming a covered way from the pier to the house. But when the house was rebuilt, after the fire in 1896, this was done away with, the whole effect being vastly improved.

Conservatories and glass passages are great blots upon any Garden; the only method of reducing this necessary evil to a minimum being to sink them almost out of sight.

Roses have been planted, at the lower end of the Garden, where the Conservatories formerly stood. Against the north wall, amid a mass of green foliage of every shade, is a stone Fountain supported by dolphins; little stone cupids hang over the water, which splashes unceasingly on to the dolphins below, and runs over two steps into the semicircular basin beneath, which basin is surrounded by a narrow verge of grass.

Near the Fountain, against the wall, grows a fine Eucalyptus tree (showing the mildness of the climate), its dull, silvery leaves being a charming background and delightful contrast to the delicate pink Roses growing there.

A little flagged stone path runs round the Fountain, beside the wall, past a semicircular lattice window in the latter, through which are to be seen

glorious glimpses of the sea, often the colour in the sunlight of the deepest turquoise.

Another charming feature is a Sundial, formed by a little lead figure of Cupid, supporting the dial above his head. It stands on the grass in the centre of the Rose Garden, between the Fountain and two large Irish Yews.

The whole feeling of this little Rose Paradise—if it may be so called—with its Fountain, Amorini, dark Yews, and flagged pathway is deliciously Italian. For on a vivid Summer's day in the heavy, scented air, and with the gentle lapping of the sea, it might easily be thought to be some old Garden upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Only, beautiful as Italy is, and ever will be, there is here a glimmer of some inexplicable light and shade—some touch of colour, some dreamy sadness not found in the land of Petrarch and Tasso, but only in sad, grey England, the home of Chaucer and Shakespear. A Rose Garden must always possess a magic fascination, perhaps because, as old Gerarde writes: "The Rose doth deserve the chiefest and most principall place among all flowers whatsoever; being not only esteemed for his beautie, virtues, and his fragrant smell, but also because it is the honour and ornament of our English Sceptre." A book of many volumes could be written upon this one flower, of its beauty, its pride, its perfume, and last, but not least, its exquisite grace.



THE WALL FOUNTAIN, BROWNSEA





Every poet, from Omar onward, has chanted lays in honour of this Queen of Flowers. The words of Cowper picture very nearly the little Rose Garden at Brownsea, save that here the Roses are chiefly pink :—

“The scentless and the scented Rose ; the red
And of an humbler growth, the other tall
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighbouring Cypress or more sable Yew.
Her silver globes, light as the foaming surf
That the wind severs from the broken wave.”

This Rose plot is divided from the rest of the Garden (which is on a slightly higher level) by a low Terrace wall. Four enormous Irish Yews stand sentinel near by, emphasising the Italian feeling that lingers over this Garden.

The walls of the Terrace are covered with Roses, Fig trees, and Honeysuckle, and down the two sides of the Garden, under the upper Terrace wall, are long beds of herbaceous plants glowing with colour.

This upper Terrace has its own special charm and beauty, and many picturesque effects. For instance, the Terrace wall possesses the uncommon feature of not being level along the top, but drops down in a graceful curve at intervals, like a chain suspended between posts. Stone vases—some of which are filled with flowers—stand on this wall

between each curve. At equal distances along the stone-flagged Terrace boxes are planted with Bay trees, clipped into the shape of balls at the top of their long, thin stems. Everything is in keeping with the general decorative design of this Terrace Garden. An old-world Sundial, of vase-like shape, standing on a low octagonal step, marks the hours of sunshine—and they are many—in the midst of this Garden. In the grass round the Sundial are Flower-beds, the colour scheme of which is arranged with great artistic knowledge. The flowers chosen shade from the palest pink to the deepest crimson, and are framed in a border of grey Rabbit's Ear (*Stachys lanata*) and sweet-smelling Mignonette.

The ground on which the house is built is so uneven that above this Garden is another paved Terrace, on the level of the first floor of the house, and from it steps lead down and down till they reach the sea-shore. From this upper Terrace the view is one of ever-changing beauty and interest; ships of various kinds are for ever passing and repassing along the water highway. Three-masted schooners laden with wood, or picturesque London barges with red sails swelling in the wind, a fishing smack, or perhaps a little rowing boat, come and go, appearing and disappearing between the Ilex trees and Pines that fringe the shore.

Towards the centre of the Island lies the Kitchen Garden, far-famed for its wonderful Lavender



THE TERRACE, BROWNSEA

hedges (Lavender flourishing almost like a weed in the sandy soil) and a Pergola of Apple trees, which in spring is like a fairy web of interlacing boughs, covered with delicate white gossamer blossoms. Though this is called a Kitchen Garden, it has no appearance of the ordinary Garden of that name, but is rather a fantastic maze of walks among a mass of flowers. Down the centre of this Garden runs a long gravel path, which is kept gay right up to October by a border filled to overflowing with herbaceous plants, its whole length edged with Cushion Pinks, which are indigenous to the soil. In the middle of this pathway, to break the long line, a Maypole, or pillar, is set up, hung with festoons of Roses, while branching to right and left are Pergolas of Roses. Under this sweet-smelling shade grow clustering bunches of White Pinks and other flowers. On three sides this Garden is confined by hedges of close-clipped Laurel, and on the fourth by the Grape and Peach Houses.

In the very midst of the Island, near the Kitchen Garden, are two lakes, one below the other, both fed by springs. These lakes are surrounded by trees, and are so sheltered and quiet that the spot is beloved by wild duck and other water-birds.

From this lovely Garden, with its Terraces, Fountains, and perfumes, it is necessary to turn to find out a little of the history of the Island on which it lies—though in reality the Garden is the Island,

and the Island a Garden—and also to learn who helped to make all its present beauty. Brownsea Island is oval in shape and lies at the east end of Poole Harbour. It is a mile and a half in length, and three-quarters of a mile wide at the broadest part, and contains about 800 acres of land, which has the great advantage of being very well watered. In early days Brownsea was covered with Heath, Furze, and Fern, but the sandy soil has proved splendid for a large number of plants and flowers. Mr. Benson, one of the owners of the house, was devoted to Gardening and had a collection—numbering many hundreds—made of the varieties of plants growing on the Island.

The name Brownsea has been written many different ways—Brunsi, Branksey, Bronksey, Brinksea, or Brink of the Sea. The origin of the name is difficult to trace. According to Mr. Van Raalte it is derived from “Bruno,” to whom the Island belonged in Edward the Confessor’s time.

Brownsea is not mentioned in the Domesday Book, but was probably included in the Survey of Studland. Leland, on one of his many journeys for Henry VIII., gives the earliest description of Brownsea: “There ly three isles in the haven of Poole, whereof the most famous is Brunkesney, sum say that there has been a paroch in it. There is yet a Chappel for an Heremite. It longeth to Cerne Abbey.” In the records of Cerne Abbey

the "Chappel" is mentioned; it was dedicated to St. Andrew.

The Island in early days seems to have been a convenient place of retreat for the Danes after raiding and pillaging along the coast.

In an old MS. Life of St. Ethelwold (brother of King Edmund), the monkish chronicler writes: "Canutus, having spoiled the church and monastery of Cerne, took to the haven, and sailed thence to Branksey, *i.e.*, Brank's Island: which is two miles from Poole; having in it no buildings save a chapel only."

The wreck of the sea at Brownsea was granted to the Abbot of Cerne by Henry II., showing that the Island at that date was still in the hands of the monks. It continued to be so till the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., who had a square tower built, as a block-house, on the Island, to protect the harbour of Poole, that town agreeing to send six men to "watch" it. Afterwards this was construed into their providing a garrison and also repairing the fort, on which the inhabitants of Poole had to spend large sums of money.

John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, was the first private possessor of Brownsea, Henry VIII. granting him the "Island and water surrounding" it. He, however, soon passed the gift on, having gained permission to dispose of it to Richard Duke, and his heirs.

A very good idea of the appearance of the Castle, or Block-house, in 1552, can be gained from documents of that date. The square of the tower was 44 feet, and the height 176 feet, the walls being $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick and built of freestone, forming altogether a pretty solid piece of work—very different to what is done in these jerry-building days. Later, in Elizabeth's reign, the mayor and burgesses of Poole petitioned the Privy Council to help them in repairing the Castle, it having become a source of danger. Elizabeth graciously granted a "delivery of cannon and ammunition," but shrewdly insisted upon the mayor and the town supplying, as of old, "the six men to watch and ward." After this grant the Castle was styled "the Queen's Majesty's Castell of Brounecksey." By far the most interesting possessor of Brownsea in those days was Sir Christopher Hatton. Owing little to his birth (being the third son of a gentleman in Northamptonshire), perhaps less to his brains, and all to his graceful appearance, Sir Christopher was indeed born under a lucky star. Sir Richard Naunton writes of him as "a gentleman that besides the graces of his person and dancing, had also the endowment of a strong and subtile capabilitie, and that could soone learne the Discipline and Garbe, both of the times and Court, and the truth is, he had a large proportion of gifts and endowments, but too much of the season of

envy, and he was a mere vegetable of the Court that sprang up at night and sunke againe at his noone." In 1561 the members of the Inner Temple celebrated Christmas by representing a splendid Masque in which Hatton played the part of "Master of the Games"; the notice of the Queen, who was present, was immediately attracted by his appearance. As Camden says: "Being young and a comely talleness of body and countenance he got into such favour with the Queen, that she took him into her band of fifty Gentlemen pensioners." Unlike most Royal favourites, Hatton made more friends than enemies. But he roused the jealousy of Leicester, who, on account of the Queen's admiration for Hatton's dancing, suggested to his royal mistress the introduction of a dancing-master, who excelled her favourite in every way. "But Elizabeth drew a proper distinction between the merit of an artist and the skill of an amateur." "Pish," she said contemptuously, "I will not see your man—it is his trade."

The Queen's partiality caused "much envy, and some scandal"; perhaps calling her favourite such nicknames as "Lydds" (Lids) and "sheep" was undignified in so great a sovereign. It was in 1574 that Sir Christopher Hatton, with the Queen's consent, applied to Dr. Cox, the Bishop of Ely, for the lease of the episcopal house in Ely Place, Holborn—afterwards Hatton Garden. The Bishop made a

desperate effort to save the property of his see, and refused to relinquish his house to Sir Christopher, thus calling down upon his head the well-known reprimand from the Queen: "Proud Prelate! I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement by God I will immediately unfrock you. Elizabeth."

Sir Christopher Hatton's appointment to the Chancellorship was very unpopular at the time, he being put above many men who had a greater right to the position. His marvellous tact, however, as usual smoothed his way—in time. It was wittily said "that he made up for his want of *law* by his constant desire to do what was just!" Perhaps those who were indifferent as to justice were reconciled to the Lord Chancellor by his far-famed dinners, and the excellent sack which flowed at them. Queen Elizabeth granted Brownsea to Sir Christopher Hatton in 1576, with Corfe Castle. And at the same time he was made Admiral of Purbeck. The people of Poole were not best pleased with this gift of the Queen's, and a dispute arose between them and Sir Christopher Hatton with regard to the right of the Castle to the profits of the ferry between the haven points. The quarrel ended in a small fight, a bark, *The Bountiful Gift*, being fired on from Brownsea for not obey-

ing orders, and the captain and one of the crew were killed. This incident is all quaintly described in the register of St. James's Church at Poole.

The many letters Sir Christopher Hatton wrote to the Queen might almost be called love-letters, so passionate is their language. In one of the last he ever wrote—after he had fallen under her displeasure, he writes: "If the wounds of thought were not most dangerous of all without speedy dressing, I should not now trouble your Majesty with the tones of my complaint, and if whatsoever came from you were not either very gracious or grievous to me, what you said would not sink so deeply in my bosom. . . .

"My profession hath been, is, and ever shall be to your Majesty, all duty, within order, all reverent love without measure, and all truth without blame!"

Shortly before his death, in 1591, he was much harassed by the Queen's insisting on the repayment of a large sum of money which he owed to the Crown. The sum amounted to £42,000, so it was small wonder that his last days were filled with anxiety. According to old Fuller, "It brake his heart, that the Queen (which seldom gave boons, and never forgave due debts) rigorously demanded payment for some arrears." Nowadays it has been proved that Elizabeth, though desiring the money, was not so heartless as old historians represent, for she visited him and prescribed a cordial. But

sorrow at her displeasure, and anxiety about his debts, as well as disease, all combined to kill him at the age of fifty-one.

A greater man than Hatton possessed Brownsea Island for a very short time. No other, in fact, than Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury; who already owned Hatfield, having exchanged Theobald's for it with King James. Nothing is known of Brownsea during his ownership of it—whether he ever stayed there, or if he only used it as a means of gaining money for other pleasures. The Castle was well fortified by the Parliamentary party at the time of the Civil War. Bury, the treasurer for the county, mentions “large chests of musquets” as coming from Weymouth. Old books say that Charles II.'s visit to Poole and Brownsea was owing to his fear of the Plague—which conduct appears somewhat out of keeping with the character of the Merry Monarch. But whatever the cause, he certainly visited Poole; and the record of his visit runs thus: “After dinner it pleased His Majesty with the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Ashley to take Coll. William Skult's boat to Brownsea, steered by the sayd Collonel and rowed by six masters of shippes, where his Majesty tooke an exact view of the said island, castle, and bay, and this harbour, to his great contentment, and then returned in the said boat unto the key of Poole, where the said mayor had the honour to

hand his Majesty on shore, from whence he went on foot to the house of the said Collonel."

It was Richard Haycalt, who first established copperas works at Brownsea. And it was in Charles II.'s reign that the works were opened again by Sir Robert Clayton, at one time Lord Mayor of London, and a very rich, clever, business man, who thought to gain money by working them. They were finally closed in 1704.

An interesting allusion is made to Brownsea and these works in Celia Fienne's book, "Through England on a Side-saddle in the Time of William and Mary": "Thence to Poole, a little seaport town 4 miles off where a very good minister in ye publick Church Mr. Hardy. From thence we went by boat to a little Isle called brownsea 3 or 4 leagues off where there is much Copperice made, the stones being found about ye Isle in ye shore in great quantetyes, there is only one house there w^{ch} is the Governour's; besides little fisherman's houses they being all taken up about ye Copperice works."

The next owner, Mr. William Benson ("auditor of the imprest") bought the Island for the ridiculous sum of £300. He at once started to rebuild the Castle as a house for himself, much to the indignation of the people of Poole, who declared that the Castle was Crown property and a means of defence for the coast, and Poole in particular. Benson

replied that he had bought the Island and everything on it, the Castle being naturally included. The Mayor of Poole appealed to George II., but the matter was finally dropped for some reason which remains a mystery. The fascination and beauty of Brownsea appealed to Benson, and he did a great deal for the Island in every way. He restored the Castle and built the great hall (now the music-room), and started cultivating the land, lavishly planting it with trees of every kind. Perhaps it is to him and Mr. Humphrey Sturt that the Island owes some of its Palms and Orange and Lemon trees, as well as the beautiful slopes covered with Rhododendrons, Juniper, Scotch Firs, Cedars, Corsican Pines, and many kinds of evergreen and deciduous trees.

Sir Gerard Napier and Mr. Humphrey Sturt, who were later joint owners of Brownsea, beautified the place in every way, especially Mr. Humphrey Sturt who, when it became entirely his property, spent both time and money (£50,000) upon doing everything in his power to improve it. It was he who began the Garden close to the house, and planted hundreds of beautiful trees, realising early the truth of John Evelyn's words, "Men seldom plant trees till they begin to be wise, that is till they grow old, and find by Experience the Prudence and Necessity of it." Mr. Humphrey Sturt's son, Charles, inherited Brownsea, and was so passionately

attached to the Island that he made it his home, and spent his life improving the grounds. In 1818 the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.)—so celebrated for his fashion in clothes, and his manners, which gained for him the nickname of “the First Gentleman in Europe”—paid Brownsea a visit, and candidly acknowledged “that he had no idea there was such a delightful spot in the kingdom”—the balls and routs of London being doubtless better known to him than English scenery.

Colonel Waugh was attracted to Brownsea chiefly because of the clay to be found there which he desired to use for a Pottery. He bought the Island in 1852, and spent a great deal of money on promoting this industry at the west end of the Island, building cottages, which still exist, though the Pottery works have long been given up. One of the most important of Colonel Waugh’s improvements at Brownsea was the reclaiming of a hundred acres of land, and the building of an embankment and sea-walls round it.

The many beautiful Italian works of art which are in the house were brought there by Mr. Cavendish Bentinck when he owned Brownsea.

During Major Kenneth Balfour’s possession of the Island the house was burnt and the interior entirely ruined. It was rebuilt in 1897 and came into Mr. Charles Van Raalte’s hands in 1900, since

when he has never ceased to improve, beautify, and add interest to it in every way.

Truly an Island of enchantment, the glamour of its beauty carries the beholder, in memory, not to one but many a lovely spot. For near the front of the house, looking through the Ilex trees on a sunny day, the white towers of the pier-house and the long stone steps leading down to the clear, green water, appear like a little glimpse of the Riviera. Then looking towards Corfe Castle, standing rugged and grand across a stretch of water, which suggests a still, dark Scotch loch, with Heather growing down to the water's edge, between the Firs can be seen the Heather-covered islets and far-away hills fading into a blue mist.

To be in Holland it is only necessary to visit what is called the Marsh, with its windmill (used for pumping the water) and long, low sand dunes, stretching away into the distance. Even Venice, that peeress of cities, is often suggested when looking across the harbour towards Poole, which lies very low, the wooden posts which mark the sand-banks rising out of the water, and making long, green shadows on the still, opalescent surface.

COTTAGE GARDENS

“Well may'st thou halt, and gaze with brightening eye!
The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!
But covet not the Abode; forbear to sigh.
As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders—who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety.
Think what the home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants! Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The Roses to the porch which they entwine;
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched, would melt, and melt away.”

W. WORDSWORTH

VIII

COTTAGE GARDENS

FLOWERS woven together with love make the garland of the poets, especially of the English poets—for the people of England adore flowers more than any other nation in the world.

The poet who wrote of the beauty of the stately homes of England was praising, no doubt, what most appealed to her; while her choice of the obviously beautiful for the subject of her poem suggests the Gardens already described in these notes, yet it leaves unsung all the beauties belonging to the Cottage homes of England.

The passion for flowers and the love of colour which is born of their beauty is to be seen more than anywhere else in Cottage Gardens. Many a green English lane is adorned with gorgeous spots of colour, the little Gardens of these flower-lovers.

Dame Nature has given the most beautiful lesson in love in these "Gardens trim," belonging to the poor; for clever, gentle, loving tending of the

flowers is repaid with much finer results in these tiny plots than in the great Gardens cared for by the best of paid Gardeners and planted with seeds and cuttings of the most expensive kinds. People often wonder what magic power causes the lovely blossoms to bloom so profusely when crowded in the small corner of ground belonging to a workman's Cottage, the same flowers proving very ordinary under a trained Gardener's care. Love is the magic power, which the flowers, with that exquisite generosity for which they are renowned, repay a thousandfold, by blooming with a lavish abundance and beauty.

Few realise that flowers live and feel, and that plucking a Rosebud (if not carelessly thrown aside) is an act of appreciation, and produces that marvellous prodigality of blossoms, seen more in Cottage Gardens than elsewhere. In large Gardens the flowers are tied up, straight, and tall, and left as decorative features in the whole effect, while in tiny Gardens the pretty buds are tended with a loving care and grow unfettered at their own sweet will.

A Cottage Garden! Who cannot picture one or more, the memory of which are linked with far-off childish days, and the remembrance of the sweet-smelling, gay-coloured, old-fashioned flowers is wafted across the years with a delightful fragrance? The joy of having lived in one dear little village all through childhood's years is a lifelong

possession. A friend writes : " Oh, to be back once again in the little old-world village in the heart of old England, to see the dear old people who petted and spoilt us as children, and gave us at any hour an ever-ready welcome ! Our favourite was Mrs. P——, the wife of the village carpenter, whose little plot we so often raided, neither Hall nor Vicarage Garden holding Gooseberries such as hers. At the top of the little flagged pathway, under a trellis of Vine and Honeysuckle we would see our beaming hostess standing, her little red, apple-cheeked face, framed in a snowy, frilled cap, over which she wore a wide-brimmed, black mushroom hat. She was never seen without that hat, indoors or out of doors ; it was as well known to every one as the peacock, bravely cut out of the Yew hedge, at the little wicket-gate, beside the bushes of Lad's-love and Lavender.

" The owner of the small village shop was another favourite ; she possessed a Cottage and Garden quite near Mrs. P——'s, but how different ! Tea with Hannah was a keen delight, her parlour ornaments consisting of a castellated cottage, cows, stags, dogs—in fact, a perfect farmyard was fingered by us with the pleasure that children always have in other people's possessions when unlike their own. Among these wonders was a doll quite a hundred years old, with which we were never tired of playing.

“Hannah looked upon her flowers as children, always alluding to them as ‘her’ or ‘him,’ and she insisted on our calling upon them in turn, and recounted to us their histories, how long she had had them, where they came from, and with whom she had divided them (the poor are so generous with their flower treasures, unlike the rich; with the former it is certainly a case of ‘what I gave I have’). Before we said goodbye to Hannah in the little red-tiled kitchen, the sunlight, streaming in between the Geraniums and French Lavender which filled the lattice window, making pretty patterns on the floor, she presented us each with a posy of flowers, varying in size according to our ages. They were stiff, like altar bouquets in shape, built up on a background of stiff Box and Lad’s-love, and made of Carnations and Lavender and a plentiful supply of Monthly Roses, Honeysuckle, scented Geraniums, Snapdragon, and a white ‘paper flower,’ as we called it, never discovering its real name.

“There was another Garden which was a great joy to us children—though rather a fearful joy, owing to its somehow filling us with a sense of awe; it belonged to Mrs. B——, the village schoolmistress, and was prim, like herself—a type that has long since passed away from English village life. She taught us needlework, and seldom now do you see such ‘stitchery.’ People in the twentieth century have not time to do work like hers.

"Her Cottage possessed great and rare treasures, in an arched porch of beautiful clipped Yew, and a hedge of mixed Yew and Box, both planted by her husband, the village sexton. They were much prouder of the Yew hedge and porch than of any of the flowers which grew in the small Garden, for Yew recalled happy memories to them both; the Garden of her old home had been full of such hedges, and the first words of her 'courting' had been spoken, she told us, beneath the arch of a Yew porch, and the tree had been beloved by them both ever since. The first green thing planted beside their new home, it became part of their lives, for they had tended and watched its growth for years. She has gone to rest now; and no one was surprised when the old man planted a Yew tree on her grave and clipped it into the shape of a cross."

To define a Cottage Garden is difficult, especially now that the present-day craze for spending week-ends in the country has resulted in many an old Cottage and Garden passing out of the villagers' hands into the possession of a very different class, to be adapted, changed, and added to by their new owners; the one thing remaining unchanged being their name. There may be little in a name—"a Rose by any other name" may smell as sweet, but it takes more than the name to make a Cottage Garden. Some ingenious person defined a Cottage

Garden as one that "the hireling knave" had no part in. But this brings under the name many that have no right to it. Many suburban Gardens are worked in the most praiseworthy manner, entirely by their owners, yet no one would dream of calling them Cottage Gardens.

It may appear a dogmatic statement, but experience seems to show that a true Cottage Garden can only be created by a villager. Of course they have been imitated, but in the imitation a strange under-current of educated taste peeps out that spoils in the copy the character of the original; much of the charm of which lies in the simple combination of flowers and vegetables that only a cottager can produce.

There is always an exception to every rule, and the friend who writes so lovingly of the village of her childhood mentions *the Garden* which stands out in her memory. "Of all the Gardens long ago, that which perhaps has the greatest hold on my imagination is one which belonged to a dear old French lady who, nurse declared, was very well born, and had seen better days, and who took a quaint cottage in our village. The little building was thatched, and but for a Vine growing over its whitewashed walls, the Garden was represented by a perfect wilderness of weeds, a storehouse of miscellaneous rubbish so apt to be attracted by any

piece of waste land in a village. With the rude curiosity of children we watched her arrival from a point of vantage. She had few belongings, and the odd hamper or two of old roots and cuttings did not foretell future Garden beauties to our childish eyes. But as if by magic, before a year had passed, the Garden, under her care, became a mass of blossoms. And in time over the porch grew a sweet-smelling white Clematis, while on the cottage walls climbed Gloire de Dijon and Monthly Roses; and in summer a long row of white Madonna Lilies showed their heads above the white palings like a procession of beautiful white saints. Striped Carnations—which for size, scent, and shape could seldom be equalled, if ever surpassed—scented the Garden. Everything the old lady touched grew, apparently not by rule but by love. She planted like her neighbours, only with greater success, and only where it excelled the others could her garden be distinguished from a villager's. In Spring her bulbs were always in bloom, and the Garden was gay with Daffodils, Jonquils, Scillas, Grape Hyacinths, Wallflower, and 'Polly-ums,' as we used to call them.

“Memory still brings back the delicious scent of her Garden. The perfume was wafted across the little field lying between it and the church, where we sat on Sunday evenings, all the doors wide open during the hot, sultry summer weather. It was the

only lady's Garden in my experience which was at the same time a true Cottage Garden possessing all the little touches and arrangements peculiar to one."

The absence of the intimate knowledge of one village and the delight of watching the little well-known plots of ground changing their dark Winter dress for the fresh beauty of Spring, and later to the full glory of Summer, is to a certain extent compensated for by the interest of a wider if less intimate acquaintance with many a village, and the different ways of doing things in various counties.

Truly there is no race in the world in which so many flower-lovers are to be found as among the English. England is just a large Garden, made up of a number of smaller ones, with a fringe of little Cottage Gardens.

Travellers abroad know that the little oases of colour and green are not to be found attached to each tiny homestead as in England. Here even the hideous railway line which has cut through many a glorious park is not without its brightening touch of flowers, grown often by the stationmaster, in a rich profusion which proclaims a born Gardener.

So deeply rooted in the English race is this love of flowers, that wherever an English man or woman goes, be it to the uttermost parts of the earth, among the most adverse conditions, a Garden is made. For instance, from Africa comes the follow-

ing example of perseverance in Garden-making : "A man fond of Gardening and a good Garden started one last Spring. It did well till one day the locusts swarmed over it and the Garden was devoured. Nothing daunted, the man started again, and the Garden soon looked well, and with pride he cut his first Cucumber. Then hail fell for three-quarters of an hour and there was no Garden left ! Undaunted, again he started and again everything flourished, when tremendously heavy rain fell (really a sort of waterspout) and caused a flood—and the Garden left for Delagoa Bay ! All he has in that Garden now is a crop of mealies, which are not his, for they were washed down by the same flood from a Garden higher up !

"But he will never own himself defeated, and is making another Garden."

Such men are the Garden-makers of the world, and would succeed at any cost. The beautiful idea of planting, in toil and trouble, for others' gain is so often to be seen in the Gardens of the East. Trees, flowers, and vegetables are all planted, tended, and cared for by some man who will never reap the benefit, but leaves his work as a legacy from one unknown Englishman to another.

Cottage Gardens have some special features in every county. Down in Worcestershire there is hardly one, even the very smallest, that has not a little orchard of Apple trees, laden with snowy

blossoms in Spring and rosy fruit in Autumn, giving to the small Gardens an additional beauty.

Then in Cornwall and Devonshire, where the climate is mild, bushes of Myrtle and Tamarisk, besides Hydrangea, grow by the side of the cottage door, in quite an everyday manner.

The Hop is the hallmark of the little Kentish Garden plots. One Garden to be seen down there stands out from among many in the exceeding beauty and abundance of its flowers. Even in its surrounding walls, old and grey, nestle Houseleeks and Stonecrops. Flags, Foxgloves, Primroses, Leopard's Bane, clumps of Forget-me-not, mixing their delightful blue with the rich brown of the Wallflowers, all and every kind of flower in turn blossoms gaily. From the first of Spring flowers—that "pleasant plant" the Crocus—to the last flower of Autumn, all blooms appear at their best, almost tumbling over each other in their lavish growth. The only attempt at order in this tiny Garden, with its marvellous wealth of flowers, is the edging of Thrift.

"This is an everlasting greene herbe," says Parkinson, "which many take to border their beds, and set their knots and trayles, and therein much delight because it will grow thick and bushie, and may be kept, being cut with a pair of Garden sheeres, in some good handsome manner and proportion for a time and besides

in the summer time send forth many short stalks of pleasant flowers, to decke up an house among other sweete herbes."

Bordering the little path up to the porch (covered with Hops) are standard Rose bushes, rising from beds of "pretty Pancy," or Heartsease, the flower so beloved that it has been named again and again. Many of these names are curious, such as "Pink of my John," "Love in Idleness," "Three faces under one hood," "Herb Trinity," "Cuddle me to you," "Paunce or Pensée," and "Flame Flower."

The great desire in a Cottage Garden always seems to be to cover the earth with some kind of living thing. Among the little groups of Raspberry canes the ground was closely planted with vegetables, among which some enormous Primroses had seeded themselves. They were pointed out with pride, and strangely enough alluded to in the expressive language of Mr. Pepys as "mighty pretty."

This tiny Garden looks for all the world as if here many of the "Good Pointes in Husbandrie," by Tusser—that man of sense and humour—had been carried out. As he sings :—

"In March and April from morning till night,
In sowing and setting, good housewife's delight,
To have in a Garden or other like plot
To turn up their house, and furnish their pot."

And again :—

“At Spring (for the Summer) sewe Garden ye shall
At harvest (for Winter) or sowe not at all
Oft digging and remooving and weeding (ye see)
Makes herbe the more holesome and greater to be.”

The Cottage Garden pictured is to be found in the Isle of Wight, and belongs to an old lady who has lived there for forty years, doing all the village washing, and bringing up a large family on the money thus earned. The Fuchsia tree, growing as high as the bedroom windows, was planted by her when she first came to the cottage; and the Japanese Honeysuckle is also stricken in years, though its appearance is young and sprightly. It is a strange little Garden, and the well is most quaint, quite an uncommon type, being only about three feet deep and having a large stone with a hole cut in the middle for a curb.

Many lovely flowers and plants have first been grown in cottages, or their Gardens. For instance, the Fuchsia, that graceful plant, with its delicate little hanging flowers, was first reared in England, in a cottage. Not, however, in fresh country air, but in a little house at Wapping, and the following story is told of its discovery: Old Mr. Lee, the well-known nursery gardener, happened to be in Wapping one day, and seeing in a cottage window “an elegant plant with flowers hanging in rows



A COTTAGE GARDEN, THE ISLE OF WIGHT



like tassels from pendant branches, their colour the richest crimson in the centre, with a fold of deep purple," he eagerly went in and asked the owner, an old woman, where she got her original plant. She told him that her husband was a sailor and had brought it to her from the West Indies, and that nothing would induce her to part with it. After much persuasion, Mr. Lee managed to buy the little pot of Fuchsia for £8 8s., and he promised the old woman that the first new plant reared should be hers. He kept his promise and sent her the first successful plant, reaping a little fortune from the original, making from it in one year alone over £300. This took place about 1825, and is considered by many the first introduction of Fuchsia into England. But this statement is not strictly accurate, though it was the first time it came to stay. In 1703 a monk, Father Plumier, discovered it, or rather described it in his writings and named it Fuchs, after Leonhard Fuchs, one of the founders of German botany.

In some villages the people seem to vie with each other over their Gardens, many cultivating a special flower. This charming fancy is to be seen at its best in an old-world village in one of the southern counties; the prettiest of these Gardens being perhaps the one whose special feature was the Poppy—a typical, though fanciful Cottage Garden. The cottage to which it belonged

stood looking across a strip of Garden, with its gable end to the road, described in old deeds as "the King's Highway." A narrow, raised brick path, almost like a terrace, ran from the little white gate along the front of the cottage round to the back, where it lost itself in a little patch of cobble-stones.

In the time of the Poppies this Garden is a brilliant sight, filled with Poppies ranging in colour from the palest pink to the deepest blood-red, from cream to flaring yellow. They grow all together in clumps, with the old red brick wall of the terrace-like path behind them, a most fitting background. The Poppy is a flower which must always attract attention by its immense decorative value ; either singly, among the corn, or grouped in masses, it may always be counted on to produce a most glorious effect. For the gorgeousness of their beauty they pay, alas ! with a delicacy of petal, giving them but a fleeting existence. The only other flowers allowed to show their heads among the Poppies are great bushes of Lavender, Ribbon Grass, Rosemary, and Rue.

Part of the ground beside this cottage is described in old papers as "the ballad Singer's Plot"—a title which is a reminder of other times, when wandering minstrels went round the country singing their songs and carrying the news of those days to the little country villages, which otherwise

often remained strangely ignorant of the doings of the outside world.

Near the gate of this Garden there are manifest signs of the age of the village, for by the roadside are a pair of stocks, twisted, crooked, crumbling away with age and exposure, and half-buried in the grass. It is not known when stocks were first introduced into England, but "the Commons prayed Edward III. that they should be set up in every village." The last time they were made use of was at Rugby, in 1858. Their usual position in a village was close to the churchyard.

Hardly a cottage in this village, even the smallest, is without extraordinarily large cellars, almost like miniature dungeons—pointing clearly to the existence of extensive smuggling in olden days. Within sound of the sea, this village was one of the centres of illicit trade, and old people tell of many a skirmish with the soldiers, and point to the spot where the last man was killed in a smuggling fray.

The love of flowers, "the cottager's treasurer," as Ruskin calls them, is not a love of years, but of centuries. Even before Tudor days the peasant planted flowers by his cottage door, and the old Vines, still to be found near many old cottages, tell the same tale of devotion.

In Gardens, such as have been described, the following flowers are frequently found and easily

grown: Crocuses, Double Daffodils, Snowdrops, Christmas Roses, Wallflowers, Forget-me-nots, Primroses, Grape Hyacinths, White Arabis, Violets, Flags, Snakes' Heads, Solomon's Seal, Stonecups, Columbines, Thrift, Tulips, Foxgloves, Woodruff, Leopard's Bane, Peonies, Polyanthus, Hose in Hose, Monthly Roses, Hollyhocks, Lilies, Monkshood, Borage, Phlox, Evening Primroses, Sunflowers, Snapdragons, Candy-tuft, Periwinkles, Heartsease, Lavender, Rue, Rosemary, Lad's-love, Love-in-a-puzzle, Love-lies-bleeding, Marigolds, Poppies, Honesty, Honeysuckle, Fuchsias, Cornflowers, Everlasting Peas, Sweet Peas, Valerian, Rocket, Carnations, Pinks, Sweet Sultan, Canterbury Bells, Ribbon Grass, Michaelmas Daisies, Everlasting Flower, Jacob's Ladder, China Asters, Double Dahlias, and Stocks.

For the edging of borders, where plants are preferred to "leade, boards, bones or tyles," Thrift, Box, Daisies, and London Pride are the most easily grown and need least attention.

All Gardens need much care and tending, and one of the chief charms of a Cottage Garden grows out of the loving care of its owner—its cultivation is a labour of love, and repays its possessor a thousandfold.

However tiny a Garden may be it needs endless time spent upon it, and the old saying "one year's seeding, seven years' weeding," is

only too true. People often think that cottagers never weed, but this is a great mistake. Weeds are looked upon by them as great evils. Their views on weeds are, in fact, very similar to Boccaccio's, who writes very plainly on the subject: "Let the painfull gardiner expresse never so much care and diligent endeavour; yet among the very fairest, sweetest, and freshest Flowers, as also Plants of the most precious virtue ill savouring and stinking weeds, fit for no use but the fire or mucke-hill, will spring and sprout up."

This patient labour of the man who so often starts to work in his Garden at the end of a hard day's toil, produces in the onlooker a feeling of the deepest admiration and amazement—till Gray's words to his friend are remembered: "So you have a Garden of your own, and you plant and transplant and are dirty and *amused*."

It is this passion for Gardening, which is planted in the hearts of rich and poor alike, that has been one of the chief joys of the world—a pleasure born of the love of beauty and the delight in even "a slip of ground for a Cabbage and a Gooseberry bush," and "to sit under my own Vine and contemplate the growth of vegetable nature. I now understand in what sense they speak of *Father Adam*. I recognise the paternity, while I watch my Tulips."

"I should like to influence the whole world with

my taste for Gardens," cried the Prince de Ligne. "It seems to me impossible for an evildoer to share it. Fathers, *instil* into your children the garden-mania."

HAM HOUSE, SURREY

“ Then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows,
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray ;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o’er Harrington’s retreat
And, stooping thence to Ham’s embowering walks.”

THOMSON’S *Seasons*

IX

HAM HOUSE, SURREY

IF ever Garden was planned with reference to the house it encircles it is the Garden belonging to Ham.

The House stands in the midst of Garden within Garden. Green Lawns, dark Fir trees, and Terraces rich with gay flowers are its varied surroundings; while long, straight avenues—

“Like footmen running before coaches
To tell the Inn what Lord approaches!”

lead up to the House, their entrance being guarded by fine old iron gates.

Tradition says of one gate that it has never been opened since the day on which a Stuart king passed out. Alas! this pretty legend is untrue, but it is as difficult now as in Walpole's day to gain an entrance—if the right way is unknown—for the

gates opposite "the sweetest river in the world" are seldom opened.

Behind the charm of this old Garden lies much romance, and no figure stands out more strongly in the history of Ham than that of the great Duchess, whom Bishop Burnett describes thus graphically: "She was a woman of great beauty, but far greater parts; she had a wonderful quickness and an amazing vivacity in conversation; she had studied not only divinity, history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything, a violent friend and a much more violent enemy." To such a degree has the Duchess impressed herself on the old place, that it is almost a temptation to write her history, instead of that of the quaint old Garden. Described by one who had seen it just as it was left by the Duchess: "The very flowers are old-fashioned, none but flowers of the oldest time, gay, formal knots of Pinks and Sweet Peas and Larkspur and Lilies and Hollyhocks, mixed with solid Cabbage Roses and round Dutch Honeysuckle."

Some mention, however, must be made of the history of Ham House and its Gardens before the time of this extraordinarily clever woman (for may she not lay claim to this title, when more than one historian admits she was the mistress of the austere Oliver Cromwell?).

The Gardens and Walks lie within the parish

of Petersham, but the land on which the House stands has generally gone with the Manor of Ham, an old Saxon word meaning "house."

It appears that this Manor (of Ham) belonged for many years to the Crown, till Henry II. granted it to his favourite, Maurice de Creoun. Anne of Cleves was the next person of interest who possessed the Manor of Ham. Divorced by Henry VIII., barely six months after her marriage, he granted her "divers manors and estates, amongst which was this Manor of Ham," the latter being kept by her till the second year of Edward VI.'s reign.

Coveted, perhaps on account of its delightful situation, many people desired to possess the estate, but it remained Crown property for many years. At length, however, King James granted it to his son Henry, Prince of Wales, and on his death it was held in trust for his brother Charles, during which time Ham House was erected. It is a very interesting specimen of Jacobean architecture, and was built by Sir Thomas Vavasor, and appears to have been finished in 1610, that date being carved over the principal doorway. How Sir Thomas Vavasor became possessed of this property has not been ascertained, but it did not remain his property long, though with him lies the honour of building the original House. Ostensibly simple in treatment, it has one particularly happy feature

of great decorative value in a row of oval niches above the ground-floor windows on the river front, filled with lead and stone busts.

The Murray family were the next owners of Ham, becoming possessed of it in a strange fashion. Thomas Murray was tutor to Henry, Prince of Wales, and King James borrowed money from him (being always sorely in need of it), and in return made Murray Provost of Eton, he being the only layman who has ever held the post. Through Thomas Murray his nephew, William Murray, was made "whipping boy" to Prince Charles—an undignified post much sought after, leading, as it often did in later years, to the highest honours and distinctions, as in Murray's case.

Charles I. never forgot his "whipping boy," making him, soon after he became King, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Bishop Burnett, if he is to be trusted, makes William Murray appear far from a desirable character; in fact, the pungent pen of the writer of the history of his own times has no good to tell of the Murray family. He writes: "Murray of the bedchamber had been page and whipping boy to Charles I., and had great credit with him, not only in procuring private favours, but in all counsels. Well tuned for Court, very insinuating, but very false and very revengeful. Generally believed that he discovered most

important of his (the King's) secrets to his enemies."

However false Murray may have been, the King evidently had no knowledge of his treachery, for he granted him the Manor of Ham and Petersham, and created him "Peer of Scotland, Baron Huntingtower and Earl of Dysart," Murray persuading the King to antedate the warrant that he might take precedence at Court of many whom, from one cause and another, he cordially detested. That he was seldom called by his title is perhaps accounted for by Burnett's remark that the warrant did not pass the Great Seal during the King's lifetime.

William Murray married Catherine Bruce, by whom he had no son, but five daughters. Elizabeth, the eldest, afterwards became the great Duchess, who left the impress of her personality so strongly on Ham House and its Gardens. The date of her marriage with Sir Lionel Tollemache, heir to the Helmingham estates in Suffolk, is unknown, but he succeeded his father in 1640. Elizabeth Murray did not hesitate, on her father's death, to style herself Countess of Dysart, and being more than a friend of Cromwell's, her estates were safe under his rule, especially as she pretended to become an anti-Royalist and allowed his soldiers to be quartered in Ham House. Burnett declares that this clever woman, to whom political intrigue was

second nature, was in correspondence with John Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, after he had been made prisoner at the Battle of Worcester, and made him believe that his life was in danger and only saved by her efforts, made successful through Cromwell's devotion to her. The result of this fatal Battle of Worcester is pithily described in Carlyle's "Life of Oliver Cromwell": "At Worcester, the while, thousands of Prisoners are getting ranked, 'penned-up in the Cathedral,' with sad out-looks: carcasses of horses, corpses of men, frightful to sense and mind, encumber the streets of Worcester; 'we are plucking Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen from their lurking-holes,' into the unwelcome light. Lords very numerous; a Peerage sore slashed. The Duke of Hamilton has got his thigh broken; the Earl of Derby, also wounded, is caught, and tried for Treason against the State; lays down his head at Bolton, where he had once carried it too high. Lauderdale and others are put in the Tower; have to lie there, in heavy dormancy, for long years. The Earls of Cleveland and Lauderdale came to Town together, about a fortnight hence. 'As they passed along Cornhill in their coaches with a guard of horse, the Earl of Lauderdale's coach made a stand near the Conduit: where a Carman gave his Lordship a visit, saying, "Oh, my Lord, you are welcome to London! I protest, off goes your head, as round as a hoop!" But

his Lordship passed off the fatal compliment only with a laughter, and so fared along to the Tower.' His Lordship's big red head, has yet other work to do in this world. Having, at the Ever-blessed Restoration, managed, not without difficulty, 'to get a new suit of clothes,' he knelt before his now triumphant Sacred Majesty on that glorious Thirtieth of May.'"

Upon Charles II.'s restoration, Lady Dysart did not consider that Lauderdale was sufficiently grateful for her share in saving his life, and they were estranged for some years; she turning her attention to other matters, one being the acquiring of a new patent from the King creating her Countess of Dysart and Baroness Huntingtower in her own right.

But Lauderdale, the cleverest and most unscrupulous of all the Merry Monarch's ministers, was destined to link his life sooner or later with Lady Dysart, and after her husband's death they made up their quarrel and lived so openly together that his wife, Lady Lauderdale, retired to Paris, and after her death, which took place there, Lord Lauderdale married Lady Dysart, who, though she may have had undue influence over him, and often separated him from his friends, certainly worked loyally in his interest. It was owing to her that Charles gave him a dukedom, which title lapsed (as they had no children), the Dysart titles passing into the Tollemache family.

Ham House and its Gardens are beholden for many beauties to this brilliant woman. Sir John Reresby, in his "Memoirs," alludes to her thus: "I went to visit the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale at their fine house at Ham. After dinner the Duchess in her chamber entertained me with long discourse on matters of State. She had been a beautiful woman and the supposed mistress of Oliver Cromwell, and was even then a woman of great parts." The Garden owes her much if she did for it what she undoubtedly did for the House.

The Duke held an important position in the Government, being one of the corrupt ministry called the "Cabal"—a nickname originated by the first letter of their names spelling the word, causing it ever afterwards to have an odious significance. Through his position presents of the richest kind were showered upon him and the Duchess, and in all probability the Gardens were as richly favoured as the House.

Certainly it would seem so from Evelyn's account: "After dinner I walked to Ham to see the house and Garden of the Duke of Lauderdale, which is, indeed, inferior to few of the best villas in Italy itself; the house furnished like a great Prince's; the Parterres, Flower Gardens, Orangeries, Groves, Avenues, Courts, Statues, Perspectives, Fountains, Aviaries, and all this at the bank of

the sweetest river in the world, must needs be admirable."

This shows that the Gardens of Ham possessed every whimsical device of that period—a time which carried its taste for Garden cult to a fine art.

The design of these Gardens at Ham is interesting from many points of view, but chiefly as illustrating that form of Garden, the plan of which resembles a house, room within room, as they were built in Elizabeth's days, distinctly suggesting, in some ways, the Roman type of Gardens, which "were only the amplification of the House."

There is a feeling of completeness gained by carrying the design of the house into that of the Garden, making them entirely belong to each other. Besides which, this room-like arrangement of a Garden provides the charm of perpetual change, the Garden never being seen as a whole, but only as it were room by room, the hedges taking the place of the walls.

This idea of a Garden within a Garden is seldom if ever used now. Fine open spaces with long, wide Flower-borders are preferred, being better adapted to show to advantage the modern development of flowers and the genius which the twentieth-century Gardener possesses of growing tropical plants in this changeable climate.

The Terrace and small Garden at Ham are said to have been designed by John Rose, the celebrated pupil of the great French Master Le Nôtre.

Rose, who was chiefly a horticulturist, was successively gardener to the Earl of Essex, the Duchess of Cleveland and Somerset, and ended by being Royal Gardener at Hampton Court. This small Garden is a mass of little Flower-beds, shaded by some very old Cedars and a beautiful Tulip tree, which must have been one of the first grown in England, as these trees were only brought over from America in 1688. The cultivation of Pineapples is always associated with Rose's name, and though they were not properly understood till much later he managed to grow the first English Pineapple (which he presented to Charles II.), his portrait appearing in the Pineapple picture at Ham. John Rose is also remembered as author of "The English Vineyard" which appeared at the end of "Evelyn's French Gardens."

The Orangery at Ham—mentioned by Evelyn—was probably arranged by Rose, who was more interested in fruit-growing than in Gardening. It is often thought Evelyn's allusion to "Orangeries" can only mean an Orange plantation, and that Ham cannot claim to have had one of the earliest Orange-houses (in those days merely large rooms with a fireplace and big windows). The first Orange-house with a glass roof is supposed to have



THE ORANGERY, HAM HOUSE



been built at Woolaton in 1696. At the foot of the stone steps of the gravel Terrace, at the west side of the Garden the old Orangery at Ham is found, placed at the end of a walled Garden, chiefly grass, planted with Apple trees. Down the middle is a wide grass path flanked on each side by borders containing a gay selection of well-grouped herbaceous plants. The Orangery faces down the grass path (as shown in the water-colour drawing), at the bottom of which runs a most delightful Avenue of Ilex trees—the most beautiful, perhaps, of all the evergreens.

In the midst of this Ilex Avenue is a statue of Bacchus. Like the busts round the house (in 1679 there were thirty-eight of lead and six made of marble), this little statue is made of lead—the favourite material for Garden Statuary, as it acquires such a beautiful colour when unpainted—which these, alas! are not.

Ham House stands low near the banks of the Thames, opposite the village of Twickenham, so loved by Pope, Gay, and Prior, also Horace Walpole. Round it lie beautiful grassy meadows, which, according to Walpole, always attracted showers of rain when mown. "I remember," he writes, "Lady Suffolk telling me, that Lord Dysart's great meadows (at Ham) have never been mown but once in forty years without rain. I said, 'All that that proved was, that rain was good for hay,'

as I am persuaded the climate of a country and its productions are suited to each other."

The meadow by the river front is separated from the Avenue by a sunk wall, or Ha-Ha, showing that at one time or another some ideas of the Landscape school found their way into this Garden. Walpole always claims this as the first move towards the new school of Gardening; he says: "The leading step to all that has followed was (I believe the first thought was Bridgeman's) the destruction of walls for boundaries, and the invention of fosses—an attempt then deemed so astonishing that the common people called them Ha! Ha's! to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unexpected check to their walk." Neither Bridgeman or Kent really invented the Ha-Ha; it was thought of and invented long before by French Garden designers. The great Gates lead into the Forecourt, which still possesses an old circular stone-flagged drive, and is enclosed at the sides by brick walls. An unique appearance is given to them by a row of niches containing lead busts, similar to those above the ground-floor windows on the north side of the House.

It is amusing to know that an enterprising but dishonest person once attempted to remove these busts from the walls, but not having calculated on the weight of the material hidden under the disguise of paint, was compelled to drop them—and the busts were afterwards replaced in their respective niches.



STATUE OF FATHER THAMES IN THE FORE COURT,
HAM HOUSE



By these walls, coloured so exquisitely by time, are planted clipped Bay trees.

Immediately facing the chief entrance is a wide Terrace paved with stone, and edged with evergreens; it is reached by two flights of well-proportioned steps, which lead into the arcading on either side of the doorway.

A colossal statue of Father Thames in stone coloured terra-cotta stands facing the river in the centre of the grass Lawn, in the middle of the Forecourt. Nothing is known of the statue, but on a small shield are to be found the arms of the City of London. Still in existence is "an old book, tall and narrow, bound in calf skin, which contains a minute inventory of everything inside and outside of the house," bearing witness to the Duchess of Lauderdale having been as good a châtelaine as she was an intrigant in politics.

The river front in this book is called "the Forecourt and Cloisters"—certainly a prettier name. The old wooden seats (mentioned in this exhaustive list) are still to be seen to-day—the "Longe Benche of Deale painted, which is in the melancholy walk."

On the south side of the House runs a long gravel Terrace 530 feet long and 238 feet wide, with shallow flights of steps at either end leading to a gravel path that encircles the splendid Bowling Green, or Great Lawn, as it is now usually called, which covers nearly two and a half acres.

An interesting old oil painting exists in the House at Ham, which, to judge from the dress of the people appearing in it, must date from about the time of Queen Anne. It shows the Garden at the south side much as it is now, only with a wall on both sides of the House, and opposite it a grass path with Statues, cut evergreens in boxes, and cut Yew hedges, but of course, without the long Herbaceous Border which was added when such borders came in again within the last few years. It is from the east side that the water-colour drawing is taken showing this Herbaceous Border, with the beautiful old red-brick House forming a most perfect background to the flowers; the border runs close beside the Terrace wall and is filled with a mass of Lavender, Iris, Delphiniums, Pinks, Lilies (*Lilium candidum*) Roses, Monks-hood, Hollyhocks, Larkspur, Spiræa, Phlox, Canterbury Bells—all blended delightfully as to colour—and having an edge of Thrift and white Pinks with an outer border of grass.

The old brick walls here are allowed the added beauty of creepers—and many plants find a home in the nooks and crannies—for no ruthless hands plucks the pretty pink flowering Valerian out of the low Terrace walls. One of the best and most artistic of modern Gardeners declares that this fancy for creepers and plants on old walls, is a matter to be carefully considered; when an ugly,



THE TERRACE BORDER, HAM HOUSE



ill-proportioned wall is hidden, well and good, but often the trailing creeper hides an exquisite piece of architecture. In which case the taste is decidedly at fault, and the admirer of the flower is forgetful of the beautiful work it hides, and which in time it will seriously damage.

Beyond the old Bowling Green, which has a little Shrubbery on one side, lies the Wilderness, filled with trees, shrubs, and Rhododendrons, as well as beautiful Scotch Fir trees, the first ever grown in England. These were planted by John, Duke of Argyll, the well-known general and statesman, grandson of the Duchess of Lauderdale. This Duke of Argyll had a passion for Gardening, and laid out many Gardens for his friends, and at Ham, his birthplace, he left a living example of his taste, viz., these Firs, which can be seen from every point of view.

With Ham it is the same as with many old Gardens, their written history is but what gossips of each fleeting day thought fit to record. The owners loved their Gardens for their beauty, but did not think of making notes of their form and design, or of the planting of a new seed, or any such matters; they simply left the Garden to speak for itself. Among the chance records of Ham and its Gardens is an allusion by Evelyn in his scholarly Diary to "the Orangeries," and "the Aviary," while in 1678 Defoe, in his

"Tour through Great Britain," mentions "Ham and Petersham, little villages, the first famous for a pleasant palace of the late Duke of Lauderdale, close by the river, possessed by the late Earl of Dysart, a house, King Charles II. used to be frequently at, and was exceedingly pleased with the avenues of this fine house." Then Horace Walpole, that mainstay of lovers of gossip, has much to say about his niece's secret marriage, in 1760, with Lord Dysart's son. He writes: "I announce my Lady Huntingtower to you. I hope you will approve the match a little more than I suppose my Lord Dysart will, as he does not yet know, though they have been married these two hours, that at ten o'clock this morning, his son espoused my niece, Charlotte, at St. James' Church. The moment my Lord Dysart is dead I will carry you to see Ham House; it is pleasant to call cousins, with a charming prospect over against one."

He gives a long description of Ham, and biassed as all his remarks and judgments are, they are too valuable to omit, as they throw such side-lights on every nook and corner. "I went yesterday to see my niece in her new principality of Ham. It delighted me and made me peevish." "Close to the Thames, in the centre of a rich and verdant beauty, it is so blocked up and barricaded with walls, vast trees, and gates, that

you think yourself an hundred miles off and an hundred years back. The old furniture is so magnificently ancient, dreary and decayed, that at every step one's spirits sink, and all my passion for antiquity could not keep them up. Every minute I expected to see ghosts sweeping by; ghosts I would not give sixpence to see—Lauderdales, Tollemaches, and Maitlands. . . . In this state of pomp and tatters my nephew intends it shall remain; and is so religious an observer of the venerable rites of his house, that because the gates never were opened by his father but once for the late Lord Granville, you are locked out and locked in, and after journeying all round the house, as you do round an old French fortified town, you are at last admitted through the stable-yard to creep along a dark passage by the housekeeper's room, and so by a back door into the great hall. He seems as much afraid of water as a cat; for though you might enjoy the Thames from every window of three sides of the house, you may tumble into it before you would guess it was there."

To modern eyes the iron gates and red-brick walls of Ham are beautiful, with their elaborate brick coping, and tall piers crowned with large urns wreathed and festooned with flowers.

To twentieth-century ideas "to feel an hundred miles off and an hundred years back" when only a

short distance from London, is something not easily gained nor to be lightly forsworn. But to Walpole everything which shut out "Nature" was an abhorrence, and with his witty pen he lustily preached the new fashion in Gardening. Once again very sadly the old cynic mentions Ham—the pretty niece is dying. "From my own windows I see the tall avenues and chimneys of Ham House, where my poor niece lies languishing and dying." How well he describes the views of Ham which peep through the trees!

Much later, Miss Mary Berry, the faithful friend and champion of Horace Walpole against Macaulay's fiery denunciations, writes in her journal: "We went to Ham House; the house and Gardens are in old style; that is to say, the style of Charles II. I was much pleased with the house and its situation, surrounded as it is by large avenues of trees, with its terraced Gardens and its great Bowling Green, and it needs only to cut down a few trees, to enjoy a most smiling scene, yet as perfectly quiet and secluded as if the house were placed in the furthestmost county from London."

HATFIELD HOUSE, HERTFORDSHIRE

"I noted that from side to side
The Garden was nigh broad as wide,
And every angle duly squared.
The careful planter had not spared
To set of every kind of tree. . . .

. . . .
Moreover, in this Garden rare
Grew many a tree familiar.

. . . .
And all around this pleasant close
Holly and Laurel and Holm arose,
With Yew and Hornbeam, fit, I trow,
For flitting shaft, and speeding bow ;

. . . .
But wherefore should I tell of more?
For wearied would your heart be ere
I numbered half that flourished there.
But this I say, such skilful art
Had planned the trees, that each apart
Six fathoms stood, yet like a net
The interlacing branches met,
Through which no scorching rays could pass."

The Romance of the Rose

X

HATFIELD HOUSE, HERTFORDSHIRE

HATFIELD, like many another beautiful English house, was once a Bishop's palace. It lies in the county of Hertford, and appears to have received its name from two words—"Heath" and "Field," meaning "Cleared Heath." In Anglo-Saxon times Hatfield belonged to the Crown, but before the Norman Conquest King Edgar granted it to the Abbot of Ely, whose ownership is recorded in the Domesday Book, where "Hatfield" figures as "Hetfelle." It was in Henry I.'s reign that "the golden rhetoric" of the Abbot persuaded him to make Ely into a Bishop's See, after which Hatfield became an Episcopal residence, and the Manor in consequence was called Bishop's Hatfield.

From the earliest days the Abbots of Ely were renowned for their Gardens and wonderful Grapes—it being almost certain that Hatfield possessed large Vineyards long before the celebrated one planted by Sir Robert Cecil—and this reputation the Bishops

of Ely were careful to keep up ; having not only a Garden, but a Vineyard also attached to their London house, "Ely Place, Holbourne." The site of this Vineyard is commemorated in the name of the street which now partly covers the ground—viz., Vine Street.

Allusion is often made in old books to the glorious Park surrounding Hatfield, as, for instance, when, in 1269, the Earl of Pembroke forcibly entered it, and after following the chase broke into the Palace, and evidently enjoyed the Bishop's cellar as well as his game !

Each successive Bishop of Ely seems to have been more powerful and influential than the last ; but of them all John Morton was the most famous, and was mentioned in "Utopia" in terms of the highest praise by his great pupil, Sir Thomas More. Morton's life practically forms some chapters in the history of England, for he became successively Bishop of Ely, Chancellor of England, Archbishop of Canterbury, and finally Cardinal. Famous not only for his statesmanship, but for his distinction in every branch of learning, as well as for his liberality of thought, he cultivated every art, especially that of architecture, rebuilding Hatfield in Edward IV.'s reign (it having been largely destroyed during the Wars of the Roses). As his biographer says : "He bestowed great cost upon his house at Hatfield," part of which is still standing to bear evidence in no

small measure to its designer's magnificent powers as an architect, and to the durability of the material used in those days, being in this case small red bricks without stone copings.

To Bishop Morton the arranging of the marriage between Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York is due, and through it the uniting of the two factions of the Red and White Rose, thus giving England at last the long-desired peace. The Bishop is without doubt one of the most interesting of the many people connected with this beautiful old place, and Hatfield will be for ever associated with his name. He died in 1500 at the great age of ninety. No actual proof exists that Bishop Morton added to the Gardens at Hatfield, as he did to the Palace, but it is more than likely that the Garden was a glory of flowers of the rarest kind, as in everything he was in advance of his time. For with the House of Tudor came the first real birth of Gardens as modern people understand them, and in Henry VIII.'s reign they took a very definite shape and design, and were in some cases of a most elaborate nature. His reign might indeed almost be said to have formed the style of the English Garden until the ruthless so-called reformation of the Landscape school, which, like all reformations, went too far and fell in the end into exactly the same faults that it started to uproot.

Thirty-eight years after the death of the Cardinal,

on the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. coveted the magnificence of Hatfield ; but fearing the anger of the people should he possess himself of it, or give it to one of his favourites (as in many instances he had done before), he effected an exchange with the Bishop of Ely, giving him lands in Cambridgeshire, Essex, and Norfolk in the place of the Manor of Hatfield, which became a Royal residence and entered upon a new epoch of interest.

Henry gave his new Palace to his son Prince Edward, who received there the news of his father's death in 1547. Two years later Edward granted Hatfield to his step-sister, the Lady Elizabeth, with whom the beautiful old Gardens (on the west side of the present House) are for ever linked in memory. Elizabeth's love of the open air and of manly pursuits, as well as her devotion to books, contributed to that happy combination of physical force and mental capacity which stood England in such good stead when the country was at its lowest ebb. Daily she must have walked under the shade of the Pleached Alley, book in hand, reading one of her favourite authors—Plato, perchance—for Roger Ascham never failed to find his apt and witty pupil in the Garden or Park when the hour for study came. Elizabeth never lost this craving for the open air, and many a time an important Council was held under the huge trees of some park, or amid the flowers of some beautiful old Garden.

There are few places in England so absolutely untouched by the spoiling hand of fashion as the quaint, fascinating little square, called the "Privy Garden," or "Queen's Garden," which lies quite near the Cardinal's old Palace. The very rooms used by the Princess Elizabeth are said to have been in what now remains of the old House, and she may have looked down from her window on wet winter days, longing for the weather to allow her the enjoyment of her daily walk there, and doubtless sent her maids to gather the first flower bold enough to brave windy March.

If Chaucer be the father of English poetry, Bacon is the parent of the English essay; 'mid a life filled to the brim with stormy politics, and thick with intrigues, he, the great philosopher, found time to write one of the best remembered and the oftenest quoted essays on Gardens. The little Privy Garden at Hatfield is planted somewhat as described in the language of that essay, only in a simpler fashion, not so "prince-like." Bacon declares "The Garden is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge." There must also be "green," "because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn"; and fountains, "for they are a great beauty and refreshment"; also, "you are to frame some of them (the alleys) likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp

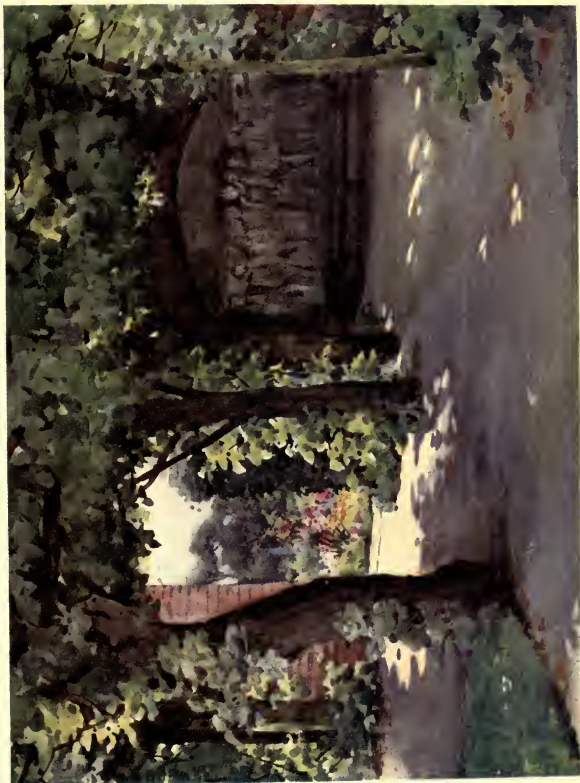
you may walk as in a gallery ; and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet."

The Pleached Alley would indeed shut out any wind, and the gravel (urged so earnestly by Bacon instead of "grass, because of going wet") has been superseded by an even drier substance, namely, asphalt—one quite out of his knowledge, man of science as he was.

There is always some old-world charm to be found in this little Garden, filled as it is with the many Garden delights belonging to the days of Elizabeth. Entering it from the north-west side, passing down a few steps, the Pleached Alley, a perfect covered way runs round the four sides of the Privy Garden, formed of closely planted Lime trees, whose branches are so wonderfully interwoven that they form overhead quite a thick roof of boughs and leaves. Pleached is an old word and comes from a French root, "plessier," to plait ; and the art too is a very old one, as old as the Romans and freely used in their day. The north-east corner of the Pleached Alley is closed up by a wall, on which is a bas-relief representing Queen Elizabeth opening the first Royal Exchange, Sir Thomas Gresham presenting the keys, and Lord Burleigh as Prime Minister. This relief was part of the pediment of the second Royal Exchange, built on the site of Sir Thomas Gresham's, which



THE PLEACHED ALLEY, HATFIELD



was burnt in 1666. The late Lord Salisbury, into whose possession it came, had it placed here recently. The stone is charred and broken by the heat of the fire. Like most Gardens of its date, the Privy Garden is very small, being only 250 feet square ; in the centre is a wide plot of grass, planted at equal distances with one Chestnut and four Mulberry trees. These latter are of great interest, as Queen Elizabeth is said to have planted them ; and if this is the case they are the first Mulberry trees grown in England. Later, in 1607, James I. made a very vigorous attempt to establish a silk manufactory in England, and to help the breeding of silkworms Mulberry trees were planted by the thousand ; the Lord Lieutenant of each county being informed that any one who wished could buy the trees for three farthings each, or at the rate of six shillings per hundred. The common or Black Mulberry was chosen as the only one considered hardy enough to stand the English climate, but this being of slow growth and unsuitable for silkworms the whole scheme fell through, although James pursued his idea with great enterprise.

Among the manuscripts at Hatfield is one mentioning the importation of Mulberry trees ; and Sir Robert Cecil, to ingratiate himself with the King, had five hundred planted at Hatfield.

The wide grass plot in the little Privy Garden

is divided from the knots of flowers by a clipped Yew hedge; and in the days of the Princess Elizabeth, as well as in more modern times, the Parterres were no doubt filled with Bachelor's Buttons, Cornflowers, Daisies, Iris, Lavender, Peonies, Periwinkles, Stocks, and Gilliflowers. In the centre stands a small Fountain with a basin containing goldfish—a feature Bacon “liked not.”

North of the Privy Garden, with “its covert way,” entered by a flight of steps, lies the sunken Rosary, laid out in a series of half-circles with a round Pond in the centre. This Rosary looks very quaint, placed as it is on a large grass Lawn, planted with splendid Chestnut trees, standing on the west side of the great courtyard of the present House, and flanked by the old Palace on the east. Fancy depicts the Cardinal as having walked in this “Garden of Perfumes,” as it was sometimes called, sweet with the scent of the Briar hedges and the delicate fragrance of the dusky red damask Roses, such Roses as the folk long ago loved to plant (the virtue of size *versus* scent being left to the nineteenth century to discover)—to say nothing of the scented Marjoram and the wild Thyme. Such herbs were planted for the sake of their blended perfume. The delight of this Rosary would undoubtedly appeal very strongly to the great Churchman, who possessed such a keen eye for the beautiful in everything.

Passing round to the front of the old Palace and along the drive, a gateway is reached leading down into yet another Garden—in early Summer a perfect blaze of colour. Against the low brick wall which separates the two Gardens, are Flowerbeds filled with Phloxes, Delphiniums, and every variety of Herbaceous plant. Three flights of steps lead up to the Privy Garden above, and from there lovely vistas of the smaller Garden can be seen. A path runs from the centre steps down the middle of the Garden, flanked on each side by two quadrant shaped Lawns surrounded by shrubs and flowers. This path, ornamented with a Sundial, leads right round past the south end of the Privy Garden into the “Wilderness.”

At Edward VI.'s death and by Queen Mary's command, Elizabeth left Hatfield to return as a prisoner under the care of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. His genuine admiration for his illustrious charge made him do all in his power to relax the severity of the Queen to her step-sister, of whom she was bitterly jealous. Sir Thomas Pope writes of his future Queen in glowing terms; he says: “She is not only gracious, but most learned, as ye right well know.”

Perhaps these last years of Mary's reign, full as they were of intrigues and cruel religious persecutions, were for Elizabeth the most peaceful years of her life. She was living in the midst of a glorious

Park and Garden, surroundings which she loved, and in the society of cultured and intellectual people, with whom she could converse when tired of reading Greek, "embroidering in gold and silver," or playing on the virginal. The part of "Sweet Sister Temperance," given to her by King Edward, was acted by her to perfection during those last days at Hatfield. Elizabeth, like Edward VI., first heard of her succession to the Crown while at Hatfield; and tradition points out the very Oak under which she was sitting in the Park, when, among others, the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Richard Sackville informed her that she was their Queen; and it was here that she held her first Privy Council. Whether Elizabeth often returned to Hatfield after she became Queen is very doubtful, but that she did so once on a grand progress into Essex is certain. On her ascent to the throne, however, her glory ceased to shine on the old place, though the memory of her presence ever abides there. As an old writer remarks: "It will be for ever famous, for that it first offered forth our most worthy Elizabeth to the Regal Diademe and to receive the triumphant cepter of the Realme, happie in her Royal Maiestie, and therefore let Hautfeyld be ever famous." A new and very different splendour was shortly to burst over Hatfield—a splendour that was the comment of all. The man who wrought this change was thus described by one of his

contemporaries: "For his person he was not much beholding to Nature, though somewhat for his face, which was the best part of his outside; for his inside it may be said, and without offence, that he was his Father's owne sonne, and a pregnant president in all his discipline of state; he was a courtier from his cradle; and he soon made shew what he was and would be." "He" was no other than Sir Robert Cecil, the sometime "imp" and afterwards "the staff" of Elizabeth's declining years; the proud owner of "Theobalds," with all its fascinating conceits, walls covered with Phillyrea, a Maze, a Mount, and a *jet d'eau*; all quaintly described by Mandelslo and Paulus Hentzner in their "Travels." Theobalds was indeed a typical "princely" Garden of the time of Elizabeth, and one often cited to show the foolishness of the Formal style, especially by Horace Walpole, in his well-known "Essay on Gardening."

Sir Robert Cecil kept James of Scotland well informed as to the failing health of the Queen, and made up to the lesser star when he saw the great light waning—two facts which did him no injury in that King's eyes! The Scotch King left Edinburgh on April, 1603, for his progress to "the Land of Promise," as he called his new kingdom. Sir Robert Cecil writes in one of his letters: "His Majesty is now come on his journey as far as Burghley House (which belonged to Lord Burleigh's

eldest son, afterwards created Earl of Exeter) and on Tuesday is expected at Theobalds." The chief reason that made King James desire the possession of Cecil's house was its nearness to an immense expanse of land suitable for hunting, and it was not long before he had persuaded his minister to make the celebrated exchange of "Hatfield" for "Theobalds," Hatfield thus becoming, with all its memories, the property of Sir Robert Cecil, the founder of the great house. Cecil was the youngest son of the celebrated Lord Burleigh, whose taste in Gardens was admittedly the best in his day.

It was he who planned the delights of Theobalds and the beauties of Burghley, and retained for twenty years as his Gardener, Gerard, the famous herbalist, author of "The Herbal," dedicated to Lord Burghleigh, and with his help many unknown flowers were introduced into English Gardens. For instance, Gerard writes: "The Red Lillie of Constantinople groweth wilde in the fields and mountains many daies journies beyonde Constanti-nople, whither it is brought by the poore peasants to be solde, for the decking up of Gardens. From thence it was sent by Master Harbran ambassor there unto my honorable and good Lord and Master the Lord Treasurer of England who bestowed them upon me for my Garden." It was not surprising under these circumstances that Lord

Burleigh's son should possess a Garden as well as a House which was the envy of all. Sir Robert Cecil changed the site of his new House at Hatfield to a more commanding position, eastward of the old Palace. John Thorpe, the architect of Holland House, Kensington, has often been mentioned as the designer of Hatfield, and though there is nothing to prove this the two houses bear a strong resemblance. On the other hand, it is said on good authority that Sir Robert was his own architect; if so, he should be remembered as much on account of the beautiful House he designed as for his cautious statesmanship. Hatfield is the first House said to have been designed with reference to the landscape with which it would be surrounded. Certainly it is most happily placed, both sides of the great House facing down long Avenues of double rows of trees, beyond which lies the Park beautifully wooded, the trees being principally Oak, Elm, and Ash, while the undergrowth of Rhododendrons makes the woods a lovely sight in the Spring. Pepys evidently thought that the first Lord Salisbury (Sir Robert Cecil had been created Earl of Salisbury in 1605) had bestowed as much care upon his Gardens as on his House, for he writes in his celebrated Diary, 1661: "July 22nd I came to Hatfield before 12 o'clock, where I had a very good dinner with my hostess at my Lord Salisbury's inn and after dinner though

weary I walked all alone to the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again, and coming back I met with Mr. Looker, my Lord's Gardener (a friend of Mr. Eglin's) who showed me the House, the Chapell with brave pictures, and above all the Gardens, such as I never saw in all my life ; nor so good flowers, nor so great Gooseberrys as big as nutmegs."

Lord Salisbury was fortunate in not only inheriting a taste for Gardening but in possessing two very celebrated Gardeners ; the first was Montague Jennings, the second, even better known, was John Tradescant (one of a famous family of Gardeners), whose father was Gardener to Queen Elizabeth ; the son John succeeding him in the post in the latter years of her reign, and at her death passing into the service of Lord Salisbury, becoming finally Gardener to Charles I. It is interesting to note that John Tradescant, the son of John, founded the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. With such guidance, as well as his own knowledge, it is not surprising that Lord Salisbury created a Garden at Hatfield almost perfect of its kind. The Gardens on the east side of the House and those on the south front both date from this period. On coming up the far-famed Elm Avenue, with its double rows of trees on each side, and crossing the great courtyard on the north front of the House, an entrance leads on to the Terrace,

the open-work stone wall of which has on the inner side a low, primly cut hedge; from this Terrace the Gardens are reached by a wide flight of steps which project like a bridge across the path below. In a line with the flight of steps is a broad gravel walk; on each side six Yew trees are planted in the green turf, out of which the Parterres are cut. The Flower-garden, with its elaborately designed geometrical Parterres are now, as in Cecil's time, worked into the initials B and S. From old designs it appears that these upper Gardens were never completed, and even what remains of them is not as originally planned, when they possessed beautiful fountains and were to have had others even more elaborate, but they, like "the water-works" in the Vineyard, were never finished owing to Cecil's death. Lying somewhat lower than this Garden, and entered by steps cut in the grass slope, is a beautiful Bowling Green—a feature without which no Garden of that period was complete. Then, sunk again at the foot of another grass bank, is the Maze, with its windings and intricate turnings planned in squares, the top of its hedges being on a level with the Bowling Green, thus recalling the remark of William Lawson in his "New Orchard and Garden":—"Mazes well framed a man's height may perhaps make your friend wander in gathering of berries, till he cannot recover himselfe without your helpe."

Beyond the Maze is a Pergola, and parallel with it is another little Sunk Garden; very charmingly planned; it is oblong in shape, enclosed by a hedge on three sides; the east side being shaped in the middle into a semicircle, with very pleasing effect.

A small plantation of trees, intersected with paths, slopes down to the water's edge, and then comes the Park, with its Bracken Fern and magnificent trees. On all sides, except on the north where the great courtyard stands, Hatfield House is surrounded by Gardens, and one of these remains to be mentioned. Laid out immediately in front of the smaller courtyard, on the south side of the House, it is on a level with the Terrace, and can be approached from almost any side. The green foliage of a noticeably handsome row of Orange trees (planted in boxes) contrasts most pleasantly with the pierced stone arcading of the House.

The Garden is enclosed by the same pierced stone balustrade as that found on the east side. Here, as in many other places, this balustrade is covered with Ivy and creepers, having Pavilions at the four corners. A wide path encircles the Garden, while a still wider one runs from the courtyard down the centre till it reaches the Park which it overlooks, being on a line with a magnificent Avenue, consisting again of double rows of trees, and similar to the one leading to the court-

yard on the north front of the House. On each side of the central path lie large grass Lawns (edged with stone) in which are cut Beds also with stone edging. Well-designed stone Fountains are placed in the middle of the central Bed, and stone Vases stand at some of the corners of the grass Lawns, very typical of the Elizabethan Flower-garden.

The Parks were enclosed especially for "red and fallow deer" by Sir Robert Cecil, and in one of them he planted the Vineyard, about half a mile away from the House, and even in his day, as well as afterwards, thought "surpassing rare." John Evelyn mentions it in his Diary in 1643: "March 11. I went to see my Lord of Salisbury's Palace at Hatfield, where the most considerable rarity besides the House (inferior to few then in England for its architecture) was the Garden and Vineyard rarely well watered and planted."

To reach the Dell, as it was often called in the old days, it is necessary to take a beautiful walk down the great Elm Avenue and through many smaller ones (for the Park is a perfect network of leafy lanes), and on amid the Bracken and undergrowth till "the rarity" is reached. It is enclosed on three sides with a castellated brick wall, the entrance being through a Garden House, which is apparently quite modern. Across the wide gravel Terrace, down a flight of stone steps, with banks of thick, glossy Laurels on

each side, is seen a wonderful and unique vista through an arch cut in the thick, straight-clipped Yews, down over the greenest of green grass slopes, across the shimmering river to great clipped trees beyond, and up a straight cut path with only a streak of sky showing between the living walls of green. It is a wonderful sight, especially when seen on a summer's evening with the afterglow of sunset still lingering, and the glorious harvest moon gradually rising, a brilliant ball of orange in the mauve sky. The mysterious light brings out to the full the weird wonder of the place, with its varied depths and shades of green, so subtly blended, and vanishing in the blue blackness of the Yews. Little paths wander over the banks, in many instances perfect green Bowers, for the branches of the trees planted on each side, being twisted downwards to form an archway over the path, make a kind of Pleached Alley. The whole of this strange Garden is cut into three Terraces out of the bank of the River Lee which runs at the foot.

The broad Terraces are gravelled, while narrow paths ending in steps run down by the walls to the river, bordered by a grassy sward planted with clipped Yews. It is all severe, dark, and solemn, and as one writer says, "its primly cut, methodical Yews with their parallel alleys, carry imagination back to Donne, Herbert, and Burton, such poetry, such prose, so fresh, so scholarly, so contemplative



THE VINEYARD, HATFIELD



solemn as those Yews, quaint and fantastic as they could only have been in a retreat like this."

From the first moment of seeing this retreat filled with solitude the question arises, Who designed this beautiful green Dell? and only one answer can be given—a Frenchman, viz., Simon Sturtivant. But from all accounts not half the wonders planned were accomplished, and even many that were disappeared in the lapse of years; such as Arbours and flowers, to say nothing of the Fountain and the marvellous "waterworks" planned by the Frenchman, so popular in those days. Bridges across the river gave access to the Vineyard on the other side, from which Vineyard this strange Garden still takes its name, though the Vines have all disappeared.

Long before this date, however, Hatfield possessed a Vineyard, in which grew the Grapes used first by the Abbots and then by the Bishops of Ely to make their wine. But from all accounts the Grapes grown in England were generally very poor, and consequently the wine made from them was bad in quality, probably not unlike the *vin ordinaire* drunk by the French peasants; and this was no doubt why Vineyards ceased to be cultivated in England.

When Sir Robert Cecil determined to replant the old Vineyard, which had been associated with Hatfield for so many centuries, he did every-

thing in his power to make it a success. In the library at Hatfield is a document showing that over 20,000 Vines were planted, and the following letter to Cecil shows where they came from: "Understanding your Lordship's speech yesterday, that you are about to send some present of gratification to M^{de} de la Boderye (the wife of the French Ambassador) in regard to your Vines, Lest your Lordship's bounty which knows the true limitts of honor of itself, should be misledd by my disesteeming the things upon a sodayne when I valued them but att £40, I thought good to let your Lordship know before it be too late that I misreckned myselfe for 20,000 at 8 crowns the thousand, cometh to near £50 sterling, besydes the carriage and besydes, the Ambassador sent me word yesterday by his Maistr-d'-Hostel that there are 10,000 more a coming which he hath consigned to be delivered heer to me for your Lordship's use." Besides all these plants, Cecil had a present of 500 sent to him by the Queen of France. "This evening came to me the French Queen's gardener, that hath brought over the fruit trees for the King and your Lordship," writes his steward. The Gardener mentioned here was probably Pierre Collin, to whom the arrangement and planting was left. Notwithstanding these efforts the Vineyard at Hatfield was doomed to failure and only existed a few years, the last mention of it being in 1638.

Lord Salisbury seems to have been fortunate in receiving presents of fruit for his new Garden ; for Lady Tresham, at Lyndon, sent him fifty Cherry trees ; Nectarines came from Sir Edmund Sulyard ; and Sir Edmund Coke “a Norfolk Tumbler for his Warren.”

But to return to the so-called Vineyard, so beautiful, and so impossible to describe ; it delighted even Pepys' coarse old soul, for he alludes to it again in 1667. “As soon as we had dined we walked out into the Park, through the fine walk of trees, and to the Vineyard, and there showed them that, which is in good order, and indeed a place of great delight ; which together with our fine walk through the Park, was of much pleasure, as could be desired in the world for country pleasure and good ayre.” The old Dell and Vineyard is always associated with the “wicked Marchioness,” whose exquisite portrait is still to be seen at Hatfield House—a lady possessed of a love for gorgeous and picturesque effects, and of posing in them as the central figure. On Sundays, seated in a vividly painted state barge, rowed by servants in blue liveries, her appearance roused much interest and amazement among the village people who watched the proceedings from the banks of the river Lee. This lady was burnt to death in one of the wings of the House (since restored), and people said the devil had come to fetch her, setting fire to the

house as he left, the infernal flames being stayed at the chapel.

It is almost a sorrow to try to paint with such a cold medium as a pen the quaint beauties of these Gardens at Hatfield. They possess, like most Gardens, that strange power of conjuring up the past for those with eyes to see, making the little Privy Garden re-echo with footsteps of famous men and women from Queen Elizabeth to the late celebrated Prime Minister of England. Then the old Palace, strangely bound up with the flowers near by as life is with stern realities and pretty follies, stands a living record of five hundred years of ecclesiastical grandeur. And the Vineyard—that “rarity”—what if much of its glory has departed, does it not still remain a beautiful stately poem, a possession to be revered as well as loved? To none of its lovers is it more delightsome than to the mischievous Titania, Queen of the Fairies, who eagerly leaves her flowery bowers for the cool, green Garden, ready to play her pranks on any mortal who dares venture to invade it, and her fairies snatch with tiny, greedy hands at many a treasure which is lost—sought for—but never found.

HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON

“‘The blind bow-boy,’” who smiles upon us from the end of terraces in old Dutch gardens, laughingly hails his bird-bolts among a fleeting generation. But for as fast as ever he shoots, the game dissolves and disappears into eternity from under his falling arrows; this one is gone ere he is struck; the other has but time to make one gesture and give one passionate cry; and they are all the things of a moment.”—*Virginibus Puerisque*

XI

HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON

EVERY Garden must perforce, if it possess any history, be a Garden of memories, but none perhaps is so rich in varied recollections of the past as that of Holland House. There are Gardens where kings and queens have walked and little princes played, where learned prelates have enjoyed the sunshine and the flowers while ceasing to think of dogmas or political intrigues, and where poets have dreamt of love ; but few Gardens have witnessed and lived through such strange vicissitudes as those round Holland House : every path, tree, and flower has its story.

Kings and queens have enjoyed their beauty, for surely Charles's fascinating Queen, Henrietta Maria, paid flying visits here to her *bien aimé*, "the gay, gallant, vacillating Henry Rich." King James must have paced some walk anxiously awaiting news of his dying son—the excellent Prince Henry. Was it perhaps some memory of the past which

made William II. prefer my Lord Nottingham's house as a Royal residence to Holland House with its beautiful gardens? Here among the flowers poets wrote verses, wits laughed at each other's sallies, and Luttrell, the last of the conversationalists, made speech appear golden. Statesmen have wandered under the old trees pondering weighty matters that might make or mar a kingdom. Here Fox, beloved of all, laughed, and planned the helping of mankind. In the Green Lane lovers have met and whispered vows—broken and forgotten, actors have glibly rehearsed witty plays amongst the winding paths, and in the glorious trees Vandyke may have found the inspiration for his leafy backgrounds. And in some shaded corner brave men and true have huskily told the fate of the world's greatest conqueror—of England's justice without mercy to a fallen foe. Here, too, the famous Shippen—immortalised by Pope, and whom even Walpole declared incorruptible—walked, dreaming perhaps of Jacobite successes and the restoration of a Stuart king.

These are a few of the memories awakened by a visit to the Gardens of Holland House. The House and Garden are, however, so intimately bound up together that it would be ruthless to divorce them, especially as each gains interest from the other, and both together have grown into a beautiful whole. The Manor of Kensington—

or "Chenesiton," as it is called in the Doomsday Book—belonged to the De Veres for many generations and then became, through marriage, the property of the Argylls. In 1607 Sir Walter Cope purchased the property and built the present house, being fortunate enough to have John Thorpe for his architect, his original drawings for it being still to be seen in the Soane Museum.

Old books say that the Garden round the old Manor House was laid out in Elizabeth's reign, but though there is now no evidence of this remaining it is very improbable that either the old Manor House or Sir Walter's new House were gardenless. In all likelihood the fashion of the day was followed by Sir Walter Cope of a regular Formal Garden with green Lawns and a Bowling Green. The latter is mentioned by Samuel Rogers; in his "Recollections" he notes that "the Bowling Green at Holland House is mown every day."

Chance and change being the unwritten motto of this old House, it again passed into other hands, this time through the marriage of Sir Walter Cope's daughter and heiress (who brought as a marriage portion the manor and seat of Kensington) with Henry Rich, the second son of the Earl of Warwick and the favourite of James I., who arranged the marriage. Henry Rich, son of Penelope—the Stella immortalised by Sir Philip Sidney—was destined to inherit the personal charm

and beauty of his mother to such a degree that few could resist him. Magnificently lavish in all he did, he enlarged Holland House by building on the wings and arcades, said to have been designed by Inigo Jones. He also gave his name to the House, Charles creating him first Baron Kensington, and later Earl of Holland, in recognition of his many services, one being the escorting, with the Duke of Buckingham, of his beautiful Queen to England. Gossip whispers of more than a tender friendship which existed between Holland and his Queen; but be that as it may, it was of brief duration. The Queen's quick, imperious nature could ill brook his wavering allegiance to the Royal cause, and when danger threatened it Clarendon more than hints that she finally drove Lord Holland to declare himself openly for Cromwell.

Thus Holland House became the meeting-place of the Parliamentary leaders. The following extract from a journal of the time mentions this:—

“Perfect Diurnal, 2nd August to 9th August,
“1647.

“*Aug. 6th.*—This morning the members of Parliament which were driven by tumults from Westminster, met General (Fairfax) at the Earl of Holland's House, Kensington, and subscribed to the declaration of the army.”

It is evident that Lord Holland felt remorse for the part he had played, as towards the end of the struggle between the King and Cromwell he made a brave stand for the Royalists at Kingston, was defeated, taken and imprisoned in his own house at Kensington. Horace Walpole alludes to his death thus: "It was a remarkable scene, exhibited on the scaffold on which Lord Capel fell. At the same time was executed the once gay, beautiful, gallant Earl of Holland, whom neither the honours showered on him by his Prince, nor his more tender connection with the Queen, could preserve from betraying and engaging against both."

Cromwell and Ireton (the latter being deaf) discussed their secret designs in the middle of the field in front of Holland House, thus making it impossible for any one to overhear their plans.

For some months after Lord Holland's death General Fairfax took up his quarters at Holland House. "The Lord General Fairfax is removed from Queen Street to the late Earl of Holland's House at Kensington, where he intends to reside." Later the House was restored to the Countess of Holland, who lived there till her death.

During the Commonwealth, when the theatres were closed, the players who had bravely joined the King's army, were almost starving—only being able to act privately with the greatest caution.

Sometimes they played at great houses, and Holland House is particularly mentioned as ever having its doors open to befriend them; and Colley Cibber writes: "Holland House at Kensington, where the Nobility and Gentry who met (but in no great Numbers) used to make a Sum for them, each giving a broad Peice, or the like."

For some time after the Restoration, it appears that Holland House was let out in suites of rooms, and strangely most of the occupants were celebrities, thus adding to the marvellous list of great names that have ever been associated with this House. Among these tenants was Chardin, the famous French traveller (knighted by Charles II.), who, as he was especially interested in trees, may perhaps have been the means of planting the grounds with some of the choice foreign specimens to be found there. A very different character was William Penn, the Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania, who lived for more than a year at Holland House; as well as many other well-known people. It was through his marriage with Lady Warwick (the second Earl of Holland had succeeded his cousin as Earl of Warwick) that Joseph Addison became connected with the Hollands. Doctor Johnson writes in his life of Addison: "In this year Addison married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship. At

last the lady was persuaded to marry him on the terms much like those on which the Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, ' Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' " Addison's genius will be for ever associated with Holland House and its Gardens, especially as like many men of letters he found relaxation in the pleasures of a Garden, and has written most charmingly in the *Spectator* about its joys, forgetting when writing of them the severe classical style he usually affected.

He calls himself a " humorist in Gardening," and says that his neighbours call him " very whimsical " because he prefers the glory of the birds to the red cherries they destroy. He very aptly compares Poetry to Gardening. " I think there are as many kinds of Gardening as of poetry ; your makers of Parterres and Flower Gardens are epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art ; contrivers of Bowers and Grottos, Treillages, and Cascades are romance writers. Wise and London are our heroic poets." This last remark shows at once the school of Gardening Addison belonged to—in fact, there is no doubt that he helped to bring in the Landscape style ; its admirers always called " Bacon the prophet, Milton the herald, and Addison, Pope, and Kent the champions of this true taste in Gardening because they absolutely brought it into execution." Addison declares that " an Orchard in flower looks

infinitely more delightful than all the little labyrinths of the most finished Parterre."

Notwithstanding his new principles in Gardening—if it is his Garden at Bilton, in Warwickshire, he describes—it must have possessed great charm, and can have been little marred by the faults of the style he admired. He writes: "It is a confusion of Kitchen and Parterre, Orchard and Flower Garden, which lie so mixed and interwoven with one another that if a foreigner who had seen nothing of our country should be conveyed to my Garden at his landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the Garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me I give it a place in my Garden."

It is doubtful whether Addison was allowed by his imperious Countess to put any of his views into practice in the Garden at Holland House, as most probably the two held different opinions on this subject as on most other points. The marriage did not prove a happy one, and some wit cleverly remarked, "Holland House, although a large house, could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest—Peace."

In 1719 Addison died—it is said of a broken

heart—at Holland House, which he admired and loved so dearly.

It was growing time for "the brave Old House" to pass on again into other hands, and when the young Earl of Warwick died without an heir, Mr. Henry Fox (Sir Stephen Fox's second son) took a long lease of it in 1746 and afterwards purchased it from the Kensington family, living there till his death. Both Pepys and Evelyn, the two great Diarists, have much to say about Sir Stephen Fox and his extraordinary political career, extending over four reigns; and his popularity is not to be wondered at judging from the description of his character in Evelyn's Diary. "He is generous and lives very honourably, of a sweet nature, well-spoken, well-bred, and is so highly in his Majesty's esteem."

Mr. Henry Fox (the first Lord Holland) made a most romantic marriage; he ran away with Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. Of this marriage—which turned out most happily—Walpole, as usual, has some amusing remarks to make. He also writes to Sir Horace Mann in 1747: "Mr. Fox gave a great ball last week at Holland House, which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making great improvements. It is a brave old house and belonged to the gallant Earl of Holland, the lover of Charles I.'s Queen."

The first Lord Holland was much concerned about his Garden, and was constantly writing to a friend, Peter Collinson, about it: "If you will permit us, Lady Caroline has a thousand Questions to ask you about Flowers and I not much fewer about Plants." Then, in 1750, he writes to the same friend, saying he wants to "raise a Quantity of spreading Cypress from seed, also Scarlet Oak and Chestnuts"; and his friend writes back to remind him in March to sow "Candy Tuft, Rock Stock, Venus' Looking-Glass"—such delightfully old-fashioned plants.

It was in 1767 that Lord Holland got his great friend, Charles Hamilton, of Pain's Hill, to lay out the Grounds of Holland House. Horace Walpole mentions Hamilton in his well-known essay on "Modern Gardening." Both Walpole and Hamilton were aiming at the same goal—viz., the natural school of Gardening—and could, therefore, afford to be good friends! For the making of Gardens has been, like many better and worse pleasures, the cause of more than one quarrel. Even now partisans of formal or natural Gardens are apt to become too eager for friendship.

Hamilton introduced various American trees into the Garden and also some curious Oaks, and he is supposed to have suggested the turfing of the Green Lane, though the original idea of shutting up the road to form this Avenue was the first Lady

Holland's. Lord Holland and his son both died in the same year, 1774, and were succeeded by Henry Richard, third Lord Holland. It was in his time that Holland House became the intellectual centre for every one distinguished in art, letters, or science throughout Europe, many celebrated foreigners carrying away a vivid memory of the House, its brilliant inmates and its beautiful Gardens.

Lady Holland's reunions were, in fact, the nearest approach to those fascinating *salons*, so difficult to create and even more difficult to hold together, which appear as if they were only in reality to be found in Paris, the home of every art, where the genius of Mademoiselle de Léspinasse, the brilliance of Madame de Staël, and the beauty of Madame Récamier, gathered together men of every calibre.

Holland House is no longer surrounded by green lanes and flowering meadows, as in the good old days of Queen Bess ; it now lies in the heart of a bustling, busy suburb of London, called Royal Kensington, where alas ! it will soon be the only remaining green oasis left, the ruthless hand of the builder having pulled down nearly all the beautiful country houses in the neighbourhood, building over both their sites and their Gardens. Parallel with the fine Elm Avenue (which is a quarter of a mile long) there runs beside it a leafy, shady Lane, which was given to the public by the fourth Lord Holland

when he closed the right of way in front of the Terrace on the south side of the House. When this was done Lord Holland made a grass Terrace by raising the ground there, and a carriage entrance by lowering it on the east side of the House, doing away with the more ancient one at the south front. In this alteration the beautiful old stone piers designed by Inigo Jones in 1629, and carved by Nicholas Stone, were removed from their position at the south front of the House, where they stood, not supporting a gateway as might be supposed but at each end of a railing. They were placed at right angles to the new carriage entrance at the east side of the House and are approached by a double flight of steps, on either side of a fountain in the wall below. The piers are surmounted by the arms of Rich, quartering Bouldry and impaling Cope, telling a chapter in the history of the House. The north front of the House (reached by passing up the steps and through the gateway) faces on to a wide green expanse of Lawn, with some fine old Cedar trees planted by Charles Fox. Beyond this Lawn is a lovely Rose Garden (wonderful as well as lovely, for it must never be forgotten that this is a London Garden), having as its leading feature a long Grass Path bordered by those pink beauties, "Caroline Testout."

To the left lies the Rock Garden, only separated from the Rose Garden by a well-placed mass of

Rhododendrons, that give a radiance of colour to the Garden in Spring. Among the Rock-plants are to be noticed many varieties of Sedums, Thymus, Dranthus, Saxifrage, Aubrietia, Cistus, Cytisus, Iberis, Helianthemum, Campanula, Hypericum, and many other Rock-growing plants too numerous to mention.

Flagged stone steps lead down through the Rock Garden, past a Sundial, and on through the Rockeries to a Grotto containing a spring, from which the water flows in fascinating little rivulets through the Japanese Garden.

Both the Rock Garden and the Japanese Garden are innovations designed by the late owner of Holland House, Lord Ilchester, who, with Lady Ilchester, took such exceptional interest in their Gardens. Few people realise (according to Mr. Conder) what mystery and superstition lie behind the making of a Garden in Japan—for while attempting to express nature (being followers of the Landscape school which they adopted from the Chinese), Japanese designs are symbolical and intended to convey such abstract ideas as "Meditation," "Retirement," etc. Even the very stones, so essential to their arrangement, have all sex, name, and meaning. There are three styles of Gardening in Japan, "The Finished Style," "The Intermediate Style," and "The Bold Style"; which, unlike English methods, are *never* blended

in one Garden, but kept completely apart. With this marvellous nation, to attempt is to succeed, and their Gardens possess not only artistic value but practical merit.

The Japanese Garden at Holland House is very charming; there is, of course, an old Stone Lantern, of grey granite, quaintly carved and dating back four hundred years; no Japanese Garden being complete without one. It stands at the top of a sloping Lawn, planted with numerous flowers and shrubs, such as Bamboos, Yuccas, endless varieties of Lilies, Hydrangeas, Chrysanthemums, Roses, Dracænas, and various kinds of Grasses. The little stream from the Rock Garden runs down through the Lawn, between the cleverly-placed stepping-stones, clear and rippling and bordered by plants, till it reaches a basin, covered with pure white Water Lilies, which can be crossed in the correct Japanese way by stepping-stones, or by a little rustic bridge; while below it lies another Lawn even greener than the last (well might Pepys exclaim at the beauty "of the green of England—no way to be found in France!"), and planted with standard Wistaria, feathery Bamboos, and the lovely Japanese Iris Kæmpferi.

At the foot of the second Lawn lies another pool or basin of water covered with rose-coloured Marliac Water Lilies.



THE JAPANESE GARDEN, HOLLAND HOUSE



This unique Garden—such a surprise among its English surroundings—is surely a sign of the cosmopolitan taste of the English people, who have so often imitated Italian, Dutch and French Gardens with all their particular beauties: a new note, in fact, is struck by this strange, mystic Garden of Japan. Where it ends, and a little to the left, runs the Terrace of the Italian Garden, bordered on one side by an “evergreen curtain”—an Ivy-framed Arcade—cleverly constructed from one of the old stable walls, with charming effect. Joining this Arcade is the old ballroom, so celebrated for the breakfasts given there by the late Lady Holland when wit sparkled, politics were discussed, and love whispered.

It was near here, in 1804, that the well-known duel took place between Captain Best and Lord Camelford. Little need to say that the quarrel was about a woman, and that there was little cause for a duel at all. Lord Camelford was impetuous, as well as eccentric. As an instance of his eccentricity may be mentioned his preference for rooms over a Bond Street grocer's shop to his own magnificent house. At the Prince of Wales' coffee house in Conduit Street, near his rooms, the fatal words were spoken. No arrangement could be made to settle the affair amicably as Captain Bes had the reputation of being the finest shot in England, and his opponent fancied any overtures

to him would betoken cowardice. As was expected, the duel proved fatal to Lord Camelford, who died declaring that no blame attached to Captain Best as he (Lord Camelford) was the sole aggressor, and imploring to be buried on the borders of the Lake of Lampierre, in the Canton of Berne, and leaving £1,000 as compensation to the owners.

The Orangery lies beyond the ballroom at the end of the Terrace, below which, on the right, is the Italian Garden, only separated by a path from the Green Lane. This latter is a long avenue of magnificent trees, turfed from end to end, a marvellous possession in the midst of the wilderness of bricks and mortar which form modern London. And it was here that in his later years Charles Fox loved to wander. In Trotter's Memoirs of the great orator he says: "It (Holland House) was the place where he had spent his youthful days. Every Lawn, Garden, Tree and Walk were viewed by him with peculiar affection. He pointed out its beauties to me, particularly showed me the Green Lane, or Avenue, which his mother, the first Lady Holland, had made by shutting up a road." There is another walk which always goes by the name of the Alley Louis Philippe; as in 1848, when they were exiled from France, Lady Holland lent King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amelie Holland House for

some weeks, and the King took his daily morning walk there.

The prettiest entrance to the Dutch Garden—the Garden of “our grandmothers, the Chloes and Delias of the 18th century,” as Leigh Hunt calls it—is close to the House, from where an uninterrupted view of the whole Garden can be seen, including the little Dahlia plot lying at the end of it, shut in by its high hedges. This Dutch Garden is delightfully set out, the geometrical Parterres of black earth, edged with closely-clipped Box, are intersected by narrow Gravel Paths converging diagonally towards two Fountains and an Armillary Sphere, which are placed in a line, some distance apart, in the centre of the Garden. Perhaps, to get the full charm of the design, it should be looked at from a height, when it is seen to cover the ground like a gorgeous carpet, an intricate blaze of colour framed in an edging of dull green Box. This view is made quite possible by walking along the Terrace running from the south front of the House to the flat roof of the ballroom.

This Terrace lies on the south side, and helps—with the House on the east, a long brick wall on the north, and the stable arcading on the west—to enclose the Garden. Its being thus entirely encircled greatly adds to its beauty and emphasises the fact that it is a Garden within a Garden. At its foot, enclosed within prim Privet and Yew

hedges, lies the little Dahlia plot, so full of interest. In it, built in the wall, stands the Arbour in which the poet Samuel Rogers used to sit, of whom the third Lord Holland (whose friend he was) wrote the following distich in his honour :—

“S. Rogers, author of
‘Pleasures of Memory.’

Here Rogers sat and here for ever dwell
With me, those Pleasures that he sings so well.

Vll. H.D. 1818.”

Framed and hung up in the Arbour is a long poetical attempt of Henry Luttrell's, who appears to have found poetry more difficult than prose. The following lines are, perhaps, worth recording :—

“Not a line can I hit on, that Rogers would own,
Though my senses are ravished, my feelings in tune,
And Holland's my host and the Season is June!”

Opposite this Arbour a delightful little Fountain splashes, fills, runs over, and fills again, sprinkling the Dahlias behind it with a perfect shower of spray. This Dahlia bed is of great note, for it was here that the first Dahlias ever grown in England were planted. For though they had been brought into England from America by Lady Bute in 1789, the attempt to grow them was an absolute failure, and it was not till 1804 that they were successfully

introduced by Lord Holland. When travelling in Spain he met the celebrated botanist, Joseph Cavanilles, who gave him some seeds, which he had planted on his return to England. When they had reached seven inches in height they were planted out in this little spot and grew to "great height, and were rich and varied in colour," being the first Dahlia grown in this country, and becoming in a few years a perfect rage.

The origin of their name is said to have been that of Dahl, the Swedish botanist, after whom Cavanilles (who first described the genus) named them. Ever since then this little corner has been dedicated to these handsome regal flowers. Behind the bed of Dahlias, placed on the path in front of the Yew hedge, stands, on a granite column, a Bust of Napoleon, by the famous sculptor, Canova, done by him when Napoleon was Commander-in-Chief in Italy. The words on the pillar, translated, run thus :—

"He is not dead, he breathes the air
In lands beyond the deep!
Some distant sea-girt island where
Harsh men the hero keep."

The third Lord Holland, a most enthusiastic admirer of the great Napoleon, was, in those days, perhaps, his solitary champion ; he used all his

influence to get the Emperor imprisoned in England, but completely failed. Rightly or wrongly, the English Government preferred the gloomy solitude of S. Helena as a place of exile. Bertrand, however, and other devoted admirers of Napoleon were visitors at Holland House.

Of Statues and Busts in this Garden there are singularly few. One among them is a replica of the colossal Statue of Charles James Fox by Westmacott; it was moved into the Garden from the front hall of the House some years ago. The words, "Charles James Fox. Whom all nations unite in esteeming to have been the chief man of the people," are written below.

The fifth Lord Ilchester placed an Italian stone Fountain, built into a wall, in the West Garden; and also a larger Fountain, with a circular stone basin, in the centre of the Grass Terrace by the south front of the House, in which the Marliac Water-lilies grow beautifully.

From this Terrace, on a clear day, a distant view of the Surrey hills may be dimly seen on the horizon, and perhaps it is only when standing here, looking over the hazy, blue mass of houses, churches, workshops and their chimneys, which surround so closely Holland House, that it comes with full force upon the spectator that this beautiful Garden lies like a perfect Eden in the midst of the greatest city in the world.

HUTTON JOHN, CUMBERLAND

"A Garden is a lovesome thing, God wot !
Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
 The veriest school
 Of peace ; and yet the fool
Contentends that God is not—
Not God ! in Gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
 Nay, but I have a sign ;
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine."
J. E. BROWN

XII

HUTTON JOHN, CUMBERLAND

EXQUISITE glimpses of hill and dale can be seen on the way to Hutton John, which lies up the valley of Dacre, not far from Wordsworth's country. The old house stands in the Garden like a grim giant, with a shower of flowers at his feet. These brilliant blossoms at first strike the beholder as incongruous, near this typical border manor house, with its beautiful Pele tower. But the flowers are so carefully blended, so tenderly arranged, that they must be admired, though perhaps without them the grey walls, grass Terraces, and stately Yews would have been simpler and more in keeping with the character of the place. For it must be remembered that Hutton John is one of a chain of border towers, from which, in early days, war was waged, not only with the Scot over the border, but with near neighbours. In those days and in those parts the great aim of life was to gain some one else's cattle or posses-

sions. If possible, in these broils, life was not sacrificed, but it was held cheap, and the loss of many a brave man was thought a good exchange for two or three hundred head of cattle.

As the invaders, ranging from a dozen to some hundreds, were generally the stronger, the only hope for the invaded was the resource suggested by Pele towers.

In border counties these towers (or Pele towers, as they are usually called) are square, solid buildings of three storeys, with a newel staircase leading on to an embattled roof, with a small turret watch-tower overhanging one corner. The dwelling-rooms inside were limited, and on the second floor, the only access being from outside by means of a ladder, which was easily removed in time of danger. The ground floor was strongly vaulted and reserved for cattle, but oftener used for those abundant stores and home-made produce which people of long ago so wisely made and more wisely ate, knowing they were pure and good. This storeroom was frequently only entered by a trap-door from above, and was perfectly secure from invaders.

From this solid stone house (the walls were often seven or eight feet thick) the owner was safe from molesters, and could shower arrows or shot at them until they were forced to retreat. When the ground floor was used as a storehouse, there was an enclosure or "barmkin" attached to the Pele

tower, in which the cattle were kept, and those captured from some neighbour driven, after a successful raid.

As can easily be imagined, flowers—"those delicate darlings of Nature's brood"—are almost out of place around such a style of dwelling, and their very presence nowadays at Hutton John denotes that those exciting times are past and that these are the "piping days of peace." The owners of these Pele towers were slow to give up their houses of defence, and it was not till Tudor days that the richer owners of the larger towers began to enlarge their dwellings, building low, rambling, two-storied wings on to each side of the tower, in many cases almost obliterating its mediæval character, so completely was it disguised.

Hutton John is most beautifully situated, with glorious views; and through a meadow quite close to the house runs a stream—the Dacre beck—a "petulant, prattling beck," quite in harmony with its severe surroundings. The Pele tower at Hutton John is of very early date, rectangular, castellated, and made of rubble, the walls in many places being quite eight feet thick. A wing was built on to the north side of the tower by "Andrew and Dorotheie his wife, A.D. 1662," so the inscription runs, the same wall bearing the arms of the Hudlestons and Flemings impaled. This wing has a very fine appearance and is built in the Italian style, which

was coming into fashion in James I.'s reign. Carved on the gable wing appears the emblem of a cross patté, with the date 1662, and the words underneath :

“Hoc Signo Vinces.”

Most of the windows are as late as the eighteenth century, but the old heart-shaped ones have great decorative value.

The house with its additions forms the letter L, and on three sides lie the Gardens. On the right of the house, is what must have been without doubt the old “Pleasaunce”—now called the Dutch Garden.

Over the entrance door leading into it (in the high wall) stands a finely carved lintel, with three shields and the crest of the Hudlestons, with the following words :—

ANDREAS HUDLESTON HOC FIERI FECIT
SOLI DEO HONOR ET GLORIA 1662.

The Garden is square and is enclosed by three walls (including the wall of the house), and has a high Yew hedge pierced with archways leading to the grass Terrace beyond. This little Garden is laid out with Box-edged borders, filled with flowers. The use of that popular edging always recalls John Evelyn's remarks as to its value. “Box is infinitely to be preferred for bordering of *Flowerbeds*, and flat

Embroideries to any sweeter less lasting *Shrub* whatever, subject after a year or two to grow *dry*, *sticky*, and full of *gaps*; which *Box* is so little obnoxious to, that having all seasons, it needs not to be renewed for twenty years together, nor kept in order with the *Garden-sheers*, above once or twice a year. But whilst I speak in favour of this sort of edging, I only recommend the use of the *Dutch Box* (rarely found growing in England) which is a *pumil* dwarf kind, with a smaller Leaf and slow of growth, and which needs not to be kept above two Inches high, and yet grows so close that Beds bordered with Boards, keep not the Earth in better order; besides the Pleasantness of the Verdue is incomparable." In the angle of the two walls in the Dutch Garden is a Columbarium or Dovecote, without which few old houses were thought complete, but, as a rule, they were not placed in the Garden, for though a picturesque and delightful feature, they are not, strictly speaking, Garden Architecture. Walking past the house on the left side of the entrance, there is a stretch of grass, planted with hardy shrubs, which the soil suits admirably.

From here the Kitchen Garden is easily reached; it is a typical old-fashioned one entirely enclosed by walls, and ought to be an excellent Fruit Garden, for which it is chiefly used.

On entering the Kitchen Garden, a herbaceous

border is seen running straight up the centre, making in summer a dazzling line of colour, the border being filled with a clever selection of plants all carefully thought out as to colour. A distinct note in this Garden is the attention given to the colour scheme, upon which too much thought can scarcely be expended. Many Gardens are quite spoilt by the haphazard planting of otherwise beautiful flowers. This disregard of the combination of colour produces a most unfortunate result, very unpleasing to a cultivated eye.

Snapdragon (*Antirrhinum*) of every shade, beautifully blended, is the most noticeable flower in this centre Herbaceous border, being planted right up the whole length in such luxurious masses that the soil it grows in is entirely hidden from view by this perfect bank of colour.

Snapdragon looks most decorative when grown on old walls and buildings such as Hutton John. Being a popular flower, there are now more varieties than of old; those of plain, brilliant colours should always be chosen. Perhaps the favourite is *Antirrhinum majus*.

June and July are the months for many old-fashioned flowers—the Carnation, Gillyflower, or Sops-in-wine, to give it the pretty old-world names, being the most loved of all, with its delicate, sweet scent. This universal favourite flourishes splendidly in this Cumberland soil (which is a light

red loam) and is to be seen everywhere in this Garden in perfect beauty. The old crimson Clove Carnation which now can be procured in many shades, should be seen in every Garden, being a most necessary flower, grown in groups or masses arranged with other well-chosen blooms.

Great character is given to the Garden at Hutton John by the arrangement of the Terrace, which, though simple, carries with it charm and dignity. Whoever designed this Terrace can claim to have realised the exact note of colour and the correct Garden feature required by the old house. Raised somewhat from the Lawn beneath by a low Terrace wall, is the wide grass Terrace on which are planted, equidistant, six fantastically shaped Yew trees. Huge, solemn, and severe they stand, their dark green foliage contrasting deliciously with the cold grey background of the old house behind.

These Yews are such a marvellously impressive sight in their severe beauty, that even Pope, that railer against Garden extravagancies, would have had to acknowledge them the exception which proved the rule.

The age of these beautiful trees is said to be three hundred years, and they are named "Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour." The lovely view of the Ullswater hills, seen in the distance, greatly adds to the charm of the Terrace.

This steep ridge of hills is called the "High

Street" from an old Roman road that runs along the top.

Against the Terrace wall pink Roses are planted, climbing along it in graceful trails, growing from a bed of pale mauve Violas.

The Garden gradually slopes down from this Terrace to a grass Lawn—grass as green as that in the Emerald Isle, owing its beauty to the fact that this part of the country has the heaviest rainfall in England. On this Lawn there are to be found borders of different Herbaceous plants, artistically arranged with regard to combinations of colour, such as pale and dark mauve. In the Beds are Monkshood, Larkspur, Wormwood (*Artemisia*), Phloxes, and dainty Clematis trained quite low to cover the ground with a soft veil of mauve blossoms.

Though there may be a doubt as to the suitability of gay colour on this Lawn, it must be acknowledged that it has been placed there with great skill, and with a distinctly decorative result.

Another Terrace wall stands at the edge of this sloping Lawn, hidden by a very handsome Fuchsia hedge. The value and beauty of Fuchsias in a Garden is seldom realised, though they are among the most graceful of plants, with their crimson stems and hanging flowers, called by children "painted manikins." A Fuchsia hedge is quite a possession in any Garden; and it is a great pity that more are not planted, especially as



THE YEWS AT HUTTON JOHN, CUMBERLAND



some kinds of Fuchsias are quite hardy plants and will thrive without any care or trouble. Beyond this hedge, through a meadow, runs the Dacre beck, adding in no small measure to the delight of the Garden by its rippling chant.

On the left-hand side of the grass Terrace in front of the house, a flight of steps leads into a Shrubbery, and then into a little Rock Garden, filled with the usual rock-living plants, such as Rockfoil (*Saxifraga*), Purple Rock Cress (*Aubrietia*), Campion (*Lychnis*), and Stonecrop (*Sedum*).

The old house at Hutton John stands in such a commanding relation to the Garden that a little of its history and that of its owners is distinctly necessary to the complete appreciation of this wonderful old place.

In Edward III.'s reign, "*William de Hoten John* held this manor of Hoten John by the barony of Greystock by homage and 20s. coinage," and there is evidence among the original documents at Hutton John of the existence of the De Hotens as far back as 1282, while it may be presumed that parts of the Pele tower are quite as old as the thirteenth century. In fact, some people consider it one of the oldest in the kingdom. The name Hutton John originated most probably owing to the family descending from a younger brother of that name; but who this John was is not actually known.

The property remained in the family till Cuthbert Hutton died. His wife Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Robert Bellingham, had been educated with Lady Katherine Parr at Kendal Castle, and when Henry VIII. made Katherine his sixth wife, she sent for Elizabeth to be "the Mother of the Maids" at Court. The Princess Mary stood godmother to Elizabeth Hutton's daughter Marie, to whom Hutton John passed, as her brother Thomas died childless. In 1564 Marie Hutton married Andrew, younger son of Sir John Hudleston, of Millum Castle, and Hutton John, with its beautiful Yews and grass Terraces, has remained in the Hudleston's possession ever since.

Andrew Hudleston was an officer in the body-guard of Edward VI. and his two sisters, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. He rejoiced in the possession of seven sons and three daughters; one of his sons, John, stands out in the annals of the family as a most romantic figure.

Educated at Douai, in Flanders, as a priest, on the outbreak of the Civil War he volunteered to serve under Sir John Preston. After the battle of Worcester, John Hudleston helped to save Charles II.'s life by hiding him from the rebels in an Oak tree at Boscobel—ever after called the "Royal Oak." Boscobel possessed such a fascinating Garden, that when it was thought safe Charles left his leafy hiding-place; as Thomas

Blount says in his quaint little book : " His Majesty, finding himself now in hopeful security, spent some part of the Lord's Day in a pretty Arbor in Boscobel Garden, which grew upon a mount, and wherein there was a stone table and seats about it. In this place he passed away some time in reading, and commended the place for its retirement." Perhaps it was on that day that Hudleston gave the King a treatise upon the Romish Church, which so impressed Charles that ever afterwards he belonged, in heart, to that Communion.

Having hidden Charles for some days, John Hudleston and other friends successfully disguised him, and he made his escape to France. Some say the faithful priest travelled with him, and suffered many privations through his devotion.

At the Restoration Charles rewarded John Hudleston, and he was exempt from the terribly severe laws against Papists.

Years later, when the priest had become a Benedictine monk, and the King was dying, his friends, knowing his real views upon religion, were anxious to get a priest to confess him secretly and administer the last Sacrament. Strangely enough, the priest found was none other than the faithful John Hudleston. The King recognised him at once, and said, "You have saved me twice, my body after the battle of Worcester, and now my soul!"

There are many interesting portraits of the priest; the one at Hutton John was painted by Housman in 1685.

All the Hudlestons suffered cruelly at Cromwell's hands on account of their loyalty to the two Charles's, and this branch of the family lost every possession but Hutton John, and even this was many years "under sequestration," and not returned to them till Charles II. became King.

It was the grandson of Marie, the heiress of Hutton John, who married Dorothy Fleming, and added to the old house, having his name and that of his wife carved on the wings. Their son was the first Protestant in the family, a man of distinction and a great admirer of the Prince of Orange—in fact, he was the initiator of the first hostilities against King James. Hearing, in October, 1688, that a ship loaded with arms, for a garrison at Carlisle, had put in at Workington, he rode over and consulted Sir James Lowther (also a keen supporter of the Dutch William) how the ships could be gained for the use of the Prince of Orange, his landing in England being daily expected. They armed their servants and tenants and marched secretly during the night to be in readiness for the attack in the early morning. They were successful, the crew quickly surrendering. William III. was delayed by storms from landing at the time he was expected, which delay

caused Sir James Lowther and Andrew Hudleston a few days of great anxiety. But when William at last arrived in England, their prompt action received ample recognition.

Though Hutton John possesses an ample share of beauty of its own, it must ever gain a reflected glory from being near the homes of so many great men. Wordsworth has immortalised the surrounding country in his verse. Southey, Coleridge, and De Quincey lived amongst its glories, while Gray, always somewhat coldly severe towards most beauties of Nature, seems to have appreciated the exquisite pearl-like shades in the light and shadow of the country near Hutton John. He alludes thus to the old place: "Farther on appears *Hutton St. John*, a castle-like old mansion of Mr. Huddleston"—but not a word of the Garden, with its distinctive feature, the old Yews on the Terrace, which are shown in their full beauty in the water-colour drawing of Hutton John.

Though "comparisons are odious," it is interesting to compare old Gardens with new, the comparison generally resulting in the conviction that modern Gardens lack style, both in design and effect. The rage for flower growing has produced glorious specimens, but in many cases has banished any real arrangement or plan of design, without which no Garden can possess any true repose or charm. In old Gardens there was a

place for everything, but in many new Gardens there is everything with no allotted place! and, without a colour scheme and a definite plan, a Garden, as a whole, can only produce a feeling of decided chaos. Then it is seldom that a modern Garden creates a leading feature, like the Yews at Hutton John—modern ideas being opposed to artificial effects—such as Topiary work—preferring less design and character, and in their place gorgeous specimens of beautiful flowers.

KNOLE, KENT

“While, with slow eyes, we these survey,
And on each pleasant footstep stay,
We opportunely may relate
The progress of this house’s fate.

.
“No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.”

ANDREW MARVEL

XIII

KNOLE, KENT

DR. JOHNSON'S words, "the inaudible and noiseless foot of time," flash across the memory at the first sight of Knole Park—standing like a little walled town amid an undulating Park.

Time has touched the old place lightly, yet its age is manifest on every side; many of these grand stone walls stood in the thirteenth century, when castles were strongholds for the community within, and every inmate, from chaplain to scullion, had an allotted place at the great dining-table.

Those were stirring times, and if the walls of Knole could speak, many a brave deed of the past would be extolled. Alas! now it remains a body without a spirit, as it were, drear and cold, for the light of its glory has fled—the bustle and life of cardinals and princes with their retinues have vanished with the "noiseless foot of time."

Walpole's graphic pen describes lovingly and sadly its wonderful past, and the feeling of desertion

and loneliness which struck him on visiting the great palace. "I came to Knole, and that was a medley of various feelings! Elizabeth and Burleigh and Buckhurst, and then Charles and Anne, Dorset and Pembroke and Sir Edward Sackville: and then a more engaging Dorset and Villiers and Prior, and then the old Duke and Duchess and Lady Betty Germaine and the Court of George II.! The place is stripped of its Beeches and honours, and has neither beauty nor prospects.

"The house, extensive as it is, seemed dwindled to the front of a college and has the silence and solitude of one. It wants the cohorts of retainers, and the bustling jollity of the old nobility to disperse the gloom. I worship all its faded splendour and enjoy its preservation and could have wandered over it for hours with satisfaction."

Something of the story of Knole is told in these words of Walpole, but to realise fully the various phases the House and Gardens have gone through, the pages of history must be turned still further back. Old books state that in King John's reign the manors of Knole, Kemsing, and Seale were in the possession of Baldwin de Betun, Earl of Albemarle, who gave his daughter and estates to William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke.

Pembroke's brother, who succeeded to the title and estates, took part in the rebellion against

King John. "The patriotic efforts of Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury," Hume says, "were warmly seconded by William Earl of Pembroke; and to these two distinguished men the English nation is under the deepest obligations for the foundation of their liberties."

Pembroke's "patriotic efforts" cost him his estates, which John granted to an adventurer, who was later banished in disgrace by Henry III., and Pembroke came by his own again. Dying without an heir, he was succeeded by his nephew, Roger Bigod, who, in turn, left the estates to the Grandisons. In this last family they remained for some generations, during which time the property was divided and the manor of Knole transferred to Geoffrey de Say, "Admiral of all the King's Fleets."

Records do not appear to mention how the manor and house of Knole passed away from the De Say family; it was probably by marriage.

After the Wars of the Roses, the owner of Knole was forced to sell the greater part of his estates. The Manor of Knole, with its great house, had long been the envy of the Archbishops of Canterbury, who delighted in palaces suitable to show off to advantage their splendid retinues; so a willing purchaser was found in Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury. Thus Knole became an ecclesiastical Palace, and the new owner enclosed

the House, it is said, in a great Park. Archbishop Bourchier's successor, Morton—who left such a beautiful life record behind him “of being born for the good of England”—added extensively to Knole till it was, indeed, a Palace worthy of a great Cardinal of the Church and Chancellor of England.

Henry VII. paid Archbishop Morton a Royal visit at Knole, and the old walls and courtyards must have resounded with the noise and clatter of horses and men-at-arms.

Archbishop Morton, priest, statesman, architect, and patron of every art, died at Knole, the spot which shared his affections with Hatfield of earlier days.

His successor, William Warham, is chiefly remembered for being a friend of Erasmus, who wrote: “Had I found such a patron in my youth, I, too, might have been counted among the fortunate ones.”

These two friends were both enthusiastic over the “new learning.” Green gives a most fascinating picture in the “History of the English People” of the life the Archbishop led: “In the simplicity of his life the Archbishop offered a striking contrast to the luxurious nobles of the time. He cared nothing for the pomps, the sensual pleasures, the hawking and dicing in which they too commonly indulged. An hour's pleasant reading, a quiet chat with some learned newcomer alone

broke the endless round of civil and ecclesiastical business. Few men realised so thoroughly as Warham the new conception of an intellectual and moral equality before which the old social distinctions of the world were to vanish away."

Thomas Cranmer, a very different man, occupied the see of Canterbury after Warham's death. Cranmer played vigorously into Henry's hands over the royal divorce, and has not been left unscathed by comment for diminishing the lands of his see by giving the King Knole Palace, which Henry had always coveted. A quaintly written letter from Cranmer's secretary attempts to vindicate his master from the charge of pandering to the King's whim. "As touching the exchange," urges the secretary, "men ought to consider with whom he had to do, especially with such a Prince, as would not be bridled nor gainsaid in any of his requests. My Lord, minded to have retained Knole unto himself, said that it was too small a house for his Majesty. 'Marry,' said the King, 'I will rather have it than this house (meaning Otford), for it standeth on a better soil. This house standeth low and is rheumatic, like unto Croydon, where I could never be without sickness; and as for Knole, it standeth on a sound, perfect, wholesome ground, and if I should make abode there, as I do surely mind to do, now and then, I will live at Knole, and most of my house shall live at Otford.' And so

by this means both houses were delivered up into the King's hands."

Thus the Church lost by gift one of her most beautiful palaces, but perhaps it is only fair to the imperious Henry to state that some writers say he paid handsomely for his new house.

Edward VI. gave Knole to the unscrupulous Duke of Northumberland, who sold part of the manor, reserving "the house of Knole, its Orchards and Gardens"—this being the first mention of any Gardens attached to Knole. "Filled with the fumes of ambition," the Duke attempted, at Edward's death, to put his daughter-in-law, the Lady Jane Grey, upon the throne; his dreams, however, were short-lived, and he was attainted of high treason and executed.

Knole, after this event, passed again into the sovereign's possession, and Queen Mary, being a true daughter of Rome, gave back to the Church the gift of Cranmer, and it became the Palace of Reginald Pole, Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury (a man of whom history has given such widely diverse accounts); he is said to have been much attached to Knole, and died there, strangely enough, on the same day as his unhappy Queen.

The reformed religion, proving, in the eyes of Elizabeth, the better policy for the good of her people, Knole became her property and severed for ever its connection with the Church, which had

added so considerably to its beauty and magnificence. Elizabeth granted Knole and its lands to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who, however, surrendered them in the eighth year of her reign.

The next name connected with Knole, and the one that is generally linked with the fine old place, is Sackville. The Sackvilles were of an old family of Norman extraction, a race renowned for wit and wisdom. Walpole calls Thomas Sackville the owner of Knole, "the patriarch of a race of genius and wit." Thomas Sackville was the only son of Sir Richard Sackville (a kinsman of Queen Elizabeth through her mother Anne Boleyn) and was born at Buckhurst, in Sussex, in 1536; he studied at Oxford and Cambridge, and was a distinguished scholar in Latin and English verse. Later he entered at the Inner Temple. Literature places him in an unique position, viz., that of being the joint author of the first tragedy in the English language—Thomas Morton having written the first three acts, and Sackville the fourth and fifth. "Ferrex and Porrex," or "Gorboduc" as it was oftener called, was written in the then prevailing style, derived from the school of Seneca in England. Sir Philip Sidney speaks highly of this tragedy in his "Defence of Poesy": "'Gorboduc,' which, notwithstanding as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases climbing to the height of Seneca, his style, and is full of notable morality, which it

doeth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy."

The tragedy was written when Sackville was only twenty-five; he took his plot from "The History of the British Kings," by Geoffry of Monmouth. Each act began with a dumb show and ended with a chorus (save the last); the former custom was very usual in the early English drama, and gave scope for a series of pageants greatly appreciated by the audience.

The first authorised edition of "Gorboduc" appeared in 1571, but the play was performed before Queen Elizabeth by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple at Whitehall in January, 1561.

Court entertainments were nearly as dear to Elizabeth as were her magnificent progresses through England, and although she was forced to curtail the expense of her amusements, they were ever costly affairs, though nothing to the splendour and beauty of the masques of later date given by James I. and Charles I.

Through the recommendation of Pope, one of Sackville's greatest admirers, "Gorboduc," the first of English tragedies, was revived at Drury Lane in 1736, oddly enough with marvellous success, as it is a tedious and gory play at best. It is curious to note that the first tragedy was produced and the first comedy printed when Shakespeare was a child of a few years old; therefore it might prac-

tically be said that the English drama and the world's greatest dramatist were born simultaneously. Sackville is remembered by another work of more interesting character, the finest parts of "The Mirror of Magistrates," a collection of poems, which, according to J. A. Symonds, "has justly been said to connect the work of Lydgate with the work of Spenser."

Besides playing such an important part in letters, Sackville's life is bound up in the history of his day. Wild and extravagant in his youth, Elizabeth severely reproved him and declared "she would not know him till he knew himself." When he gained this knowledge and deserted pleasures and poetry for politics, the Queen extended to him her royal favour and he was rapidly promoted.

At Lord Burleigh's death, Sackville was made Lord High Treasurer, and created Lord Buckhurst, later by James I. Earl of Dorset. He restored and greatly added to Knole. The beautifully worked lead water-spouts bear his initials and the dates 1605 and 1607. To such an extent did he impress the Jacobean style on the old house that it is often forgotten that the oldest part dates back to Roger Bigod; but it is chiefly Tudor, the Archbishops Bouchier and Morton having added to and restored it during that period. The house at this time, with all its stables, outhouses, and buildings, is said to

have covered five acres of land. In no old book of this date is there a detailed account of any Garden attached to the house at Knole, yet Gardens there must have been.

Fancy, that fickle fairy, that may be called forth at will, can paint vividly the delightful charm that must have lingered over the green Box-edged bowers, and gay knots of flowers, which lay hidden centuries ago behind the high grey walls that still encircle the Garden at Knole.

The fifth Earl of Dorset made many improvements in the house and Park, living a great deal at Knole; he married an heiress, Frances Cranfield, and had her arms impaled with his own on the Garden gates and Sundial as well as in other places.

The house of Dorset has ever been celebrated for its wit and genius, though, according to the old rhyme, these good gifts invariably skip a generation.

"Folly and sense in Dorset's race,
Alternately do run!"

Of all the witty Sackvilles the wittiest was Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset, "who was the first gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of King William," a boon companion of Villiers, Sedley, and Rochester—the worst of profligates but the sweetest of singers.

"I know not how it is, but my Lord Dorset can do anything, and yet is never to blame," said Lord Rochester, in those early days, when they indulged in all the mad, riotous pleasures that a man of rank and fashion thought necessary at the time of the Restoration.

Sackville was a special friend of Charles II., and he was the first to introduce the King to the saucy orange-girl, Nell Gwyn, when she was his own mistress.

Evelyn, in his Diary, alludes disapprovingly to the King's intimacy with "pretty, witty Nell." He writes: "His Majesty's Surveyor, Mr. Wren, faithfully promised me to employ him (Gibbon), I having also bespoke his Majesty for his worke at Windsor, which my friend Mr. Man the architect there was going to alter and repaire universally; for on the next day I had a fair opportunity of talking to his Majesty about it, in the lobby next the Queenes side, where I presented him with some sheets of my Historie. I thence walk'd with him thro' St. James's Parke to the Garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between . . . (the King) and Mrs. Nellie as they cal'd an impudent comedian, she looking out of her Garden on a Terrace at the top of the wall, and . . . (the King) standing on the Greene Walke under it. 'I was heartily sorry at this scene.'"

When the Dutch war broke out, Sackville

joined the Duke of York as a volunteer and was with him when the Dutch ships were destroyed; it was on the eve of this battle that he is supposed to have written his graceful ballad, "To all you ladies now at land," showing great calmness of character as well as wit. The following verses—the first and the last—give some idea of its character :—

"To all you ladies now at land,
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand,
 How hard it is to write:
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

.
 And now we've told you all our loves
 And likewise all our fears,
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears:
 Let's hear of no inconstancy—
 We have too much of that at sea—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la."

Dr. Johnson comments shrewdly upon this story :
 "Seldom any splendid story is wholly true, I have heard, from the late Earl of Orrery, who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that Lord Buckhurst had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening. But even this, whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage."

In 1674 Charles Sackville succeeded to the Middlesex estates, and the next year was created Earl of Middlesex and Baron Cranfield, becoming the sixth Earl of Dorset three years later.

His taste turned to literature rather than to politics, and he was justly admired for his Anacreontic poetry. He was an honest partisan of James II., till he found that monarch's injustice, cruelty, and bigotry past enduring, then he became a friend and favourite of King William's. Dorset is a marvellous case of universal popularity. There was never a dissenting voice in the praise showered upon him.

The whole literary world of his day looked up to him in the matter of letters; as Prior (whose genius was fostered under Dorset's care) writes: "Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed to him that the Court tasted his 'Hudibras'; Wycherly that the Town liked his 'Plain Dealer'; and the Duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his 'Rehearsal' till he was sure that my Lord Dorset would not *rehearse* upon him again. La Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledged that he was a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language and all that they call *Les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgement confined only to books and literature, but was the same in statuary and painting.

Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure, and King Charles did not agree with Lely that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finished till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst."

Curiosity searches for a reason for the popularity of this man—to find that behind his graceful manner and witty tongue beat the kindest heart in the world. "He was a friend to the unfortunate, charitable to excess, tender-hearted to a fault, and lastly, most wonderful of all, a man of letters without envy!"

Knole, in his day, became a home for many an unfortunate man of letters; Killigrew, unscrupulous, gifted and witty, and also D'Urfey had apartments there for some years.

Prior and Dryden constantly stayed with Dorset at Knole, and their poems are dedicated to him in the odiously fulsome fashion of the day.

Their gorgeous, generous patron, with his keen sense of humour, must have seen through much of this servile flattery, and no wonder that his true opinion of mankind slipped out almost unawares in his poetry:—

"For pointed satires I would Buckhurst chuse,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse,"

sang Rochester in their youthful days, and till the

hour of his death Dorset had the world of fashion and letters at his feet, captivated by his wit.

Congreve, who visited him on his death-bed, declared that "Dorset slabbered more wit dying than most men living."

Without doubt the graceless, graceful, witty Charles is the most interesting figure among the many in the Sackville Annals, though his ancestor, Thomas Sackville, holds a superior place in literature. Scarce a mention is there in the maze of history of a Garden or Park at Knole. However, in 1709 four publishers, Mortier, Midwinter, Overton, and Smith, brought out the "*Britannia Illustrata*," a series of elaborate views of the great country seats of England. Very fortunate it was that these and other designs were made, as otherwise no record would have remained of the beauties that the ruthless hands of Kent, Brown, and others were to wipe out as if from a slate.

Knyff made the drawings, and they were engraved on copper by John Kip, who was born at Amsterdam in 1652, and came over to England in the reign of Charles II. Valuable as these engravings are, the idea sometimes suggests itself that Knyff perhaps improved upon the originals. In any case, his work gives a wonderfully clear conception of what the Gardens of that period were like.

But the thought of their destruction causes genuine distress—that men, from a so-called love of *Nature*, should have dared to tamper with the Gardens that age had mellowed, love had watched, and Art had designed with such symmetrical grace—Gardens which possessed a fascination seldom, if ever, found in those based on imitations of natural landscapes. In Kip's view of Knole no Bowling Green is to be seen, but twenty years later, in Badeslade's "Views of Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats in the County of Kent," in which Knole appears, many alterations are noticeable, among them a Bowling Green, this being just about the time when the game was most fashionable—though Bowling Greens had been in existence for quite a hundred years. Many old English writers mention them; William Lawson writes in 1618, "it shall be a pleasure to have a Bowling Green."

In Badeslade's engraving of the west prospect of Knole the house has two large grass Lawns in front of it, divided by a wide Avenue, coming up from the Park beyond; and trees are planted at equal distances round the Lawn inside the railings. To the right of the entrance tower is a handsome gate opening on to a Terrace leading to the Bowling Green, which is oval in shape, and stands on a higher level, being approached by a double flight of steps. Thick Yew hedges

surround it, with two Arbours cut in the hedge, on the west and east sides. A vista can be seen from the house (which stands behind some well-executed Parterres) across the Bowling Green and Plantation beyond, to the wide gate, with railings on each side let into the wall, which divides the Garden from the Park.

Badeslade draws attention, in a note, to the Mount in the Park, "it having a very fine prospect." Further west, past the Bowling Green, are Cabinets of Verdure, Statues, Ponds, Arbours, and a Wilderness.

It is a decided change to turn from this picture of a Formal Garden full of dainty whims, to that which fashion has allowed to remain at Knole.

For though the present Garden possesses interest of a different character, there must always remain a feeling of regret for what has been swept away in the past.

The entrance to Knole Park is through an Avenue of Beeches, which runs down to a gateway with a lodge on each side. From there the Avenue stretches up a wooded hill, and then sweeps through a green sward to the house, a magnificently *triste* pile of grand grey stones.

Passing under the great doorway in the central tower, the Green Court comes as a delightful note of colour after the sombre effect of the great house outside. Old walls covered with creepers, gay

flowers in stone Vases, and good reproductions in lead of antique Statues, all help to make up the wonderful effect of this unique Court.

Passing on to the Stone Court—the beauty of which must fill any one with admiration—and through the house, the great hall where so many celebrated scenes must have taken place is entered. One of these was most likely the amusing incident which occurred when Charles, the witty Earl of Dorset, was entertaining some boon companions, amongst whom were poets and wits. The conversation flagged, and Dorset suggested that every one should write an impromptu, and that Dryden should decide which was the best. Every one worked anxiously and hard except their host, who in a minute threw his paper down on the table. At length, when all the paper lay beside his, Dryden was called upon to decide, and without hesitating gave the palm to Dorset; an opinion endorsed by every one when they read the following: “I promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, or order, £500 on demand.—DORSET.”

After crossing a third Court, an iron gateway is reached, which leads to the Gardens on the east side of the house. To the left lies an old Walled Garden filled with a mass of delicious old Lavender bushes and Fig trees, the foliage of the latter possessing greater artistic value than almost any other tree. The contrast formed by the large glossy



THE LAVENDER GARDEN, KNOLE



Fig leaves with the sweet-smelling, misty mauve Lavender is a very delightful one.

The water-colour drawing shows this charming little Garden.

Beyond the Lavender bushes is shown a fascinating view of the great house, with its dormer windows and red gable roofs, rising one behind the other like a little mediæval town.

The idea in old days of reserving one Garden for one flower cannot be too much admired: it gives a delicacy of effect and also the charm of individuality. The modern fashion of long borders stretching away into the distance, and filled with flowers regardless of colour or species—simply creating a gorgeous display—is very wearisome, smaller Gardens, on a different plan, being turned to with relief.

On leaving the Lavender Garden and walking down a long grass path, the Sunk Garden is reached. It is enclosed by a wide verge of grass, with a huge bank of Rhododendrons between it and the high wall which separates the Garden from the Park.

Again, these Sunk Gardens are seldom made now, when panoramic effects are desired, and the fascination of mystery in a Garden is forgotten. To come across a little Sunk Garden, filled with its own special flowers, in the centre of which lies a pool of water, as at Knole, is like turning over a page in a

book and finding a new chapter containing something of rare interest. Continuing down the grass path that runs parallel with the Sunk Garden (between the latter and the Wilderness), the Park can be entered through handsome gates.

The clumps of trees and gentle undulations which characterise the Park impress upon the beholder that "Capability" Brown, or some such hand, had to do with its arrangement. Walpole in 1752 expresses his views about the Park pretty freely—as indeed he does on any subject, but more especially on Gardens: "From Sevenoaks we went to Knole. The Park is sweet, much old Beech and an immense Sycamore before the great gate, that makes me more in love than ever with Sycamores. A vista cut through the wood has a delightful effect from the front, but there are some trumpery fragments of Gardens that spoil the view from the State apartments." Evidently every one was impressed by these Beeches. Daniel Defoe, in his tour through England, notes them: "I saw Knole, the ancient and magnificent seat of the Duke of Dorset. It is situate in the middle of a very large Park remarkable for its fine woods and spreading Beeches."

Two great features of the old Garden happily remain—its old Walls and green Paths. The first give a feeling of privacy and restfulness not to

be found in a Garden which boldly overlooks a Park. And the constantly recurring vistas to be seen down the long grass paths make a remarkably striking feature in the Gardens at Knole, always creating a sense of constant expectation of some new and delightful prospect. From the little dormer windows of the suite of rooms belonging in old days to Lady Betty Germaine a delightful glimpse can be caught of one of these green grass Walks, with two old pillars, the remains of some vanished gateway.

The quaint little suite of rooms that Lady Betty Germaine used remain unchanged; they have not shared the fate of the Gardens of her day. And what of Lady Betty, whose name is so often associated with Knole and its Gardens? Gossip whispers that, plain and portionless, she managed to dance through a long life with amazing gaiety, if not wholly without misfortunes. Lady Betty was the daughter of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, whose chaplain for a short time was no other than Swift. Between Lady Betty and the author of "A Tale of a Tub" a strange friendship sprang up, a friendship which lasted the incongruous pair through life, only broken now and then by the mad irascibility of the brilliant cynic. Lady Betty married Sir John Germaine, of Drayton, the notorious adventurer and gambler, on whose account the Duke of Norfolk divorced his wife,

Lady Mary Mordaunt. Through her, Sir John became possessor of Drayton, in Northamptonshire, a beautiful old place, with a perfect Dutch Garden. He left it to Lady Betty, who enjoyed the possession of it for fifty-one years—as she lived to be “nearly a thousand!” Lady Betty left everything to the second son of her great friend, the Duchess of Dorset, Lord George Sackville, who afterwards took the name of Germaine.

Was it, perchance, in the quaint Dutch Garden at Drayton, or when staying at Knole, that Lady Betty Germaine learnt to make her celebrated Pot-pourri? Both Gardens, most likely, were filled with sweet-smelling, old-fashioned flowers, and both perhaps could supply her with the happy combination of scents needed to make, when dried, the delicious aroma of Pot-pourri.

What a fragrance there is in the mere name of that scented treasure—so beloved of the grandmothers of the past—Pot-pourri, whose home was always in some priceless piece of old china!

The old recipe for Lady Betty Germaine's Pot-pourri in 1750 was as follows: “Gather dry Double Violets, Rose leaves, Lavender, Myrtle flowers, Verbena, Bay leaves, Rosemary, Balm, Musk, Geranium. Pick these from the stalks and dry on paper in the sun for a day or two before putting them in a jar. This should be a large white one, one well glazed, with a close-fitting

cover ; also a piece of card the exact size of the jar, which you must keep pressed down on the flowers. Keep a new wooden spoon, and stir the salt and flowers from the bottom, before you put in a fresh layer of bay salt, above and below every layer of flowers.

“ Have ready of spices, plenty of cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, and pepper and lemon peel pounded.

“ *For a large jar :*

“ $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. oris root, 1 oz. storax, 1 oz. gum Benjamin, 2 oz. Calamino armatico, 2 grs. Musk, and a small quantity of oil of Rhodium.

“ The spice and gums to be added when you have collected all the flowers you intend to put in.

“ Mix all well together, press it down well, and spread bay salt on the top to exclude the air until January or February following. Keep the jar in a cool place.”

To return to the Gardens at Knole. At the end of the long gravel Terrace, which runs in front of the south side of the house, lies a little Rose Garden, on passing through which is found another Walled Garden, entered by a flight of steps, and surrounded on three sides by walls covered with Wistaria ; it is laid out with square beds filled with mauve Rhododendrons. These hardy shrubs, so popular because of their beautiful flowers, will grow almost anywhere (if the soil is free from lime), though they do best in a sandy peat soil. In many parts of

Ireland, where the soil is peaty, Rhododendrons grow too quickly, and so spoil their effect by overcrowding. Within the memory of the present generation, this Garden was an elaborate formal one, with prim edges and Parterres. But fashion decreed change, and change has indeed been accomplished. Though lacking in its old charm, a new Garden has been created, much helped by having as a background a picturesque view of the house.

On retracing the steps back to the gravel Terrace, through the Rhododendron Garden, on the left, coming west, will be found a Rose Pergola. This Rose Pergola is raised high above the Lawn, which it divides from the last Garden; it is curved in form and Early Victorian in type. The picturesque effect of this Rose Pergola is partly due to its admirable position, the trailing Roses being seen from many parts of the Garden. At the end of this sweet-scented Pergola is the "Duchess Walk," a long grass path, which extends nearly the full length of the south side of the Garden. It is planted with flowering shrubs, among the number Wistaria, Lilac, and Laburnum, all beautiful in colour and grace. Yet many people disdain to plant these three, as being "too ordinary and common." As if any shrub or flower, beautiful in form, colour, and growth, could rightly have either adjective applied to it.



RHODODENDRONS, KNOLE



On turning to the right on reaching the "Duchess Walk," another green path is encountered, which runs down, as in old days, to the gates at the entrance of the Park. From here a vista with the house at the end of it can be seen, across what was once the old oval Bowling Green. Here, on either side of the last-named path, are beautiful green Lawns—the largest on the right, is arranged with stone Vases filled with flowers. The second Lawn on the left is more a grass Plat, and is planted regularly with Apple trees and Herbaceous plants, with most excellent effect. Crossing the grass amongst the Apple trees, which in spring are a glorious sight, a gravel Walk is found, edged next the wall with handsome Herbaceous plants. This gravel Walk leads past the large gateway (into the Park) on the west side. On the wall on either side of this gateway stands a handsome lead Vase, with dolphins twisted into handles, placed there, most likely, when such work was fashionable in the eighteenth century.

Quite near this gateway, on the left, is the Orangery, and on the right, facing the south front of the house, is a beautiful green Lawn, like velvet.

The Terrace is separated actually from the house by a wide division of grass, planted with Palms, and with stone Vases, placed equidistant, filled with bright-coloured flowers, according to the time of year.

Walking down this Terrace, past where the old Bowling Green was, looking across the green paths to the Park, the old plan of the Garden is clearly discernible. At the end of the Lawn the Rose Pergola is again reached, and strikes the spectator freshly with the excellence of its position.

At Knole, as at few places, is seen most clearly the value of the old idea of the Gardens being placed at the side of a great House, standing in the midst of a magnificent Park.

Beautiful as some Gardens may be, they are always dominated by the house they lie near. Such is the case with the Gardens at Knole: they are overshadowed by the glory of the old House by their side. Their green beauties of grass Walks and Lawns only touch the austere magnificence of the great House with a softer charm—a charm greatly intensified by the Gardens being encircled by walls and lying like an oasis in the splendid Park.

A MODERN GARDEN, SURREY

“Of all God’s gifts to the sight of man, colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn.”—*Stones of Venice*

“All men, completely organised and justly tempered, enjoy colour ; it is meant for the perpetual comfort and delight of the human heart ; it is richly bestowed on the highest works of creation, and the eminent sign and seal of perfection in them ; being associated with *life* in the human body, with *light* in the sky, with *purity* and hardness in the earth—death, night, and pollution of all kinds being colourless.”—*Modern Painters*

XIV

A MODERN GARDEN, SURREY

A SENSE of colour and the power to use it is a gift rarely met with ; and especially rare is it for such a gift to take a Garden as its form of expression.

Few people realise that once man has deliberately grown his flowers within a wall—leaving Nature outside that line of division—Art must be the guide in the arrangement and selection of colours, not Nature, whose slavish imitation under conventional limitations will only prove disastrous and tantalising. For Nature, ever prodigal with colour, as she is lavish with life, paints too bold a picture for mortals to copy.

Most modern Gardens lack not only this art of design with its accompanying colour scheme, but also the value of scent is partly, if not wholly, forgotten. The twin sisters, Scent and Colour, should go hand in hand in the making of a Flower Garden, and they do in at least one modern

Garden in the county of Surrey, lying, walled in, between three roads.

It is interesting to pass from Gardens which have existed (in some shape) for hundreds of years to one which, as far as age is concerned, might be said to be still in swaddling clothes. Delightful to find that its youth is no barrier to its holding its own in beauty of design and originality of thought, a cheering discovery in these days so lacking in both.

This Garden belongs to an artist in the highest sense of the word, and is one in which hours, days, and months could be spent among its beauties. Every moment leads to the discovery of a new colour effect or audacious colour contrast, the whole delicately harmonising against a dark foliage background.

Rough stone terrace steps, edged with cut shrubs, a little hedge, and groups of grand *Lilium auratum*, lead down from the yellow stone-built House across a Lawn to a beautiful Herbaceous Border, as carefully planted with flowers as a painter arranges colour on his canvas; "not dropped down in lifeless dabs as he has them on the palette," but placed with "forethought and deliberation." The wild grace of Nature allied to the controlling influence of Art produces in this border an exquisite combination of colour, showing the amazingly beautiful result obtainable by skilled eyes and clever hands.



THE TERRACE. A MODERN GARDEN



The colour scheme of blue, fading into grey, has just enough yellow introduced to catch the sunlight, and to prevent the whole looking chill on dull days. All sorts of flowers, herbs, and even vegetables, are requisitioned to contribute to the general harmony:—Wormwood, Rosemary, Catmint, Lavender, Sea-kale, Santolina (Lavender Cotton), the little fluffy silver-leaved Rabbit's Ear or Woundwort, Sea Holly, Globe Thistle; and even a coloured Kale, is inserted without hesitation to complete the colour scheme.

This blue-grey colour runs like a ribbon through the Garden, and is lost in a border—the arrangement of which is yellow, orange, and red—only to be found again and again, the keynote, in fact, of this wonderful harmony in colour.

An arched doorway, wreathed with creepers, leads into another Garden, filled to overflowing with all sorts and conditions of flowers. In corners, on the walls, even overrunning the edges of the walks, owing to their luxuriant growth—here, there, and everywhere, in perfectly delicious confusion—are to be found masses of Lavender, Roses and Pinks, Double Hollyhocks, Michaelmas Daisies, Marigolds, Snapdragon, Ageratum, Cherry Pie, and Gypsophila.

There are two charming fancies to be found embodied in this Modern Garden, viz., the planting of flowers for every month, and a "special region "

being set apart for a special plant, making a kind of Garden for it alone. The surprise is great when the eye first catches sight of the Garden of Michaelmas Daisies, mauve, purple, and white all blended in a feathery mist. Planted in a wide border, on each side of a walk, with a hedge of Filberts and some dark Portugal Laurels as a background, the effect is most picturesque. White Dahlias are the only other plants allowed near the Daisies, their colouring harmonising perfectly together.

In the wild Garden, near the wood, there is a special early spring Garden for Primroses—

“Pale Primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength”;

while in June the Peonies spread a crimson glory over their “special region.”

Near the house is a stone Pergola, and lower down in the Garden is to be found that rarity, a regular rough Italian type of Pergola, covered with the giant Gourds, the leaves of which are magnificently decorative. The Flower Garden is cleverly separated by this Pergola from another half Kitchen and half Flower Garden. The latter is intersected with clipped hedges of different kinds, one being particularly fine and high, of Lawson's Cypress, proving a great protection for the flowers from the

cold winds besides possessing a very pleasant aromatic scent.

Hedges, both for use and for decorative purposes, are introduced all through this Garden. The value of walls is also clearly shown; wonderful climbers wreath the gateways, and creepers find a home in the loose stones of the walls, growing with fascinating freedom. Along one side of the house runs a splendid bank of Scotch Briars, about twenty-five yards long and six feet wide. To use the artist's words about them, "Scotch Briars have the great merit as Garden plants—a merit that scarcely any other family of Roses can claim—of being in some kind of beauty throughout the year."

The Rock Gardens are to be found by crossing the Lawn from here and going towards the wood. The upper one is made of ridges of stone, planted with small shrubs, such as Gaultheria and Alpine Rhododendrons, some Ferns, and "various good foliage plants like *Saxifraga peltata*, and *Rodgersia podophylla*."

The other Rock Garden lies at the lower end of the Lawn, and to quote again, "is absolutely artificial, and only pretends to be a suitable home for certain small plants that I love." Made with shallow steps leading from the path, the joints in the "dry walling" are filled with Stonecrops and small Ferns. In cooler places Ramondin, and in vacant spots "Mossy Saxifrage, coolest and freshest

of Alpine herbage," are to be found. Groups of *Othonnopsis* and *Hieracium* are placed on the sunny side of this Rock Garden, as well as *Iris cristata*, and Violets, including the white Dog Violet, are to be seen in a little corner; while a place is found for the Cuckoo plant, no longer, alas! known by its quaint old name of "Lady's Smocks."

Noticeable at once is the delicious scent which fills the whole of this Modern Garden, the result of skilful and judicious planning, as are the perfectly blended combinations of colour to be found on every side. To pass from the scent of Roses, Honeysuckle, Lavender, and Carnations, into the aromatic odour of Bay, Rosemary, Thyme, and Rue, is a pleasure rarely, if ever, to be met with elsewhere. In the midst of these delights stands a house designed by a clever architect and superintended by the artist of the Garden, and with equal success. Everything within and without is old-fashioned, nothing is sham, but all honestly made in the good old way. For instance, the beams are fastened with wooden pins, and the oak doors have iron latches and bolts, and long hinges of the old country pattern; and the oak woodwork is a delicate grey colour, untouched by stain or varnish of any kind—a shade of oak very seldom seen, as most people prefer it darker in colour, under the impression that old age—not stain—is responsible



for it. Oaken beams, almost in their natural tree shape, run across the ceiling of the long upstairs passage with excellent effect. Heavy beams also cross the low ceilings of the sitting-rooms.

Attached to this original house is a workshop, the owner's sanctum, pervaded by the aroma of dried herbs and seeds, and filled with tools for clever hands to use. A huge writing-table and a carpenter's bench form part of the furniture; while shelves and drawers for every conceivable thing take up nearly the whole of one wall. Off the workshop opening into the Garden is a little room fitted with a sink, shelves full of baskets, and boxes of seeds, and all sorts of gardening paraphernalia.

A description of this charming place would certainly not be complete without an allusion to the pets—"the pussies"—who are such important members of the household, and are allowed to run hither and thither all over the place, ever sure of a warm welcome from their mistress.

On leaving this Modern Garden, the impressions which remain are certainly the delicious scent, the lavish growth of flowers in masses of colour, grouped against suitable backgrounds, and planned in each instance as an artist plans his picture. No corner of this domain but has its value—the potting sheds thatched with wood chips, a by-product of a rural winter industry, the making of barrel-hoops;

the low seed loft, built of stone and weather-board, with an outside stair such as is more often to be seen in Scotland. Everything teaches the same lessons, the value of simplicity, the nobility of work, and the joy of colour.

SUTTON PLACE, SURREY

“But before all things, to be sure you lay the Foundation of your Husbandry upon the Blessing of Almighty God : continually imploring His divine aid and assistance in all your labours. For it is God that gives the increase ; and believing this is the Quintessence and Soul of Husbandry.

“I therefore desire all country people to endeavour to know these plants which grow at their doors (for God had not planted these there for no purpose—for He doth nothing in vain). . . .”

A Treatise of Husbandry, R. WESTON

XV

SUTTON PLACE, SURREY

PERFECT in design and proportion, Sutton Place, near Guildford, remains a glorious memento of past genius and artistic power. The usual additions and alterations which most houses suffer from time to time this beautiful old house has fortunately escaped, and stands much the same now as it did in the days of its keen, shrewd creator, Sir Richard Weston—a man to be remembered as having built Sutton Place and kept the favour of Henry VIII. for thirty-two years.

There is a unique fascination about any old place which has been left alone, only tended and cared for but not changed by the taste of each fleeting generation. True to the date of the House, the Gardens at Sutton Place are entirely enclosed.

Great trees and clipped Yews stand near the House, but no sign of a flower can be seen from any window, nothing to break in upon the perfect harmony of the beautiful old building, so exquisite

in colour and design. The nearest bed of flowers is an exceptionally fine Herbaceous Border which runs parallel with the house, the enclosed Gardens lying in a line with it. Beyond the walls of these Gardens the Herbaceous Border lies like a flash of colour, flanked by a grass walk, which has on the other side a delightful old Holly hedge, cut in quaint shapes, round and square—quite a precious heirloom from past days; the beautiful mass of glossy leaves contrasting well with the varied colours of the flowers close by.

Lord and Lady Northcliffe, who have taken Sutton Place on a long lease, possess a genuine love for the old House, and entering into the spirit of its past, jealously guard it from innovation, allowing nothing to be introduced there which is out of keeping with the style of the house or Gardens. The wrought-iron gates to both the walled Gardens were designed by Lady Northcliffe, and carried out by the village blacksmith. Entering by the first of these original gates, a Garden is found full of interest, filled with old-fashioned flowers, such as Lavender and Roses, blending delightfully both as to colour and scent. The flowers are planted in four square beds in the centre of the Garden, intersected by grass paths. A Pergola of Roses and Honeysuckle runs across the middle of the Garden, appearing to bind the two halves of the Rose-beds together, and giving a very fanciful effect to the

whole. A gravel path runs round the Rose-beds, beyond which are the fine old brick walls. In the four corners of these walls there used to be—when Sutton Place was built—four octagonal Arbours. These delightful resting-places, which in very early days were only made of trellis work covered with creepers, formed perfect green Bowers, and were found even in mediæval Gardens. In Tudor times these Arbours were made of brick—and at Loseley, in Surrey, three out of the original four still remain in the old Walled Garden. Here at Sutton Place only one has braved the stress of years, but it clearly shows how charming an effect the four would have made. The remaining little Arbour was built about 1520, of the same material as the old House, viz., red brick, but such beautiful brick, coloured most exquisitely by the hand of Time. Octagonal in shape, it stands very gracefully in the corner of the wall; consisting of two floors, the ground floor lighted only by the two doors. This lower room has been panelled with old oak by Lord Northcliffe, and contains some oak chairs, a gate table, and a quaint old press. The upper floor is approached by a little ladder; it has a tiny fireplace, and is lit by two dormer windows in the roof; the walls are simply whitewashed. Being a very fresh, sunny little chamber, it is delightful for the purpose to which it has been put, viz., a library for Garden books, an ideal spot in which to enjoy Garden

literature. It is also used as a place for classifying plants and arranging the colour schemes for borders—a very necessary consideration, and one too often neglected, to judge from the crude effects often seen; though in these days colour is put before everything (but not always successfully), and often the dignity of design is forgotten, as well as the power of simplicity. From this Arbour a covered way, having a little roof of red tiles supported on oak pillars stretches out to the wall beyond. A post-and-rail trellis for climbing Roses runs all round one side of the Garden, and when the trees are in bloom the effect must be quite that of a Rose Bower.

Close to the wall near the Arbour is a most magnificent bed of Michaelmas Daisies, ranging in colour from deepest purple to palest mauve, and intermixed with white. Hardly any flower of the kind has more decorative value in masses than this delicate, feathery-looking Daisy, which glows with star-like beauty even during the dull Autumn days, when hardly any colour is to be seen in the Garden, except the glorious reds and yellows of the Autumn tints in the dying leaves.

The ordinary name Aster applied to Michaelmas Daisies would surprise the uninitiated, who always associate the word with the prim, stiff-looking China Aster (*Callistephus chinensis*) the annual so often used for bedding-out purposes in villa Gardens.



THE WALL ARBOUR, SUTTON PLACE



But the Michaelmas Daisy, or Starwort, is the rightful owner of the name Aster.

There are over a hundred species of Michaelmas Daisies—chiefly natives of North America; they are easy to grow, but need a good soil. The chief matter is where to place them in a Garden, their freedom of growth often causing them to destroy other plants. But grown as in this old Walled Garden—in masses—quite freely, they give colour and effect late into the Autumn.

The beauty of this Garden is greatly enhanced by its background of old brick walls—in places almost rose-pink in colour—always of such great value as an effective setting for flowers.

The second Walled or Kitchen Garden is well and artistically stocked with Apple trees, vegetables and flowers, all cleverly mixed up together, and in arrangement all in keeping with the date of the House.

These two walled Gardens are all that remain of the old Gardens belonging to Sutton Place. They possess a pensive charm always to be found in an enclosed Garden, for without doubt the perfect Garden is one that is walled or hedged round—the very word Garden itself means “enclosed space.” The cry for views does not come from the true Garden-lover, but one in love with wide extending landscape beauties and the lovely woods and valleys created by Nature, all of which surely lie apart from the simple beauties of a Garden.

The other Gardens at Sutton Place are quite modern. The Wild Garden is to be found on the other side of the Lawn opposite the House. The Water Garden, the construction of which Lady Northcliffe is now superintending, is to be formal in style. A number of men are now engaged in digging out the ponds, and when it is all finished there is no doubt it will be a great additional beauty to the place.

The dear little Rosary, or Rose Garden, is reached by crossing the Lawn to the right of the House, or by the little narrow path that runs between the beautiful old Hollies. It is square in design, with a low hedge of clipped Yew all round, with passage-ways cut in three sides. By looking through one of these openings a pretty glimpse of the Rosary is seen, with its carpet of grass, Sundial, Fountain, and Stone Seat. It is a dainty little spot, planned with thought and care.

"A Roser charged full of Rosis
That with an hedge about enclois,"

as the old poet says.

Being all grass underfoot, it is chiefly a summer Garden, a delightful retreat for rest and thought—always more readily found in a Garden than in any other place.

A Fountain stands in a stone Basin in the centre

of the grass, in which are cut four Rose-beds, curved on the side next the Fountain, and so forming round it a pleasing pattern. A Pillar Sundial is placed beyond the Fountain. All Sundials have a fascination about them, as well as a great decorative value, but Pillar Sundials must ever recall the memory of a brilliant woman who lived long ago, viz., Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, and who put up the earliest Pillar Sundials on the wayside between Appleby and Brougham in 1556—"for a memorial of Her Last Parting in This Place with Her Good and Pious Mother."

Against the Yew hedge at the end of the Rosary is a semicircular Stone Seat, to which the dark background of Yew forms an exceptionally good contrast.

Sutton Place has only one short avenue of Elms, no longer used as a drive to the House, the approach now being made through some green meadows. It is interesting to note that one is generally sown with clover, for in 1645 Sir Richard Weston introduced the "Great Clover" into England, so this pretty grass is most appropriately found at Sutton.

Not one, but many celebrated people must have wandered in the old Gardens at Sutton Place, all more or less linked with the history of the House. For instance, Pope, the poet of satires and intrigues, had a romantic attachment to Elizabeth Weston,

sister of Viscount Gage and wife of John, the last male heir of the sturdy old founder of the house, Sir Richard Weston.

In all likelihood, in early days, before the quarrel between the husband and wife, Pope must have stayed at Sutton Place, and may have thought out many poems in the old Garden, or have written some of his bitter letters in the wall Arbour. The poem "To an Unfortunate Lady" is now known to have been written about Mrs. Weston, though entirely fictitious in its detail. For though Mrs. Weston was separated for a time from her husband (Pope writes to Caryll, his friend, in 1711, that it was "her ill-fate to be cast as a pearl before swine"), she did not commit suicide abroad, friendless, but returned to her husband, and died comfortably at home.

Pope writes to this lady in the most passionate language, "Your own guardian angels cannot be more constant; nor more silent."

Nevertheless, he did mischief by his interference, and evidently was banished from the house. He writes to Caryll in 1712, "Mr. W—— is gloomy upon the matter—the tyrant meditates revenge; nay, the disturbed dame herself has been taught to suspect I served her but by halves and without prudence." From old letters it appears that Pope did not outlive his fancy; and even much later he cannot allude to Mr. Weston without passionate abuse.

A very different person was William Harvey, who also stayed at Sutton Place when Ann, Countess of Arundel, occupied the house; she sent to London in 1619 for a doctor, as her grandson was very ill, and shortly afterwards died. The doctor who came was no other than the celebrated William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

Two celebrated women have inherited the manor of Sutton at different times, viz., Joan, "The Fair Maid of Kent," and the famous Countess of Richmond. Joan, "The Fair Maid," was the mother of Richard II., having married as her third husband the Black Prince. Her son (by Sir Thomas Holland) inherited the estates, and was one among the many possessors of these lands who early met with a violent death. After many vicissitudes, deaths, attainders, and constant revolutions, the manor of Sutton became the property of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, "whose merit exceeds the highest commendation that can be given, and from whom the Royal Family of England is descended," as writes old Camden.

Margaret, who was the mother of Henry VIII., was "by descent a Lancaster, by birth a Somerset, and by marriage a Tudor, a Stafford, and a Stanley."

At an early age—realising what an heiress she was (the estate of Sutton being only one among

many that death and war had thrown into her hands)—many sought her in marriage for their sons.

The Duke of Suffolk wished his son, John de la Pole, to marry her; and Henry VI. wooed her for his half-brother, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond.

This rival courtship, which is mentioned in Bacon's Life of Henry VII., worried the little girl, and she consulted an old gentlewoman whom she much loved. The advice she received was to commend herself to St. Nicholas, the helper of all true maidens, and, as she told her spiritual director, "this counsel she followed, and made her prayers so full often, but especially that night, when she should the morrow after make answer of her mind determinately. A marvellous thing! The same night as she lay in prayer, calling upon St. Nicholas, whether sleeping or waking she could not assure, but about four of the clock in the morning, one appeared unto her arrayed like a bishop, and naming unto her Edmund, bade her take him unto her husband."

In her fifteenth year, in 1455, she married Edmund Tudor, and "became allied by birth and marriage to thirty Kings and Queens." Sadly enough, the Earl of Richmond died the following year, leaving her with a tiny son, afterwards Henry VII.

The Countess of Richmond, wisely considering

the times and her vast estates, very shortly married Sir Henry Stafford, son of the Duke of Buckingham. Margaret was a woman of religious fervour combined with great mental endowments; she translated many books into English, among them "The Mirroure of Golde for the Sinful Soule" from the French, and "De Imitatione Christi" from the Latin.

Margaret naturally withdrew from the Court during the reign of Richard III., considering her son, Henry Richmond, the rightful heir to the throne.

In 1485 she had the joy of writing to him as "my own sweet and most dear King and all my worldly joy," besides welcoming him many times to her estates at Sutton. The latter, at her death in 1509, she left to her grandson, Henry VIII., who erected to her memory a splendid monument.

Henry VIII. granted the manor of Sutton, with its "woods, meadows, pastures, fisheries, water, vineyards, ponds, etc.," "to his noble and well beloved Privy Counsellor, Sir Richard Weston." Sir Richard Weston came of an old family, and was a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, also Master of the Court of Wards, Treasurer of Calais, and Under-Treasurer of England. A remarkable man was Sir Richard, for though his name does not appear actually in history, it constantly occurs in the State Papers of the time; and he is recorded

as having taken no small part in State affairs. And, marvellous to relate, he kept the King's favour—even more wonderful, his affection—for over thirty-two years, never once incurring his displeasure; an extraordinary achievement, considering Henry's fickle temperament. Doubtless Weston was most useful to the King in secret affairs, and also to the ambitious Wolsey; taking part in many a dark tragedy. He writes to the Cardinal as his most humble servant, "through whose goodness and medycacion all that I have now proceeded and came."

Sir Richard was a soldier, ambassador, Privy Councillor—in fact, a "new man," meaning a man after Henry's own heart; not over-scrupulous, grasping, and an absolute time-server, but ever faithful to his Royal master and his own friends.

Such was the man who built the beautiful House, and who was supposed by many to have been his own architect. "Sutton Place," says Mr. Frederic Harrison in a most interesting article upon the House, "is indeed one of the very earliest extant examples in England of a house designed and built with a purely domestic character—without any trace of fortification or military purpose. It is singular also in that its northern and southern façades are entirely the work of one hand, containing no earlier structure and no later additions. It may be said to be unique in showing Gothic

features in peculiar combination with the best Italian art of the Renaissance. And lastly, it is one of the rare examples of a pre-Reformation house in which, by tradition of the owner's family, the Mass has been celebrated, openly or in secret, without interruption, for 350 years."

The simplest explanation with regard to the designer of the house seems to be that it was planned by some one who had seen a great deal of foreign architecture, especially in France, such as the Château of the Loire, slightly earlier in date than Sutton. Possibly that person was Sir Richard Weston himself, who attended Henry at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Whoever the builder was, he was certainly helped in the design and details by Girolamo da Trevizi, often called Trevisano, who introduced both terra-cotta and moulded brick-work into England.

Aubrey, in his "Natural History of Antiquities of Surrey," mentions Sutton Place. "The place," he says, "is a noble seat, built of Brick, and has a stately Gate-house with a very high Tower bearing a Turret at each angle. In it is a square court. The windows are made of baked earth of whitish-yellow colour (like Flanders Bricks). The mouldings within the House are adorned with Pendants of fruit and flowers. The Fabrick was erected by Sir Richard Weston, Master of the Court of Wards."

Seldom in the history of any house is there to be found a darker tragedy than that told of Sir Richard Weston and his only son Francis.

It was in the year 1526 that Francis Weston was made one of the King's pages, and from that time he chiefly lived at Court. The King took a great fancy to Francis Weston, and played games of "dyce," "Imperiall," and "tennis" with him, allowing the spoilt boy often to win immense sums of money.

In old records, such as the "Chronicles of Calais and the Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII.," there are constant allusions to the expenditure of "young Weston," as he is called. For instance, there is an entry, "Hose for Master Weston, Mark (Mark Smeaton, the musician of Anne Boleyn, who shared later the same fate as Weston), and Patche, the King's fool." Then later, "the King lends young Weston £20" (equal to £240 nowadays). Again, £18 is noted as lost to Weston by the King, "at popes July's game"; 4s. is paid to the servant "who brings the brawn and pudding from Lady Weston to the King." For many years Sir Richard had planned a marriage for his only son with his ward, Ann, daughter and heiress of Sir Christopher Pickering. The young bridegroom was only nineteen when he made this brilliant match. The gambling between the page and his master still continued after this marriage, as much

as £46 (equal to £560) being lost and won at a sitting at "dyce."

Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn privately in January, 1533, but he did not dare to acknowledge her publicly as his wife till Cranmer had finally decreed that his marriage with Katherine was null and void. On their Coronation-day Francis Weston was made a Knight of the Bath. Friedman, who writes the life of Anne so ruthlessly, says: "Among the friends of Anne there was a young courtier named Sir Francis Weston, the son of Richard Weston, Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer. He had just been a royal page, but had risen to the rank of Groom of the Privy Chamber, and was now one of the Gentlemen of it. For the last eight years, by reason of his office, he had resided constantly at Court, and he had obtained a good many grants and pensions."

Before ten months had elapsed after the Coronation, Henry paid a State visit to the beautiful house of his faithful servant Sir Richard Weston, "Concernyng newis here be non wourthe the writing, saving that God be thankid the Kinges highnes is in prossperous estate at this present tyme at Sir Richard Weston." It was on such occasions as these that the "grete carpete to lay under the Kyng's fete" was used.

Anne—"pale Anne"—who would not, or could

not, resist flirting, was the undoing of handsome young Francis Weston, as well as herself. History, apparently, is unable to solve the mystery connected with the whole of the story. Each account varies—some even leaving Francis Weston's name out of the list of Anne's lovers. Poor Anne, with her short-lived triumph! Whatever truth there may have been in the accusations made against the unhappy woman, the reason of her condemnation is not far to seek—Henry was tired of his second wife, and could devise no means of getting rid of her, though he had already chosen her successor in Jane Seymour—demure, placid, and false.

Cromwell stepped into the breach, and in his Machiavelian way suggested a means of compassing the Queen's downfall. So one day he left Henry's Council Chamber with a "signed secret commission authorising certain persons named and nine judges to enquire into every kind of treason and to try the offenders." It was a commission to find some flaw in Anne's conduct, to prove her guilty of a crime worthy of death.

Anne's fatal fascination, her overwhelming love of admiration, which was readily gratified by her many friends, gave ample scope to scandal-loving tongues, only too eager to eclipse the waning star. The first person Cromwell turned upon was Anne's unfortunate favourite and musician, Mark Smeaton,

who under torture made terrible statements about the Queen.

Anne was shortly arrested and taken to the Tower, in desperate fear and trembling. Hysterical with horror, she talked almost incoherently of first one and then another, making matters go from bad to worse. Francis Weston's name was soon heard, and the next day he was arrested and sent to the Tower.

Anne defended herself ably and well, and would have been acquitted in any court worthy of the name of justice.

An attempt was made to save Francis Weston, whose family was powerful and rich, but it does not appear that his father lifted a finger to avert the sentence passed upon his only son. All remonstrance was useless: Henry determined to spare no one. Jane Seymour appeared to be more within his grasp at each step that Anne took towards the block. His gross heart felt no pang at the cruel execution of his Queen on such slight evidence.

The letter that the poor boy, Francis Weston, wrote to his young wife and his parents is very touching.

“Father and mother and wyfe, I shall humbly desyre you for the salvacyon of my sowle to dyscharge me of thys byll, and for to forgyve me of all the offences that I have done to you. And in especyall to my wyfe, which I desyre for the

love of God to forgive me, and to pray for me, for I believe prayer wyll do me good. Goddys blessing have my chylderne and meyne. By me a great offender to God.

“Endorsed—detts to divers by

“S^R FRANCIS WESTON.”

The list of his “detts” at the end of the letter are interesting in many ways. Some of the items are, “Browne, the draper, £50”; “item to a poor woman at the Tennes play for bawles, I cannot tell howe much!—to the Kynges Hyghness, £46” (equal now to £552): the same amount he owes to the shoemaker.

All the victims were beheaded on Tower Hill. None confessed their guilt, nor did they protest their innocence, their silence being the price paid to avert confiscation of property. Thus died Francis Weston, a gay, worthless, light-hearted boy, whose life paid the penalty of his folly.

The old veteran, Sir Richard Weston, bore the execution of his only son with absolute calmness, and served his royal master none the less well.

Three days after Queen Anne's execution, Sir Richard attended the King's marriage with Jane Seymour. And this “prudent and most gentle knight” welcomed to Sutton Place, Cromwell, who more than any one brought about the murder of his son. Indeed, a case of “other times, other manners.” But the old man's remaining in the

service of the King under the circumstances is almost horrible. Nothing causes him to swerve in his allegiance; minister after minister goes to his death, but the old knight still basks in Henry's favour, and nothing but old age causes him to resign his office. He died in 1542, leaving everything to his little grandson, Henry Weston. He married a lady who was a cousin of Queen Elizabeth, Dorothy, daughter of Sir Thomas Arundell of Wardour. Her family have an extremely interesting history, being allied to every great family in England, and possessing besides the awful record of fourteen members having been beheaded, all near relations of Dorothy's, including her father!

Queen Elizabeth paid Sir Henry Weston a visit at Sutton Place very early in her reign, the first of many subsequent visits. If the Queen's eventful life left time for thoughts of the past, she must have recalled the tragic fate of her host's father and the execution of her mother, both victims of her relentless father. It was during Elizabeth's first visit to Sutton that a fire broke out in the great gallery, through neglect on the part of the servants, and that side of the house was reduced to ruins. Sir Henry Weston gradually ceased to hold any appointments under Elizabeth, though he always retained her regard. As a staunch Catholic he could not hold office after the Reformation was firmly established, and

from that time the Westons ceased to play any part in the history of England. Sir Henry did not even fight for the Queen in 1584, though his name is mentioned as a captain, and it is stated that "Sir Henry Weston having great occasion to be in the north this summer desires to be discharged as captain." It is almost certain from this and other facts that Sir Henry was a secret supporter of the old faith. In 1591 a search was made at Sutton Place for one Morgan, a priest; and Sir Henry was ever a friend of that dangerous rebel and traitor, Sir Thomas Copley.

The next Weston of any interest is Sir Henry's grandson, the third Sir Richard; he was a clever, capable man, who passed a great deal of his life abroad, living much in Flanders. While on the Continent he took note of many things which he rightly considered would be of great advantage to his countrymen in England. Thus he introduced the system of locks in canals, determining to put the invention into practice on his own estate, making the river navigable from Guildford to Weybridge. Aubrey says of him: "That worthy knight Sir Richard Weston conveyed the water from Stoke river to his manor of Sutton, whereby he floated 6 score acres of land, which before was most of it dry." This same Sir Richard was a great agriculturist, and introduced "clover and sainfoin from Brabant and Flanders," as well as

turnips in 1545. The value of the latter "cannot be over-estimated." Not content with such efforts in farming, he wrote a most interesting and uncommon book, published in 1645 by Milton's friend, Samuel Hartlib, under the name of "Enlargement of the Discourse of Husbandry used in Brabant and Flanders—Sir Richard Weston's Legacy to his Sons." He is an enthusiast, and declares that the growing of turnips will bring in an enormous profit. He says: "Regina Pecunia" ("Monie is the Queen that commands all"), and turnips will be the means of gaining it!

Though Sir Richard kept himself clear of politics, he was arrested for holding communications with Cromwell's enemies, and was denounced for being a Papist and a recusant, his estates being sequestered. From the time of Sir Richard Weston, the agriculturist, till to-day, the annals of the Weston family are without interest, they having devolved simply into those of an ordinary county family.

With the death of Melior Mary, the daughter of Mrs. Weston—who was so much admired by Pope—the last of the race passed away. For though she was rich and considered a beauty, she remained unmarried, and left the property and beautiful old house, which for so many years it had been her joy to tend and care for, to John Webbe, a descendant of her aunt, Frances Weston.

John Webbe-Weston took an immense interest in the estate, and made many changes, fortunately not all he intended. He had the old gatehouse and the north tower and wing removed—a proceeding that George III. did not approve of at all, for when he was shown over the house, after returning from a stag-hunt, he said, “Very bad, very bad! Tell Mr. Weston the King says he must build it up again!” This chance visit of prosaic King George adds yet another distinguished name to the many that appear in the memoirs of Sutton Place.

WREST PARK, BEDFORDSHIRE

“ Fresh shadows, fit to shroud from sunny ray ;
Fair Lawns, to take the sun, in season due ;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play ;
Soft-rumbling brooks, that gentle slumber drew ;
High-rearèd mounts, the lands about to view ;
Low-looking dales, disloigned from common gaze ;
Delightful bowers, to solace Lovers true.”

EDMUND SPENSER

XVI

WREST PARK, BEDFORDSHIRE

THERE is a delicate sense of magic in the beauty of the Gardens at Wrest Park, a magic that comes from the touch of a master hand, for the old French Gardens at Wrest were laid out by no other than Le Nôtre, the greatest genius in the history of the world's Gardens. Thus it is no wonder that the courtly charm and fascinating grace of the great Frenchman peeps out on every side, regardless of the continual changes Time carries on its wings.

Few Gardens, however, remain as they were originally designed: each owner in turn adds and takes away from them. Sometimes the beauty of variety is gained, but generally the first great influence rules throughout as it does here, and Le Nôtre speaks, and is felt in much that never came from his hand. An old inscription on the "Rustic Column" at Wrest mentions many of these changes—changes extending even to the

moving of the column itself—originally placed in view of the “Bath House,” but moved to its present position, near the Chinese Bridge, by the Countess de Grey, in 1828. The inscription runs thus :—

“These Gardens, originally laid out by Henry, Duke of Kent, were altered and improved by Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, and Jemima, Marchioness Grey, with the professional assistance of Lancelot Brown, Esq., in the years 1758, 1759, 1760.”

The old house was built between 1655 and 1695 by the Countess of Kent, commonly called “the good Countess,” and altered by Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, when he married the Marchioness Grey, and again altered by her in 1795.

It is of this building that Horace Walpole writes in such condemnation: “Wrest and Hawnes are both ugly places; the house at the former is ridiculously old and bad.” Walpole’s taste is not always to be trusted, as he considered the Garden at Wrest “execrable too, but is *something mended* by Brown,” that arch-spoiler of Formal Gardens!

The present house was begun in 1834, in the French style, by Lord de Grey, who, apparently thinking the old house too unsatisfactory to alter or improve in any way, designed and personally superintended the building of a new house, changing the site by moving it further back. An interesting

book of sepia drawings of the house is to be found at Wrest, containing a plan of the Garden as it was about 1827 ; also a long account in manuscript—written in the form of a letter to a lady, by Lord Grantham, afterwards Lord de Grey—describing exactly how he designed and built the present house in the French style, taking his ideas chiefly from an old French book he picked up for sixty francs on one of the quays in Paris, and in which he found some excellent designs. It is curious that the only other Garden at all similar to the beautiful one of Wrest is Melbourne, also partly laid out by Le Nôtre, and which passed into the possession of the late owner of Wrest, Lord Cowper, through his mother.

Coming out on the wide stone terrace of Lord de Grey's new French house, its claim to the name "Little Versailles" is very evident. For there below stretches a delightful vista of Garden after Garden—quite a French *motif*, laid out in a series of patterns—and then in the distance the long water with its broad transepts, which, skirted on each side by magnificent trees and high Yew hedges, leads up to the beautiful old Pavilion. The Pavilion was erected by the Duke of Kent about 1710 from a design by Archer, a favourite pupil of Sir John Vanbrugh, the famous architect of Blenheim. Circular in shape, built of brick with a lead dome, it is a perfect example of a Garden house in the

English Renaissance style; these houses having first been built by Inigo Jones in Charles I.'s reign.

The interior is decorated with columns and cornices of the Corinthian order in chiaroscuro or monochrome by a French artist called Handuroy, whose name, with the date 1712, remained quite clearly written till lately, when the plaster became loose from damp and the inscription was effaced.

Just in front of this Pavilion, perfect in its design and proportion, stands a Statue of William of Orange, afterwards William III., "of glorious and immortal memory." This Statue was erected by the Duke of Kent to commemorate William's landing in England, the Duke being one of his staunchest partisans. The Statue is cast in lead—a very favourite material, and much used in England for Garden statuary. As Lethaby says, "What is tame in stone, contemptible in marble, is charming in lead." There are many examples of lead work at Wrest, among them two urns in "the Duke's Square," put up to the memory of Antony, Earl of Harrold, and Lady Glenorchy, the eldest son and daughter of the Duke of Kent, who both died before him. Unfortunately many of the Statues have disappeared; for instance, down one of the side walks from the Pavilion—a regular *tapis-verte*—are the stone Arbours in old days called "My Lady's Alcoves." They are sometimes called the "Harlequin Half Houses," because the niches once held



Harlequins, one of the designs most frequently used by lead sculptors.

To return to the stone terrace of the house. In front of it lies Lord de Grey's new French Garden all in keeping with its Statues and little Box-edged borders, that were designed and actually planned out by him with tape and pins on the ground. This little French Garden is enclosed by an iron railing ; on the right of it lies the sweet-smelling Rosery, in the grass of which the same hand planted Tree Peonies, now seventy years old and considered to be some of the finest specimens in England. In no place could these pink Peonies have been planted with better result than in this grass, their colour being invaluable, and when out of flower they cause no disfigurement, as happens in a border with other mixed flowers. There is always a difficulty in deciding the arrangement of plants which at certain times of the year are of no value in the colour scheme, and this knowledge can be gained by studying the arrangement followed in large Gardens, for as a rule such important details are carried out to perfection. The Wistaria, trained on a wall near, also does well, as the soil is light and warm and the situation sunny. These two plants, the pink Peonies and the pale mauve Wistaria, both growing so luxuriantly, are another French note, as few Gardens across the water are without these favourites.

Among the many trees in which this Garden abounds (too many to mention), there is a Judas tree, a very fine specimen, and being an old tree, it fully shows its picturesque growth. It is trained over the wall near the entrance to the Kitchen Garden, from which point a series of gateways form a delightful vista.

At the right end of the house is another little Formal Garden, laid out geometrically, with stone-edged borders, also of Lord de Grey's designing, being particularly arranged to make a pretty pattern from Lady de Grey's boudoir windows. Outside the railings that enclose the Gardens a straight path runs (bordered on each side with cut Portugal Laurel trees in boxes), as far as the Fountain, which stands on the site of the old house that was pulled down in 1830, and to which the older Garden, with its mysterious Pools, Yew hedges, and trees, seems more specially to belong.

In front of the old house stood a marble Sundial, placed there by Amabel, Countess of Kent, and to this day it remains untouched. It is a refined piece of workmanship, with an elaborate copper dial, giving the solar time for different parts of the world, and bears the date 1682. Several Latin inscriptions, reminding the reader of the flight of time, are to be found on it, and the arms of the Kent, Crewe, and Lucas families appear on the gnomon with the motto "Foy est Tout."

Wrest has been the property of the De Grey family since the time of Roger de Grey, who lived in the fourteenth century, and many honours and titles have been bestowed upon them. Edmund, Baron Grey, Lord Treasurer of England, was created Earl of Kent by Edward IV. in 1465. The ninth Earl married Amabel, called "the good Countess," who spent so many years of her widowhood at Wrest improving the Gardens that she loved. The last Earl of Kent was Henry, born in 1671, and created Duke of Kent by Queen Anne. Having no son to succeed him, many of his titles passed to his granddaughter, who married Philip, son of the celebrated Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor of England. Horace Walpole mentions this marriage thus: "What luck the Chancellor has! marries his son into one of the first families of Britain, obtains a patent for a Marquisate and eight thousand pounds a year after the Duke of Kent's death; the Duke dies in a fortnight and leaves them all! People talk of Fortune's Wheel, that is always rolling! troth, my Lord Hardwicke has overtaken her wheel and rolled along with it!" The path by the Fountain is crossed by another at right angles, leading on the right to the Orangery and the Yew hedge, perhaps the finest in existence, and over 350 years old, thick and broad, a veritable dense mass of green. Another of these beautiful Yew hedges

partly surrounds the little Orchard in which the Statue of Atlas stands in the centre of a pool covered with Water Lilies and encircled by pink Peonies.

Of the Orange trees (put out on the path near the Orangery, to enjoy the summer sunshine), the finest boast a history, having come from the Garden of Louis Philippe, who sold them to Lord de Grey when the latter was building the new Orangery. Where this now stands (near the old Yew hedge) the earlier "Greenhouse" stood, built in a grotesque fashion by the Duke of Kent from Lord Burlington's design ; it was the last improvement he carried out. Behind the Orangery, which stands high, is the old Roman Bath House, on to which Lord Hardwicke built a Roman temple, the architect being Sir William Chambers. This temple is now thickly covered with Ivy.

The beautiful old Sundial marks the beginning of the older Garden designed by Le Nôtre, that great Gardener who must indeed have been an exceptional man to have earned in the corrupt Court of the Grand Monarch such an appreciation as that written by that greatest of gossips, St. Simon. "He was illustrious as having been the first designer of those beautiful Gardens which adorn France, and which indeed have so surpassed the Gardens of Italy that most famous masters of that country come here to admire and learn. . . .

“Le Nôtre had a probity and exactitude and an uprightness which made him esteemed and loved by everybody. He worked for private people as for the King, and with the same application, and seeking only to aid Nature and to attain the beautiful by the shortest road.

“All he did is still much superior to everything that has been done since, whatever care may have been taken to imitate and follow him as closely as possible.”

André le Nôtre was educated to be an architect (some say a painter), and this early training is often revealed in his effects, and may have given him his first ideas as to the architectural treatment of Gardens, a treatment which well entitles him to be described as an Architect of Gardens.

For Madame de Maintenon, Le Nôtre worked marvels in her Convent Garden at Noisy-le-Roi, and created among other things a canal out of a dirty ditch.

He soon gained the notice of Louis XIV., who, ever ready to employ a genius willing to create novelties for his amusement and pleasure, made him Comptroller-General of Buildings and Gardens, and Le Nôtre, till his death, remained a favourite of the King's.

Perhaps no man has been more abused or admired than Le Nôtre. His designs are perfect in their proportion and magnificent in execution; it

is only in the hands of his imitators that a flaw in his style can be detected.

Versailles was his masterpiece; a very different Versailles from that of to-day. Only to look at a picture of its marvels, as it was in the time of Louis XIV., is to be bewildered by the vastness of its size, the perfection of its design, and the elaborateness of its details.

This wonderful man, Le Nôtre, appears to have planned his designs to suit the taste of the Court who loved to masquerade as shepherds and shepherdesses—the originals of Watteau and Lancret's exquisite pictures. Desiring "their houses to extend into their Gardens," Le Nôtre made them architectural and formal, a proper background for his fascinating artificial patrons.

As yet Rousseau's blast in the cause of Nature had not swept across France, influencing indirectly the whole of Europe.

Charles II. invited both Le Nôtre and Perrault to England. The latter declined the invitation, and it is still uncertain whether Le Nôtre came or not, but that he designed Gardens in England there is no doubt, especially Melbourne and Wrest, and that his influence was greatly felt in this country. Among the many delightful features of the older Garden is a Berceau (or Pleached alley), the twisted boughs of the Lime trees making a regular leafy canopy overhead. The Berceau is called

"The Lover's Walk," and at the end of it, to greet the lovers who may walk there, stands a little stone Amorini.

Another interesting feature is the Bowling Green and the Bowling Green House ; the latter designed by that great connoisseur, Lord Burlington, though the exact date of its erection is uncertain. It is to be noticed in an old plan of 1735. A characteristic example of Queen Anne work, it is quite worthy of its designer whose name at that time was frequently associated with the arts. The Portico is handsome but simple in treatment, with six well-proportioned pillars ; inside there is a fine banqueting room with an old chimney-piece supposed to date back to 1570. The west front of the Bowling Green House overlooks the canal and the old Park, which till the Duke of Kent's time was the old deer Park. There was another Garden house at Wrest, of the same date—a temple of Diana—but it was pulled down when the old house was rebuilt.

Paradoxical as it may seem, Wrest is a Garden without flowers, but there is an enchantment about the beauty of the green depth of this magical Garden of Statues, clipped Hedges, and Pools that is never felt in any bright Flower Garden, however laden with scent or gorgeous with colour.

The beauties and charms of Wrest would be difficult to imitate, especially on a small

scale, as it is a Garden in which the design dominates and the beauty of flowers is practically out of place. There are many lessons to be learnt within its green Alleys, chiefly the power of proportion, the value of masses of green, and that flowers are in reality only an addition, not a necessity, to this type of Garden. This beauty of proportion is a legacy from the genius of the original designer; and obliterated as it is in many places by the lapse of years, it is still felt in the same way as in a beautiful old building.

There is no doubt that a clever artist could introduce flowers, carefully chosen, into some parts of the Garden if desired, but the whole is so perfect that a false note would sound more discordant at Wrest than in other Gardens.

The climax of charm is reached in the Wilderness at Wrest, so full of mystery, with its little intersecting grass paths, hedges of cut Yew, Laurel or Box, and tall trees, below which in Spring is spread a carpet of Primroses. Hidden in the depths of these Bosquets are many Altars, Rustic Columns, and Statues in memory of people who have lived, loved, and walked in these Gardens, the owners of Wrest possessing the rare gift of remembrance. Some of these are of too great interest to be ignored—among them the altar erected by Lord Hardwicke to commemorate the completion of "The Athenian Letters," a book written by him and some of his



THE BOWLING GREEN HOUSE, WREST



friends. The altar bears on one side an inscription written in Greek by Daniel Wray, one of the joint authors, and on the other a Persian quotation.

Another monument (put up by the Duke of Kent to his friend Thomas Hutton, whose society he had often enjoyed among the delightful surroundings of Wrest) is almost hidden by huge Yews.

Even the dogs are not forgotten, and a statue in Portland stone, called "the Dog Monument," was put up by Lord de Grey in remembrance of many faithful dog friends who lie buried in this cemetery.

Outside the Wilderness, encircling the grounds, is a large canal, fed by a stream springing near the old Bath House. It is in this canal (altered and enlarged for Lord Hardwicke and Lady Grey, in 1760, by Lancelot Brown) that the natural school of Gardening steps into the arrangement of this wonderfully blended Garden.

From Le Nôtre to "Capability Brown"—as he was nicknamed—is not such a big step as it appears, for the ruthless changes introduced by the landscape school came in gradually at first, leaving Wrest only touched with a fresh charm. Later, running riot with a madness quite equal to all Pope and Addison denounced as "formalities and whimsicalities," "Capability" could never resist planning, or re-planning, a piece of water; therefore out of the canal was twisted "the

Serpentine River." Fortunately for the present generation, Brown did not tamper with other parts of the Garden, nor with the formal ponds that give such a delicious feeling of old-worldness to Wrest.

One of these, a beautiful long-shaped pool, almost classical in the severity of its treatment, is called "the Lady's Canal," or "the Lily Pool"; it is shut in with high Yew hedges (cut in a fashion started in Queen Anne's reign, the lower part clipped close and the top allowed to grow quite feathery), and against it, at the end of the pond, is a small statue of a Greek goddess, with tall trees standing like sentinels behind; all round the water is a wide grass verge, sprinkled with little white Daisies in the springtime, while later in the year the Lily leaves begin to rise to the surface of the water, covering it with a carpet of shining leaves.

It is all so quiet, this green solitude, that fancy repeoples it with the men and women who took such pride and pleasure in planning and making this Garden, and who must have had great powers of imagination to plant by faith, realising, as if in a mirror, how beautiful it would be for the generations yet to come.

In a circular space amidst the trees near "the Lady's Canal" are the antique altars (supposed to be genuine), placed there by Lady de Grey in 1817. The ornamentation, of flowers and the usual rams'



LILY POOL, WREST



heads, is worked into wreaths, and there is a Greek inscription on the centre one.

The Chinese Bridge, which was originally made of wood (replaced twice before the present stone one was built), crosses the Serpentine River not far from the imitation Chinese Temple, designed by Sir William Chambers, and built by Lord Hardwicke close to the water's edge. The wood painted in strips gives a strange touch of colour in this sombre, subdued spot. For verily the spell of enchantment lies in this Garden, with its Groves, Statues, and Ponds; in every green shadow lurks a laughing nymph, and dryads rise at every turn from out the many pools, for Pan's pipe most surely sounds at nightfall and fairies dance on the grass paths in the moonlight.

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